

December 1965, 75 cents

THE *Atlantic*

The Scramble for
COLLEGE ATHLETES

STRONG MEDICINE FOR INDIA

FELLINI: *Wizard of Film*

Alfred Kazin on Critics

Pauline Kael on Spoofing

The Atlantic Extra

Sahara Holiday by Agnes Newton Keith

*The Thunderbird Touch:
An overhead Safety Convenience Panel*



1966 Thunderbird Town Landau with new formal roofline

Look! Thunderbird for 1966 has a unique Safety-Convenience Panel, mounted overhead on Town Hardtop and Landau models. Tap a switch and the Emergency Flasher System sets four exterior lights blinking. Other lights remind you to fasten seat belts, tell you when fuel is low,

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How to choose a stock brokerage firm... a good sign to look for...one way to “break the ice” with a broker...which investment goal suits you best?

Let's assume you've decided to join the millions of people who hope to brighten their financial future through stock ownership. Perhaps you have a specific goal in mind—a retirement fund, or money to meet the future educational needs of your family, or a second income that will buy some of the luxuries that make life so much more pleasant. Where do you go from there? How do you choose a brokerage firm?

* * *

Many investors look for a firm that displays the sign, “Member New York Stock Exchange.” There are some 3,500 member firm offices and probably one near you.

* * *

As a potential investor, you might be interested to know that every member firm is subject to the Exchange's many rules and regulations.

* * *

For example, the Exchange's rules require that member firms maintain adequate capital at all times, have an annual surprise audit by their independent public accountants and submit financial information to the Exchange at intervals throughout the year.

* * *

In addition, the registered representatives (some 33,000 of these brokers

employed by member firms) are subject to Exchange regulations, too. In fact, before they could act as brokers in member firms, they had to meet Exchange standards for knowledge of the securities business.

* * *

Once you've chosen a broker, a good way to “break the ice” is to discuss the investment goal you have in mind. For long term capital growth, common stocks might be best for you. Though their dividends are never certain, a company may increase them as profits rise. For good current yield with relative safety, you might want to examine dividends from preferred stocks or interest from bonds.

* * *

Whatever your goal, consider investing only money that's left after you've provided for living expenses and an emergency fund. (The Monthly Investment Plan is a systematic way to invest with as little as \$40 each three months.) However, always keep in mind that stock prices fall as well as rise.

* * *

Next, ask your broker for facts about companies that interest you—earnings, dividends and sales records, the stock's recent price range and other

information that might help to shape your judgment.

* * *

Finally, ask your broker for his opinion and see how it matches your own. He won't always be right, but he may point out a new direction for you to consider.

* * *

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DECEMBER

ATLANTIC

1965 VOLUME 216 NUMBER 6

LELAND HAZARD	Strong Medicine for India	43
	More From the Troubled Campus	
PAUL H. GIDDENS	The Scramble for College Athletes	49
JAMES R. KILLIAN, JR.	Teaching Is Better Than Ever	53
GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD	Secret Police – A STORY	57
EUGENE WALTER	Federico Fellini: Wizard of Film	62
ELIZABETH BRENNER DREW	Lady Bird's Beauty Bill	68
ALFRED KAZIN	The Useful Critic – BOOKS AND MEN	73
RICHARD MOORE	Winter Reflections – A POEM	80
ELIZABETH R. CHOATE	A Soft Touch	81
PETER DAVISON	Unwilling to Wake – A POEM	83
PAULINE KAEI	Spoofing and Schtik	84
FRANCIS BIDDLE	The Friendship of Holmes and Brandeis	86
W. S. MERWIN	December Night – A POEM	91

ATLANTIC EXTRA

AGNES NEWTON KEITH	Sahara Holiday	92
--------------------	----------------	----

ATLANTIC REPORTS

Washington – Bolivia – Italy – Gibraltar	6
--	---

ACCENT ON LIVING

CHARLES W. MORTON – GEORGE BOWMAN – CELIA DARLINGTON – R. G. G. PRICE – MIGNON MCLAUGHLIN	110
JAMES EGAN	Le High-life in Guadeloupe
HERBERT KUPFERBERG	Mozart: An Undiminishing Appeal
	128

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

EDWARD WEEKS	The Peripatetic Reviewer	134
OSCAR HANDLIN	Reader's Choice	140
PHOEBE ADAMS	Potpourri	161

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Shown here are the safety director, the fire chief, and police chief of a typical GM plant. Backed by a large plant-protection force and a volunteer fire brigade, plus an able medical staff, they perform a number of highly important duties. Fire prevention, traffic control and plant security are just a few of these. But perhaps their key function is the effective maintenance of GM's traditional "Seven Basic Principles of Safety." GM employees, as a result, are actually safer at their jobs than in their homes.

General Motors has led the way in the establishment of modern industrial safety procedures. Its record in this regard is exceptional in American industry. Thus, these security and safety experts are among GM's most valuable people. They produce no products but they are essential to the well-being of those who do.

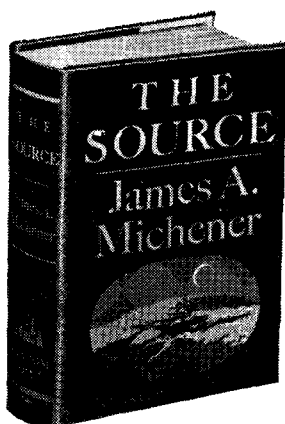
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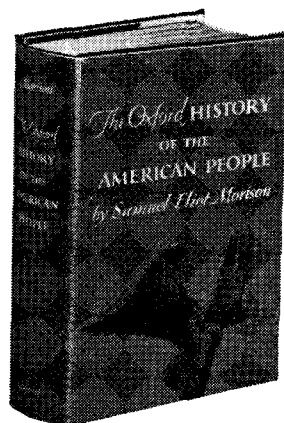
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- 2 Maintain Adequate Safety Personnel
 - Develop Safety Instructions For Every Job
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- 4 Operate Through Supervision
- 5 Make Every Employee Safety Minded
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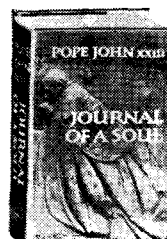
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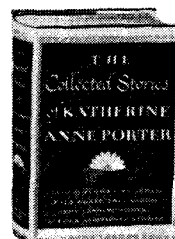
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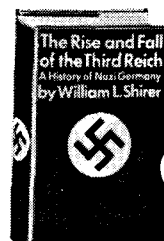
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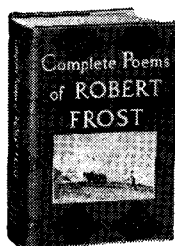
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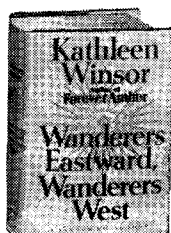
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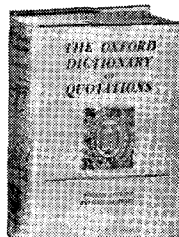
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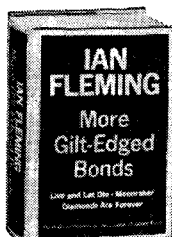
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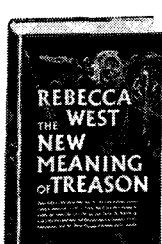
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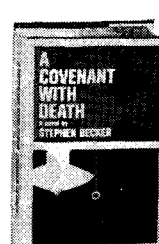
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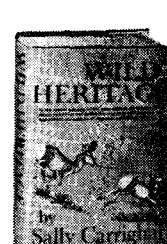
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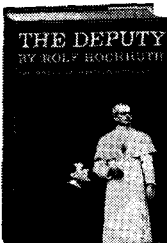
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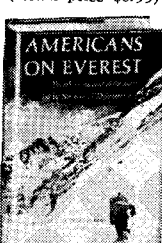
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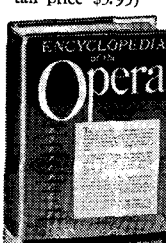
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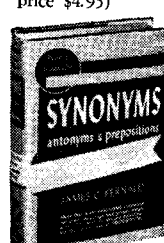
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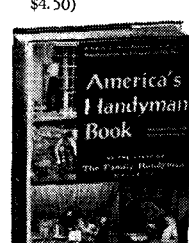
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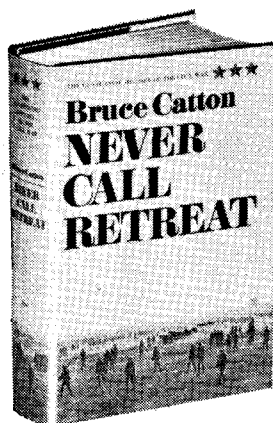


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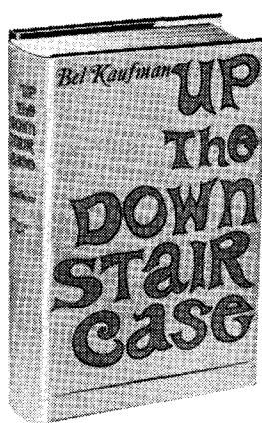


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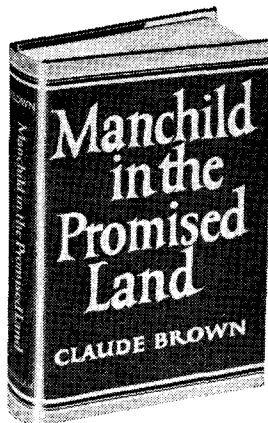
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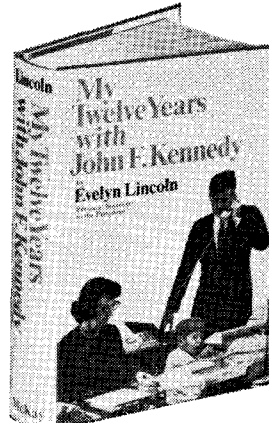
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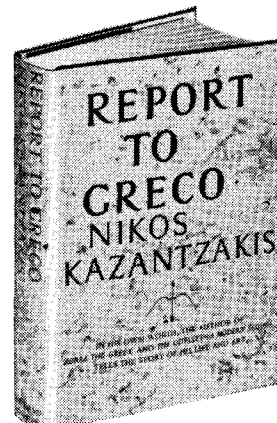
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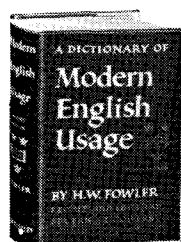
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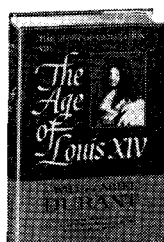
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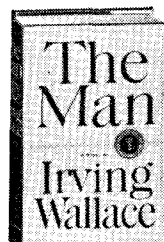
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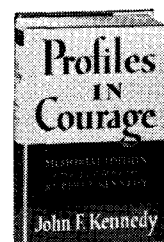
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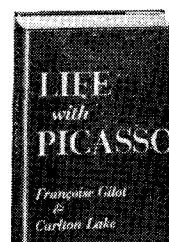
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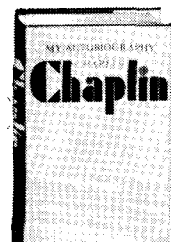
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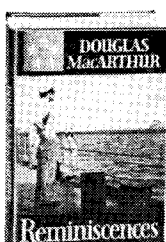
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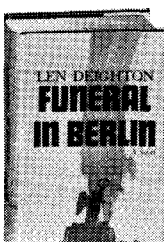
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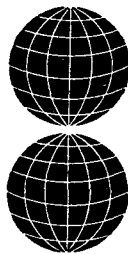
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WASHINGTON

As President Johnson regains his strength after his gallbladder operation, he faces a new time of testing unlike anything he has encountered in the troubled past. He has found that his physical strength is not inexhaustible. Yet now all his skill and endurance must be applied to a new set of challenges and opportunities at home and abroad. In the domestic field, he faces his greatest budget test as he attempts to meet the costs of the Great Society. At the same time, he must devise a system of administering the new programs in a way to ensure their acceptance in the future. Cost analysis and personnel policies will be of crucial importance in 1966 even though they are undramatic in political appeal.

Overseas, with progress of a kind in Vietnam, with the German and, shortly, the French elections out of the way, new initiatives may be possible. At the very least, more of the President's attention must be given to the problems of NATO and the Common Market, to the threat of nuclear proliferation, and to the multiplying discouragements of the underdeveloped world.

Johnson has tended to neglect these harsh foreign problems and to concentrate on domestic affairs and the Vietnam war. The result has been enormous success in winning congressional approval of his legislative proposals as well as a substantial beginning in Vietnam. But there has been drift elsewhere in the world. Now the Atlantic alliance and the problems of the relationship of the rich and the poor nations are approaching the crisis stage.

In the President's defense, it should be said that his general approach in this period to the Soviet Union has been constructive. Despite temptation, he has never resorted to invective, and he has continued to invite Soviet cooperation in

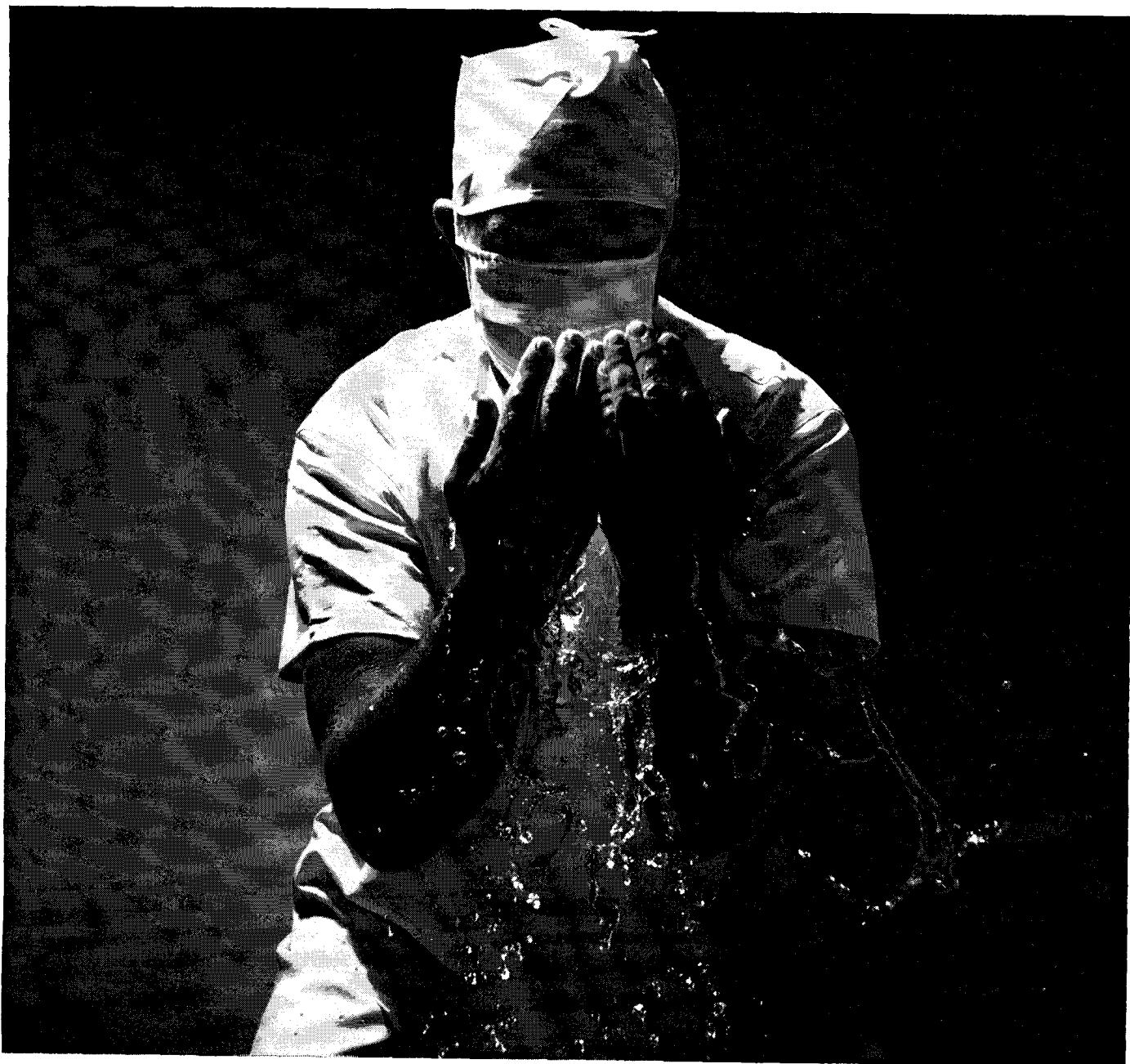
a variety of ways. He was most anxious for an exchange of visits with the Soviet leaders, but the Vietnam war made that impossible in 1965. Having been disappointed that he could not travel abroad this year, he is more than ever determined to do so in 1966.

The new budget

The President's immediate task as the new year approaches is the federal budget, which he must send to Congress in January. He is working on it with a new budget director, Charles Schultze, who earlier in the year succeeded Kermit Gordon. The President and Schultze face two major unknowns: the cost of the war and the cost of the newly enacted Great Society programs.

Johnson clearly recognizes that 1966 will require of him and the budget director increased attention to the details of administration. In this as in so many other matters, his thinking is influenced by his own personal reaction to the New Deal. He remembers that many New Deal programs were wasteful and poorly administered. Now, with so many demands on the tax dollar, he knows that if expenditures are not productive, the programs he has sponsored will be destroyed.

While Gordon was an economist, principally interested in the economic impact of budget policy, Schultze is an expert in administration. His strong point, like Secretary McNamara's, is cost analysis. Schultze is devising new ways to use computers to tell him how effectively tax dollars are spent. He wants to be able to measure results. In recent months, he and his staff have spent hundreds of man-hours working on new budget methods, on new analyses to show the impact of expenditures, and on ways to use manpower to the best advantage. The results may begin to be seen in 1966.



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Report on Washington



In Johnson's first two budgets, he made a great thing of holding them below \$100 billion. Now that ceiling is pierced. When he sent the current budget to Congress last January (for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1966), the President estimated expenditures at \$99.7 billion. It is already clear that expenditures will go over \$100 billion. In the 1967 budget, which will be sent to Congress in January, there will be no way to keep the figure at or near \$100 billion. It may be anywhere between \$105 and \$110 billion, depending on how rapidly Great Society programs are put into effect and on the course of the fighting in Vietnam.

This year Congress appropriated about \$12 billion more than last year. At least half of the increase was for the new domestic programs. The figure does not include medicare, which, like other social security programs, is outside the administrative budget, and requires no direct appropriations since it is self-financed through payroll levies. Not all the \$12 billion in new appropriations will be used in the current fiscal year, but the figure gives some indication of the magnitude of the Johnson programs.

No official has said exactly what the war in Vietnam is costing, but it is probably more than the \$2.4 billion in special appropriations earmarked for Vietnam this fiscal year. Whatever the figure, it is wiping out the sizable savings which Secretary McNamara has made over the last few years in the Defense Department budget.

Rising productivity

While government costs are rising, it should be remembered that the nation's productive capacity is expanding even faster. Hence, federal revenues also are rising. Tax cuts in the foreseeable future are a distinct possibility, if not in 1966, then almost certainly in 1967. In 1964, America's gross national product totaled \$628.7 billion. The Council of Economic Advisers has estimated GNP for 1965 at \$670 billion; some economists think that figure may be exceeded.

"We will overtake you in per capita industrial production by 1970," Khrushchev said four years ago. It was an idle boast. In this decade, the Soviet growth rate, which was twice ours in the 1950s, has dropped by one third, while ours has

increased by one third, according to a State Department analysis. Since Khrushchev's boast, the Soviets have made no progress in narrowing the gap between their economy and ours; in fact, they have lost ground.

The cost of poverty

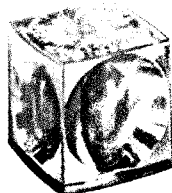
In this period of rapid growth, the United States has gradually reduced the total of its aid commitment to the poorer countries. This also is a problem the President is examining as he prepares his new budget. The industrial nations have not yet faced up to the growing menace of trying to live side-by-side with intolerable poverty in more than half the world.

The issue of foreign aid has been a divisive one in American politics for fifteen years. Partly because of the balance of payments problem but more because of the political opposition, the President has permitted the American contribution to be slowly reduced. He cannot alone be blamed, because the other rich nations likewise have grown tired of the effort. Yet, as George D. Woods, the able president of the World Bank, has warned, the richer countries sweep the problem under the rug at their peril.

Woods is a hardheaded investment banker who once sat on the boards of a dozen of the nation's largest corporations. At one point in his career, he was denounced as a notorious reactionary by certain leading Democrats. For many years, he was chairman of the board of the First Boston Corporation. When President Kennedy wanted to make him head of the foreign aid program, liberal senators screamed that First Boston was too deeply involved in the Dixon-Yates affair of the Eisenhower Administration. Later, however, Kennedy succeeded in having him elected head of the World Bank. There he has carried forward a vigorous effort to obtain more assistance for the poorer nations.

Woods is convinced that in their own interests the industrial countries must understand "the tremendous size of the problem" of the developing countries. If present trends are permitted to continue, he says, "there will be no adequate improvement in living standards in vast areas of the globe for the balance of the century." To bring about a tolerable level of well-being and progress, "massive and coordinated efforts of both the rich and the poor countries" are required, he maintains.

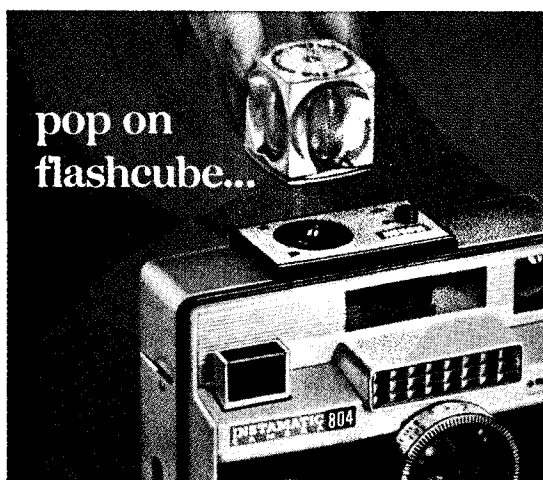
While the President has not fought for increased aid funds, he has fought for more effective birth control assistance. Many economists think that this is the first requirement of a sensible aid program. Without it almost nothing can be accomplished in many countries. The President like-



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Report on Washington

wise surprised many persons in his own Administration by inviting the Soviet Union to provide increased assistance to the developing countries. He previously had invited Russia to take part in the Asian Development Bank. The bank is a significant step. If India and Pakistan could reach a settlement on Kashmir, there is every indication that the President would be willing to make a real effort to provide additional economic aid to both countries.

Men in space

A final major issue of national policy related to the budget is how far and how fast America should expand man's operation in space beyond the Gemini and Apollo programs. "This nation should commit itself to achieving the goal, before this decade is out, of landing a man on the moon and returning him safely to earth," President Kennedy said in May, 1961. The moon program, involving the Apollo booster, will cost an estimated \$20 billion. Should we now think of sending a man to Mars? Donald F. Hornig, the President's science adviser, says that would cost \$100 billion. Are there not other demands which are more pressing?

Last August, the President approved a Defense Department plan to proceed with the development of a manned orbiting laboratory (MOL) at a cost of \$1.5 billion. The goal is to have a fully equipped laboratory in orbit in 1968. It would be followed later in the same year by the first of five flights with two-man crews.

In approving the MOL project, which is to be operated by the Air Force, the President emphasized that the United States would live up to "our agreement not to orbit weapons of mass destruction." Nevertheless, by giving the Air Force this assignment, the President has in a sense stepped up the arms race. The cost could skyrocket if the Soviets make some challenging breakthroughs. But Johnson, with Vice President Humphrey's support, concluded that he must protect himself politically against a possible future charge of military negligence should

the Russians put an orbiting space station aloft.

The cost to Moscow of the arms and space races is clearly hurting, and this fact has led some persons to believe that the burden is growing so rapidly that both nations will more quickly recognize the need for arms and space control programs. Despite the fact that the Russians turned down the President's invitation to send an observer to the second Gemini flight, they continue to express what appears to be a genuine interest in more space cooperation.

Mood of the Capital

Washington long has taken a cynical view about the politics of federal judgeship appointments. But the President's nomination of Francis X. Morrissey of Massachusetts was a misuse of presidential and senatorial power that has not been seen in a long time. It is irrefutable that the Kennedys and Johnson knew of Morrissey's weaknesses. John Kennedy declined to make the nomination because he was convinced that Morrissey was unqualified. But when Ted and Bobby Kennedy pressed the appointment, Johnson acquiesced. One cynic said that it was a dirty Johnson trick to hang an albatross on the Kennedys' necks. But it is also an albatross around the President's. He did not have to make the appointment. Senators can prevent a President from making a good appointment; they cannot force him to make a bad one.

It is also a shameful abuse of senatorial power that a senator can exercise an absolute veto over a federal judicial appointment in his state. When the President in October nominated former Governor John W. Reynolds of Wisconsin to be a federal district judge, White House Press Secretary Bill D. Moyers felt constrained to announce that the nomination "is one of two agreed upon" between the President and Wisconsin Senators William Proxmire and Gaylord Nelson last April. The President's other nominee was James Doyle.

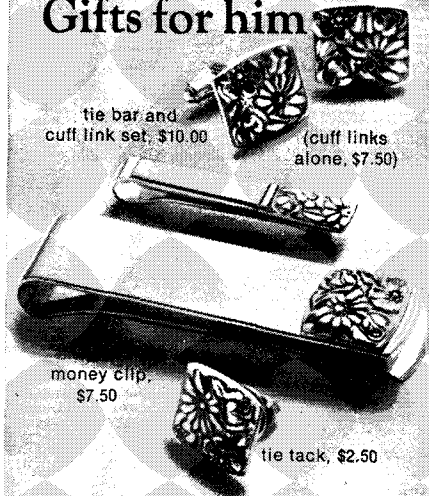
A President is powerless to do anything but wheel and deal in the appointment of federal district and circuit judges. Under the circumstances, it is amazing that the quality of the appointees is as high as it is.

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AFTER thirteen eventful years of political, social, and economic ferment, the Bolivian revolution has sputtered to a halt. The violent upheaval which altered the fundamental nature of Bolivian society in 1952 still evokes lip service from those in power, but clearly the revolution has lost its way.

A landlocked country marked by awesome contrasts in terrain and climate, this impoverished South American republic seems hardly fit for human habitation. Some 70 percent of its estimated four million inhabitants are Indians, most of whom somehow manage to survive on the *altiplano*, a cold, bleak plateau running the length of the western part of the country at an altitude 13,000 feet above sea level. Snowcapped Andean ridges isolate the *altiplano* from Chile in the west and Bolivia's tropical, sparsely populated lowlands in the east. Precipitous valleys, known as the *jungas*, intrude like fingers into the eastern Andean slopes, and every descent down their narrow dirt roads becomes a breathless adventure.

In addition, there is a certain Alice in Wonderland quality about this remote nation. During recent months, the entire country has been preoccupied by a yo-yo fad. The political scene is spiced by the presence of two Trotskyite parties and the rightist Falange, whose fringe contains some Nazis. Much intellectual effort has been directed toward economic problems relating to tin mining and agriculture, yet Bolivia is perhaps the only country in the world where the national lottery has been losing money.

Nonetheless, as the popular saying goes, "Bolivia is a beggar sitting on a throne." The mountains contain untapped mineral wealth of inestimable value, and the fertile lowlands are capable of supporting almost every variety of crop.

The notion that Bolivia's wealth should be developed for the benefit of all Bolivians is relatively new. Before 1952 the country was pretty much the private preserve of the "tin barons," three men who owned the large tin mines, and the *rosca*, the term for the large landowners who kept

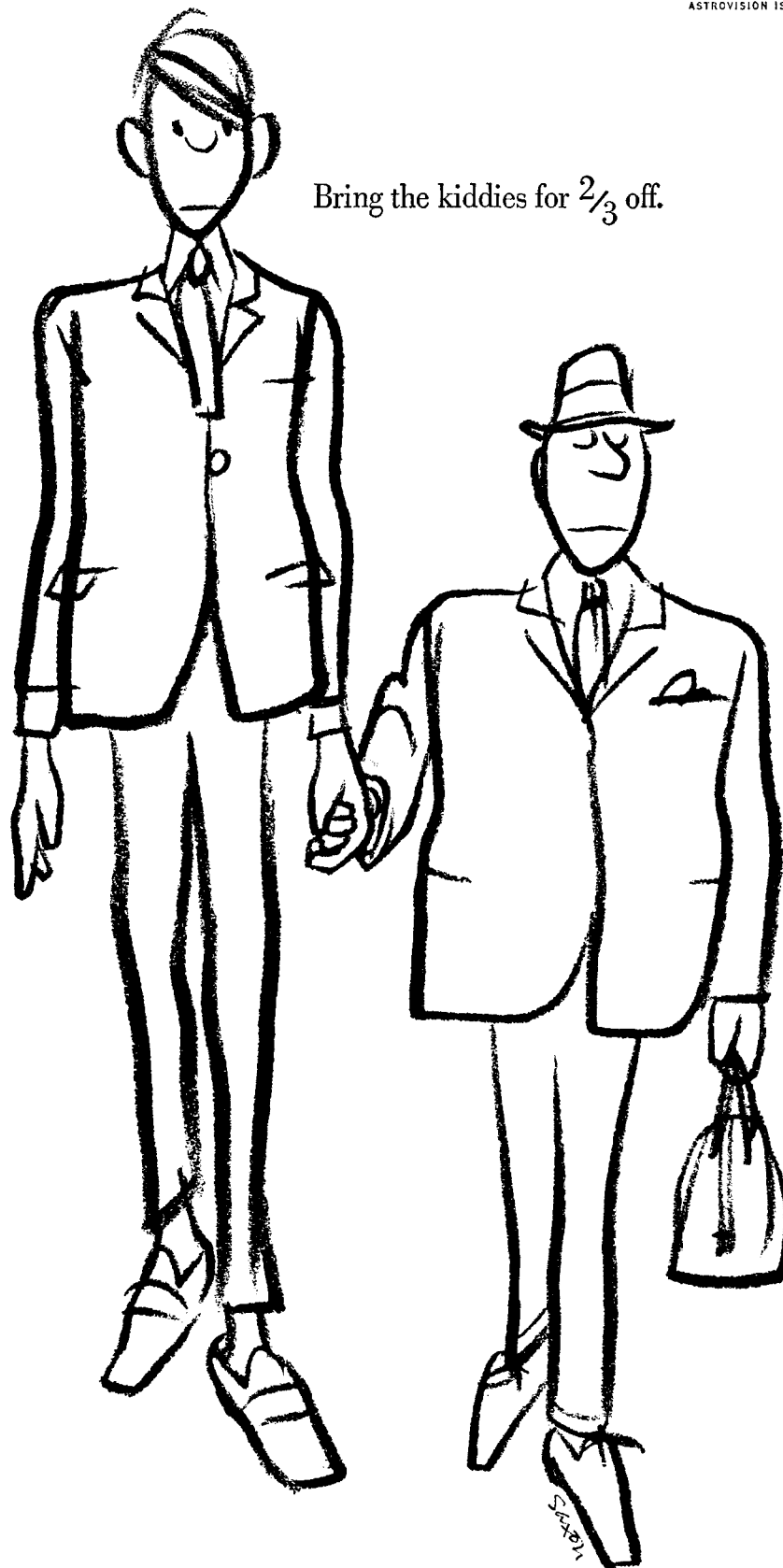
the Indian peasants of the *altiplano* in virtual serfdom. Opposition to the status quo was championed by the Nationalistic Revolutionary Movement (MNR), whose political philosophy tended at first toward fascism and then toward Peronism. When the MNR candidate, former economics professor Víctor Paz Estenssoro, received a plurality of votes in the 1951 presidential elections, the results were nullified and a military junta took power. A year later, the MNR led a popular uprising in which armed peasants and miners defeated Bolivia's German-trained army. Paz became president, and the revolution began.

The unplanned revolution

At the onset the revolution was not a carefully planned program, but rather a series of spontaneous moves. Shortly after Paz took office, the Trotskyites who had control of the tin miners' unions presented a plan to nationalize the large mines under the direction and control of a government agency. The project was accepted, and the Bolivian Mining Corporation, or COMIBOL, was born. The peasants began to occupy the large estates and drive away the owners. The MNR then ratified and expanded this self-executed agrarian reform. The third pillar of the revolution, universal suffrage, was a natural derivation of the MNR's desire to stay in power. Thus the illiterate Indian peasants were enfranchised.

The MNR proved an effective instrument as it guided Bolivia through a period of revolutionary transition. Under President Paz's astute leadership, the party managed to create the spirit of enthusiasm vital to a true revolution. In Latin America, only Mexico and Cuba have experienced similar transformations.

Radical social change often leads to economic chaos. Bolivia, with its heritage of underdevelopment, was no exception. The division of the large estates among the peasants caused agricultural production to decline. The miners and their unions took control of the tin mines, which then began to lose large sums of money. Only a huge



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Report on Bolivia

injection of American aid saved the country from bankruptcy.

Further, President Paz was forced into complicated machinations to maintain his base of political power. In the early years of his regime, he persecuted the Falangists, many of whom were put in concentration camps. Though the repression was mild by Latin-American standards, many scars were left. When the tin miners became too powerful, a new professional army and air force was created with American aid. Finally, the need to build an effective political machine to carry out the goals of the revolution led to abuses, as the MNR gradually waxed fat on governmental graft and corruption.

The military coup

But perhaps the most fatal shortcoming was the political feuding within the MNR. Víctor Paz became convinced that he alone could rule Bolivia, and he began to eliminate potential successors. In 1964 when he decided to run for his third term as president, most of the other important MNR leaders opposed him. In search of support, Paz accepted as his new vice president ambitious Air Force General René Barrientos Ortuno, the choice of the military.

Resistance to Paz was now united. Both the Falange and the extreme left agitated for his removal. Matters came to a head in late October, 1964, when the students took to the streets against the president. The armed forces, which had been planning a coup for several months, finally overthrew the government after Vice President Barrientos declared himself in open rebellion. On November 4, Paz flew to Lima, and Barrientos was installed as president at the head of a military junta.

Revitalizing the tin mines

The rehabilitation of the nationalized tin mines, which account for 70 percent of Bolivia's exports, is a prime target of the new military government. Production had plunged from 29,500 tons in 1953 to a low of 12,622 tons in 1961. Costs had risen tremendously, and COMIBOL was losing millions of dollars each year. These difficulties are partially at-

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Report on Bolivia

tributable to a sharp decline in world tin prices during the 1950s and to the failure of the tin barons to make capital investments during the last years in which they owned the mines. Ore quality had been declining, and little exploration for new deposits had been undertaken. Also, labor costs had risen to unreasonable heights owing to the irresponsible actions of the unions after nationalization, and COMIBOL had become a focal point for the graft which fed the MNR political machine.

The military attacked the problem by attacking the miners. In May, 1965, union leaders were exiled and salaries in the mines drastically cut. When the miners rebelled, they were crushed by the armed forces.

The hope now is to utilize effectively the so-called Triangular Plan. Under the first two phases of the plan, Bolivia received \$28.5 million from the United States, West Germany, and the Inter-American Development Bank. These funds, intended to enable COMIBOL to purchase the capital equipment necessary to maintain and increase production, failed to achieve the hoped-for improvements because Paz and the MNR were unable to impose the necessary reform measures upon the miners and their unions. Under the third phase of the Plan now being considered, COMIBOL hopes to receive \$10 million for purposes of exploration, research, and capital improvement.

Many observers feel that Bolivia's mining problems can be solved by the private sector. Presently there are over 2200 small and medium size private mines in Bolivia. Production in these mines has increased 40 percent in the last two years. One of the stated goals of the Alliance for Progress in Bolivia is to expand the private mining sector. To this end the Bolivian Mining Bank is slated to receive a \$5 million loan from the United States for the exclusive purpose of developing the private sector.

New hope in minerals

Bolivia's mineral potential is fantastic. Known unexploited deposits contain tin, zinc, antimony,

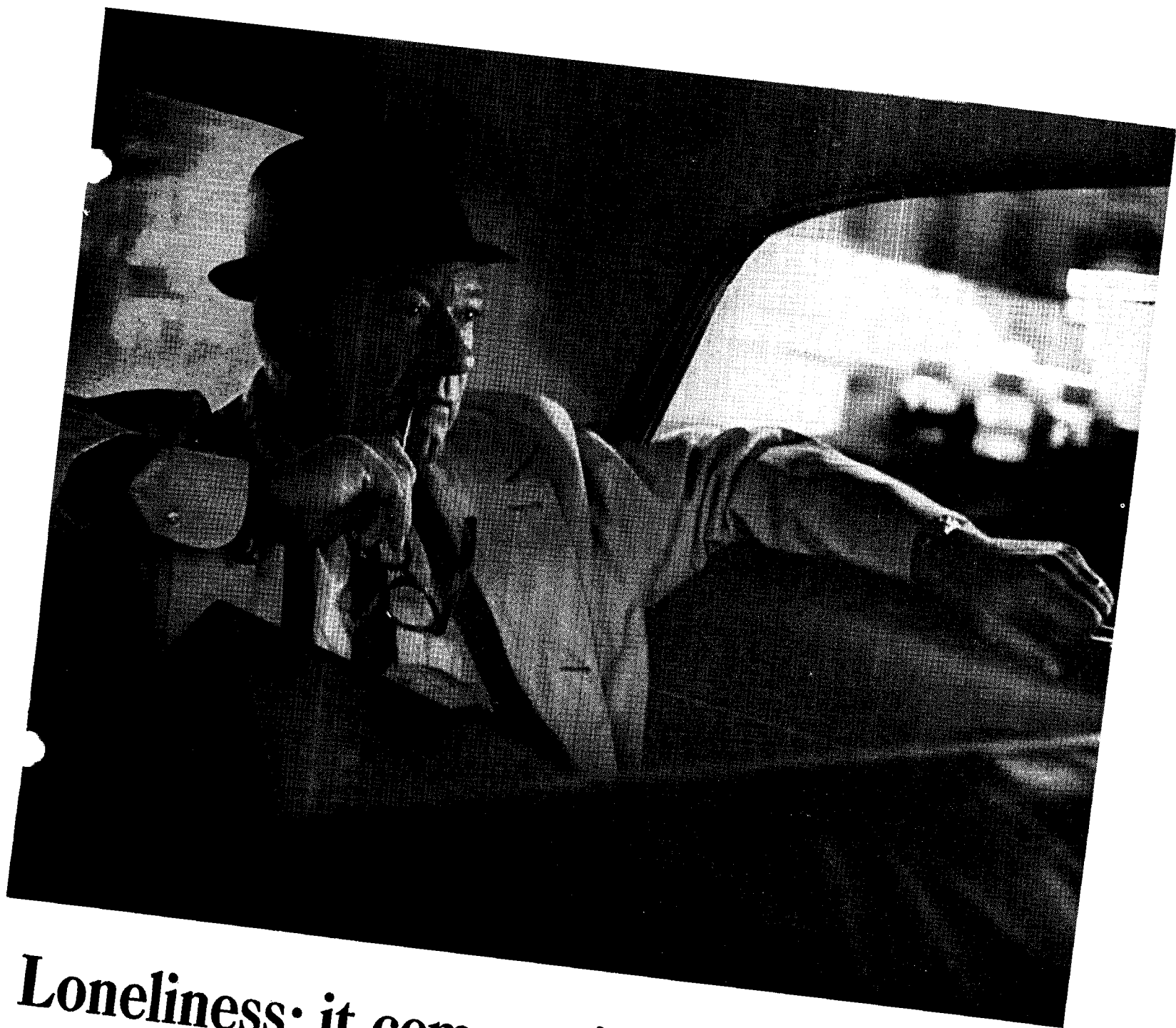
tungsten, and copper. A recent report concluded that in one of the more inaccessible regions of the country, there are deposits of gold which may be worth as much as \$3 billion. Resources such as high-grade asbestos, clay, and magnesite have been largely neglected. With prices of most metals at high levels, it is not surprising that much interest, both domestic and international, is being expressed in Bolivian mining.

The new military government has demonstrated much more sympathy toward the private sector than was evidenced by the MNR regime. A new mining law and a proposed new investment code have both met with favorable reaction from the business community. Yet this is an area where political considerations must be given high priority. Emotional opposition to permitting foreign capital to control extractive industries runs high, and the past history of private mining in Bolivia makes rather unpleasant reading. Feasible solutions under consideration include the limitation of private investment to small and medium size mines, and the formation of "mixed companies," owned jointly by private investors and the government.

Another potential source of great wealth is the lowland region around the city of Santa Cruz in eastern Bolivia. A program of colonization and agricultural development, begun under Paz and the MNR, is transforming this once wild and uninhabited land into a booming center of activity. Before 1961, Bolivia had to import \$14 million worth of sugar annually to meet domestic needs. Now a surplus of sugarcane is grown in the Santa Cruz area, and the problem has become one of stimulating local consumption, which ranks as the lowest per capita in Latin America. Other crops are rice, cotton, and fruits. The region produces abundant tropical hardwoods, such as mahogany, and a promising oil and natural gas industry is being developed.

Barriers to progress

Two problems, one human and the other geographic, hinder progress. The population of Bolivia is concentrated in the highlands. Much effort has been made to entice Indian peasants from the *altiplano* to the Santa Cruz lowlands in order



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Report on Bolivia

to increase both farm productivity and local markets. Though it has been demonstrated that such a change in environment can be made if the colonists are properly prepared, so far most of the settlers have come from other regions.

In addition, transportation problems are seemingly insuperable. The Andean barrier hinders the shipment of products to the *altiplano*, and facilities are inadequate for transportation to countries, such as Argentina and Brazil, which border the lowlands. Alliance for Progress funds are being used to finance construction of roads, which will help to alleviate the difficulties. Long-range hopes for the region center around the opening of the populous markets of Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, and Belo Horizonte in Brazil to Bolivian exports.

Víctor Paz and the MNR had succeeded in mobilizing the masses toward a sense of participation in the future of the country. The Indian peasants are now fully conscious of their own personal dignity and aware of the possibilities of a better life in years to come. The miners, aroused to overexpectation by the agitation of the unions, are resentful because their living and working conditions have improved little since 1952. Thus, there is much unfinished work to be done within the revolution.

The issue centers on the identity of the man and the group which will attempt to carry on the revolution. Barrientos, who was forced to take on Army General Alfredo Ovando Candia as his co-president during the revolt of the miners last May, wants very much to become a constitutional, popularly elected president. So far, despite efforts to woo the peasants, he has failed to build a base of political support.

The conservative Falange is the largest of the parties, apart from the MNR. It suffers from internal divisions, between those who look back with nostalgia upon the years of struggle against the MNR and those who wish to reshape the party in a Christian Democratic mold. The problem is that another group

has taken the Christian Democratic name and has obtained recognition from the international Christian Democratic movement.

The MNR still exists as a party, but its future is clouded. Many of its leaders are in exile, and it no longer has access to the patronage which was the source of so much of its strength.

The international Communists have gained footholds in the universities and the mines, but they are more of a nuisance than a threat. A Communist take-over is considered inconceivable, since Bolivia is much too vulnerable to outside pressures. Its lack of an outlet to the sea and its extensive, unprotected frontiers would enable neighboring South American nations to strangle a Communist Bolivia. In addition, the Bolivian economy would collapse without American aid.

The American Embassy in Bolivia has recovered nicely from the shock of the 1964 coup. It was not wholly unexpected, yet the feeling was that it could be discouraged, or that Paz would weather the storm. Ambassador Douglas Henderson had maintained a close relationship with Paz, to the extent of appearing in public with him during the 1964 presidential campaign. Yet because the military junta is so unabashedly pro-American, it has been relatively simple to restore a close, effective relationship with the government.

Dissatisfaction with the military regime is reaching widespread proportions. The students are beginning to demonstrate. The miners, unhappy with salary cuts and the heavy-handed application of military discipline, are renewing their protests. Virtually all political parties are in opposition. The government, showing signs of nervousness, has decreed a harsh security law, and at the same time has made a vague promise of elections in 1966.

Bolivia has been receiving more United States aid per capita than any other Latin-American nation. The hope was that it could become a showplace for the Alliance for Progress. This may still be possible, but the first step will be to settle the political uncertainties and get on with the work of the revolution.



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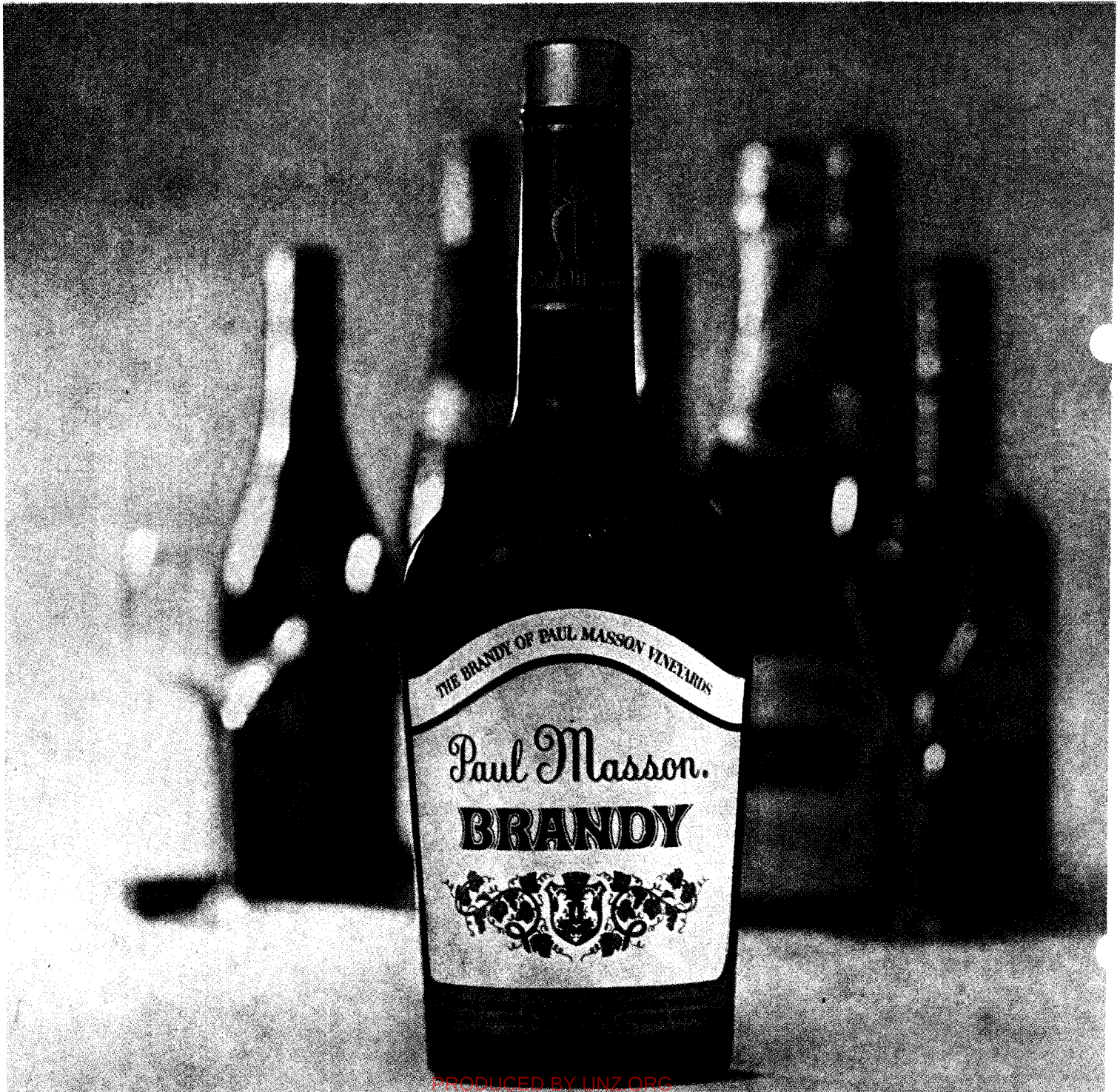
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The Atlantic Report ITALY



PRIME MINISTER Aldo Moro's center-left coalition government has been plagued all year long by scandals involving former and present cabinet members and other high-ranking public officials. The disclosures have further weakened a government which was already considered "as fragile as a sheet of cigarette paper," and which is under the constant harassment of the Communists and the right-of-center Liberals. The scandals also nourish the natural cynicism of the voters, who are convinced that the principal function of any government is to fill its pockets.

Above all, they illustrate what many intellectuals and political thinkers believe to be the country's central problem: Italy, which Bismarck referred to as "not a country but a geographical expression," has still not achieved genuine national unity; it remains a welter of particular and regional interests and areas whose people believe in the family, the province, and the party, but still tend to consider the state an enemy.

The lack of public spirit is aggravated by an antiquated, cumbersome bureaucracy. Italy's post-war development in the private sector has been phenomenal, but the machine of state has not kept up. The country is still strapped in the straitjacket of a bureaucratic code imposed by the Piedmontese oligarchy which unified Italy in 1861. The code can be summed up in one phrase: "I have a regulation for everything." Controls originally intended to protect the citizen against a corrupt government have ended by paralyzing government action and fostering corruption.

The party takes care of its own

The case of Giuseppe Trabucchi, a Christian Democrat senator who has served as minister in four cabinets, illustrates the growing abyss of distrust and disillusionment between the Italian people and their political leaders. In July, Trabucchi sweated out a five-day session of both houses of parliament which debated whether to lift his parliamentary immunity so that he could be turned over to a constitutional court and tried on charges of corruption. As Finance Minister in

1961, one of Trabucchi's responsibilities was the state tobacco monopoly. Mildew ruined the domestic crop that year, and although there was a stockpile sufficient to meet a two-year demand, Trabucchi imported tobacco from Mexico.

He made it possible for one of his Christian Democrat cronies, who operates three import-export firms, to buy the Mexican tobacco and sell it at state-supported prices without going through the state monopoly. The import-export man made a tremendous profit at the state's expense. The transaction would probably have been forgotten had not Trabucchi fallen victim to one of Italy's most effective bulwarks against the shortcomings of government, the anonymous denunciation.

The parliamentary vote was 461 against, 440 for Trabucchi, but he was saved from impeachment by a ruling that an absolute majority of 477 was needed, and the total against him fell short by sixteen votes. Trabucchi admitted that he had gone beyond the letter of the law, but insisted that he had acted in the public interest. He was rescued by an almost unique example of party discipline among the Christian Democrats.

The strength of an Italian party depends on its ability to protect its own, and abandoning Trabucchi to a possible jail sentence would have been considered a betrayal by the rank and file. Also, the ruling coalition feared that allowing the Trabucchi case to go to trial would provide a platform from which the opposition could seriously threaten the government. Political scandals are a potent weapon of the Communists, who are untainted by participation in the government.

The wages of sin

The severity of recent sentences has surprised some Italians and may have been one of the factors that saved Trabucchi from the jaws of justice. In 1964, Professor Felice Ippolito, the secretary-general of Italy's Nuclear Authority, went on trial on charges of misappropriating \$1,800,000 of the authority's funds. He had been a heavy contributor to various political parties and newspapers. He

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Report on Italy

said in his defense that he had acted with the approval of his minister to prevent the complete paralysis of his agency. The rigid regulations he was subjected to, Ippolito said, had been drafted in the nineteenth century and were hardly designed for a nuclear agency. He had accepted building and engineering contracts from Euratom, and his dynamic leadership had been highly praised. Nonetheless, he was sentenced to eleven years in jail. The transition from respected official to convict was too much for him, and several months ago he was transferred to one of Rome's neuropsychiatric clinics.

This summer, an internationally known research biologist named Domenico Marotta was accused of embezzling \$1,400,000 in state funds, including United States research grants, while head of the state's Superior Institute of Health. Despite his age, seventy-eight, and the now classic defense that bypassing the bureaucracy is the only way to get anything done, he was sentenced to six years and eight months.

Italy's racket buster

Every month there are fresh accusations against officials and members of the government, and Rome's public prosecutor, a racket-buster type named Luigi Giannantonio, has let it be known that he is investigating a score of other cases. Former Ministers of Industry Emilio Colombo and Giuseppe Medici have been accused in the press of leniency toward an insurance company which bilked its stockholders of huge sums.

Italians react with scornful resignation to a state apparatus that can breed so many scandals. "There have always been scandals," they say; "in Italy such things will never change"; and "here it is a natural thing to 'ungersi' [grease oneself]." Such an attitude leads to disregard for the laws which the lawmakers are the first to dismiss, and becomes an obstacle to political progress.

Another obstacle, in the opinion of many, is the long rule of the Christian Democrat Party, which for seventeen years has been at the source of patronage, favors, and temptation. It should not be for-



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gotten that the Italian Republic is only twenty years old and was preceded by a generation of fascism in which the bureaucracy was part of the police state.

Italy also has been poor, and the civil service became a method of survival dependent on favoritism and political patronage. A few years ago, a postmaster general boasted that since he had been appointed, there had not been a single unemployed person in his province. Whenever unemployment reaches uncomfortable proportions, the government remedy is to hire unneeded civil servants who might otherwise join the Communist ranks.

It is no accident that 80 percent of Italy's civil servants come from the deprived southern half of the country. A job as an usher in a ministry is still considered ideal for a Calabrian villager whose only alternative is to work as a tenant farmer. In a state competition last summer to fill 700 vacancies for the job of school porter, there were 60,000 applicants.



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The conviction that nothing can be accomplished without favoritism is also symptomatic of the public administration. Italians believe that going through channels is useless, and almost every member of parliament hires a staff member to write letters of recommendation for his constituents. Public agencies have special offices to process such letters, which arrive by the thousands. Political connections rather than merit have become the norm. Recently, 100 teachers who had failed a civil service examination appealed to an undersecretary and had the decision overruled. In a few offices, employees protected by political figures come to work only on payday.

Petty dishonesty and the acceptance of bribes have become the standard rather than the exception. A commentator on Italian affairs named Domenico Bartoli recently published a letter from a civil servant who complained that he was the only honest man in his department. He said he was forced to suffer the derision of his co-workers, who called him "a toothless one who does not know how to chew." He was the



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Report on Italy

only one in the office who did not own a car, he said, and to avoid ridicule, he pretended that his doctor had prescribed long walks for an arthritic condition.

Government at a snail's pace

There are 1,329,000 Italians working for the state, and they represent roughly 10 percent of the total labor force. They include 6300 magistrates, 202,000 civil employees, 428,000 teachers, 58,000 laborers, 310,000 military, 318,000 employees of autonomous agencies, and 6700 miscellaneous workers. Despite the many able and brilliant men included in this figure, civil servants work in an atmosphere which can best be described as archaic. The administration teems with obscure offices which were set up temporarily but were never disbanded. At the Ministry of the Interior there is still a commission for the award of subsidies to the victims of the Risorgimento, an extreme example of an administration determined never to change.

The Minister of Finance explained in an October television address that no tax reform has been possible up till now because his department has not been able to afford the equipment to improve its operations. A recent survey compared the productivity of the Italian tax bureau with the Internal Revenue System in the United States. It was found that the Internal Revenue Bureau examines 100 million American tax returns with a personnel of 57,000, while 30,000 Italians examine about 4 million Italian returns, a ratio of productivity of one to twelve.

The succession of scandals has made the administration even more sluggish. No public official will make a decision now unless it is confirmed by all his superiors. A man who had been promised a pension in two years was told last month that it would now take five years.

The increased caution has led to another sort of scandal. Two years ago in northeast Italy, the Vaiont Dam over the Piave River cracked and swamped the community of Longarone, killing about 2000 peo-

ple. The Minister of Public Works promised that "in five months your community will be completely rebuilt." A dismal two-year anniversary of the disaster was held in Longarone in October. Almost nothing had been done. Refugees are still living in prefabs on state charity.

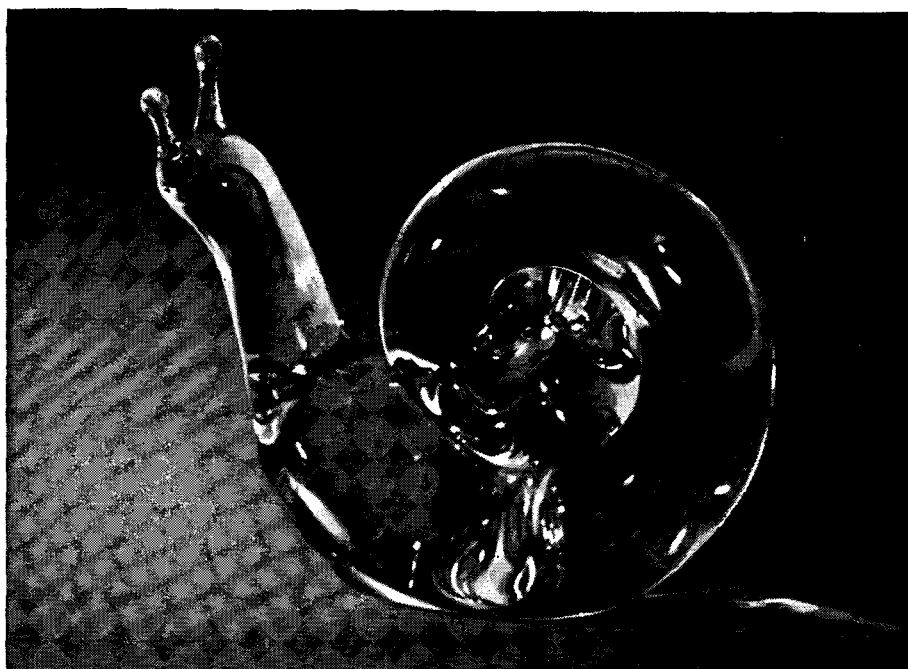
The money to rebuild Longarone has been voted by parliament, and scale models of a shining new town can be seen in an architect's office. But the bureaucratic machinery is grinding at its normal pace. It has taken two years for survivors to obtain certificates of death for members of their family so that they could qualify for state aid.

Resistance to reform

Since the war, thirteen commissions for bureaucratic reform have broken their lances against the shield of Italian special interests. There is now a Ministry for Bureaucratic Reform, whose head, Luigi Preti, is known as Luigi Quattordici because of his thirteen predecessors. He has a program for cutting the size of the public administration by 20 percent and for making it more honest and efficient, but his approach to his work is unusual. He considers that in the present political climate, bureaucratic reform is impossible.

Everyone pretends to want bureaucratic reform, Preti explains, but in reality everyone is against it. The trade unions are against reforms that will eliminate thousands of jobs. Each minister agrees that the number of civil servants should be reduced in every ministry save his own. Members of parliament are against a reform that would eliminate privileges and patronage.

Preti has arrived at the sad conclusion that were he to press for reforms now, he might take one step forward and two steps backward. "If I propose an increase in working hours, the result might be a reduction in working hours," he says. As if to confirm his pessimism, parliament in October voted itself a \$500-a-month pay increase, bringing salaries up to \$1400 a month, the highest in Europe. As a Western diplomat noted: "It is one thing to diagnose the illness; it is another to find the cure."



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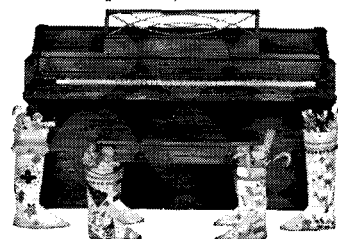
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THE 25,000 inhabitants of Gibraltar pride themselves on being more British than the inhabitants of the British Isles themselves. Just across the frontier from Spain, bold, glaring slogans are printed up on the walls: "260 years British and still going strong," and "Two and a half centuries of liberty must not end now."

Union Jacks are everywhere on display, and on the approach of a stranger, the Gibraltarians break off conversations in their Genovese-Spanish patois and ostentatiously speak English. Gibraltar is one part of the former British colonial empire which openly wants to remain a colony and to belong, without reservation, to the British Crown.

The reasons for this unusual attitude are not hard to find. In the first place, the Gibraltarians are not Spanish in nationality. When the forces of Sir George Rooke seized Gibraltar during the War of the Spanish Succession in 1704, the Rock was a harborless, apparently waterless near-island, connected with the rest of Spain by a narrow spit of sand. Ten years later, British ownership was confirmed by the Treaty of Utrecht, and civilian labor was brought in by the garrison — to construct a harbor in place of mere anchorage, to dig wells, and to improve existing fortifications. Most of this labor came from Genoa initially.

During the course of the next two centuries, more foreign labor filtered in, from Malta, Sicily, Tangier, Venice, Portugal. By 1811 Gibraltar had a population of 9000, which doubled during the next fifty years. A British business community sprang up, and Jews came over from Morocco to take a prominent place in the retail trade. The Spaniards, out of pride and prejudice, stayed away.

Rockbound bobbies

Gibraltarians occasionally marry Spaniards, but those who come to stay become Gibraltarian, and British, without delay. This is primarily due to the Rock's high living standards. On the opposite side of the frontier with Spain is La Línea, with 70,000 inhabitants, many of them living in hovels — a sleepy, sleazy town, with beautiful

beaches which remain strangely empty and without a single decent hotel or restaurant. By contrast, Gibraltar is spick-and-span, almost oppressively hygienic, and obviously prosperous. It has the gayest, best-dressed, and most polite schoolchildren in Europe, the most accommodating shopkeepers, large and comfortable British bobbies who police its law-abiding streets, and a sort of business-as-usual atmosphere.

Gibraltarians say very loudly that they could never visualize living under Franco's dictatorship. It is patently clear that they are equally opposed to absorption into the Spanish economy, whose present phase of industrial expansion is coming a hundred years after it happened in Britain, France, and Germany.

Gibraltar's prosperity makes it a magnet for foreign labor. Each day approximately 8500 Spaniards come from La Línea to work mainly in the dockyard and harbor area. Some hundreds of Moroccans have been brought in during the last year because the Spanish authorities decided to issue no new frontier passes, thereby whittling down the Rock's labor force as Spanish workmen reach retirement age and are not replaced.

The gradual reduction of their labor force is only a minor worry to the Gibraltarians today. Their major concern is over the so-called "little blockade" which the Spanish authorities instituted in October, 1964. This took the form of imposing needless delays on the clearing of cars at the La Línea crossing point and of cutting off all supplies to Spain except fresh fruit and vegetables.

There is no railway line to Gibraltar. The Rock depends very largely on its tourist trade — usually about one million visitors a year, but in 1965 probably fewer than 600,000 — and tourists often like to hire cars in Gibraltar and drive out to bullfights in Ronda and San Roque and to seaside resorts on the rapidly developing Costa del Sol. During the last year the Spanish customs authorities have cleared on an average one car every half hour. They have maintained that this long-

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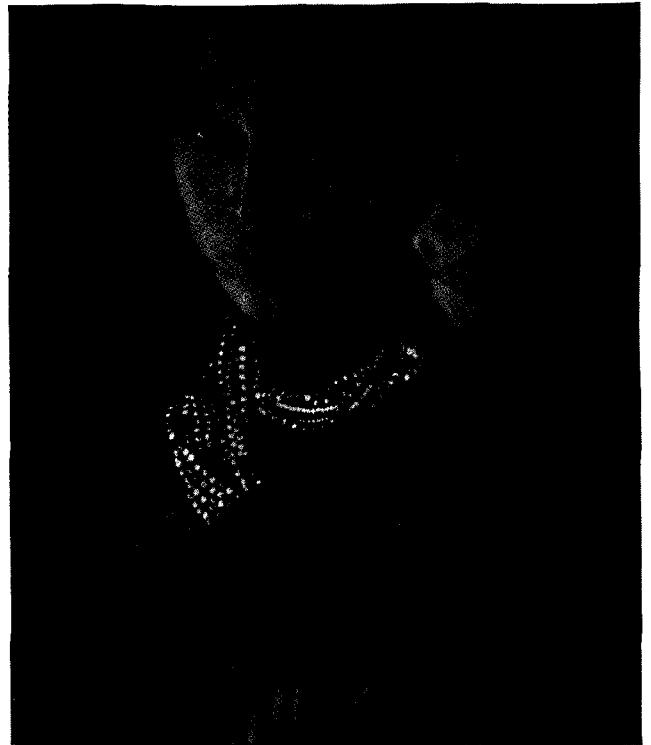


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Report on Gibraltar

winded procedure is due to intensive smuggling out of Gibraltar, where goods are sold duty free. But they have made no attempt to carry out proper searches of cars entering or leaving Spain.

Spanish traffic jam

Smuggling from Gibraltar clearly does exist, and it is very difficult for the British authorities to check it. It is mainly by sea, and vessels leaving the Rock may carry apparently genuine bills of lading. But the smuggling fraternity alters course for the Canary or Balearic Islands, and off-loads there with the connivance of easily bribable Spanish officials. This is an abuse which Spain should put down itself. That it has failed to do so suggests that the Spanish government does not consider the smuggling serious enough to justify the effort involved.

The bulk of the British visitors to Gibraltar arrive by plane, and travel on—or used to do so—by hired car or charabanc. They spend freely during average stays of only about twenty-four hours on the Rock. In 1965 the number of motor vehicles entering Gibraltar fell by 95 percent. Total foreign spending in Gibraltar has dropped by more than 50 percent. An entrepôt lives off its imports, and Gibraltar's have fallen this year from \$36 million to \$22 million.

In September and October, generally good tourist months, hotels were less than half full. The shopkeepers are living off their own fat, but another year of the little blockade will hit them very hard. The dozen or so car-rental firms have already gone out of business.

In addition, there is now a "slum" population totaling 700, British subjects who were previously living in Spain and who were forced to leave their homes and move to Gibraltar in the fall of 1964. Most of these people are today living in the meanest accommodations—four to a room in Nissen huts, and groups of thirty and forty in men's, women's, and "mixed" dormitories in disused barracks and bakeries.

The Gibraltar authorities cannot be blamed in any way for this; even

DUFF GORDON SPANISH SHERRY

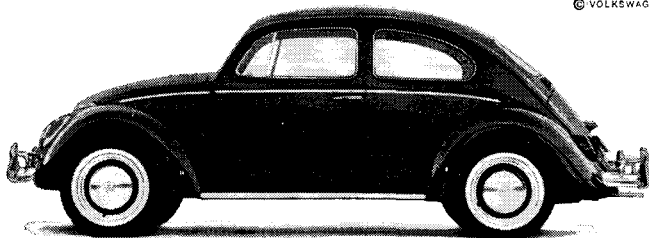


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Report on Gibraltar

before the little blockade about 1000 families were living in cramped and inadequate homes. On the Rock there is a desperate lack of space.

Spanish claims

Why did Spain institute this unpleasant campaign against the Gibraltarians? The Madrid government continually complains that Britain has been breaking the Treaty of Utrecht by giving the Gibraltarians too great a measure of self-government.

The Spaniards argue that the treaty provided that if total British ownership of the Rock should end, it should revert to Spanish sovereignty. They argue, too, that a semi-independent Gibraltar might fall under the influence of a foreign power hostile to Spain, or even become a hostile military base. Finally, Spain claims that the United Nations "anti-colonial" Committee of 24 had called for Anglo-Spanish talks on Gibraltar's future, and that Britain had refused to grant this request.

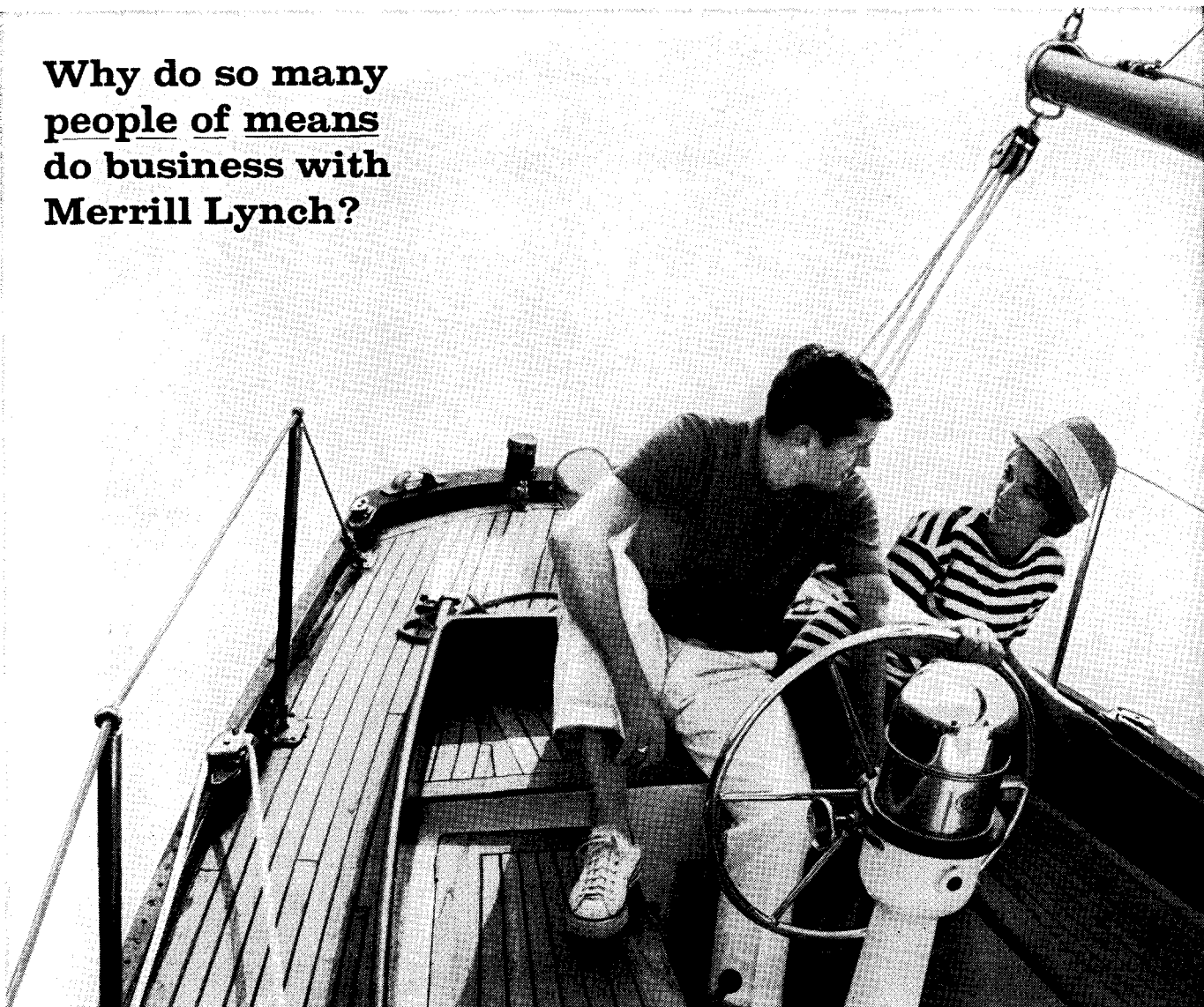
The Gibraltarians want a form of "free association" with Britain, confirming the local self-government which they already have, but keeping their status of a crown colony. A growing number of people would prefer total integration with Britain, with representation in the British Parliament and with Gibraltarians having complete freedom to enter Britain (at present the provisions of the Immigration Act limit the number of entries).

Pimple on the toe

The British government favors some kind of status for Gibraltar equivalent to that of either the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man. The Colonial Office is presently engaged in working out a draft constitution along these lines. This will, when presented, effectively answer the Spanish claim that Gibraltar is being given complete independence.

But Spain in reality has quite different grievances against Britain, which have done most toward causing the little blockade. The Labor Party before winning the British election stated that it would not

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The Frontiers of the Sea

A New Story by

**PETER
USTINOV**



WHO GOES TO PRISON

Caste and Careerism in Crime

by Bruce Jackson

Peter Davison assesses
A YEAR OF NEW POETRY

THE GREAT ART
of Unbalancing the Budget
by Neil W. Chamberlain

And the Atlantic Extra
SOLO IN WYOMING
Charles W. Morton
worked on a ranch in his youth, an incongruity
which makes for enchanting reading.

Report on Gibraltar

honor contracts to deliver frigates to the Spanish Navy. The contracts had to be canceled. British Prime Minister Harold Wilson canceled joint Anglo-Spanish naval maneuvers at a moment's notice. And left-wing Labor Members of Parliament have continued to criticize the Franco regime with undiminished bitterness. All this has grated on Spanish susceptibilities, and the Spaniards are notoriously thin-skinned and aware of their own national pride and honor.

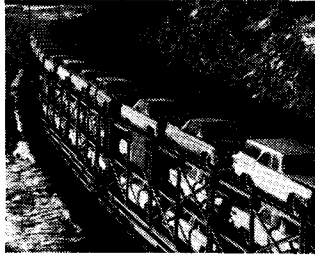
Basically, Spain of course wants to annex Gibraltar. Britain can never agree to this as long as the Gibraltarians want to remain British. It should be remembered that the Rock has now been British longer than it ever was Spanish, and for 240 years before its capture by Rooke, it was under the Moors.

What, then, can be done to resolve the conflict over Gibraltar, to stop it from developing into a permanently painful pimple on the toe of Europe, making genuine Anglo-Spanish cooperation impossible? First, there should be talks on the Gibraltar problem between the British and Spanish governments. Informed opinion in both London and Gibraltar is now in favor of them. Second, certain concessions can be made to Spain.

They could include harbor facilities for the Spanish Navy, the use by the Spanish government-owned airline, Iberia, of Gibraltar's airport, rates of pay for Spaniards coming daily into Gibraltar equal to those enjoyed by the Gibraltarians (at present they are roughly 15 percent lower), British and Gibraltarian capital for development projects in the neighboring Campo area of Spain.

Perhaps most important from a symbolical point of view, Spain could be given a Port Office in Gibraltar, flying the Spanish flag and engaged in concerting measures for combating smuggling and in supervising Spanish rights in the harbor. Here is the sort of way in which Anglo-Spanish understanding can be restored. Gibraltar has to live with Spain in a local sense, while Britain has to do so as part of Europe.

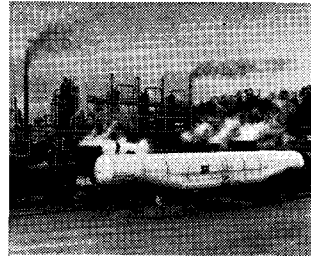
What's new on the railroads?



Rack cars



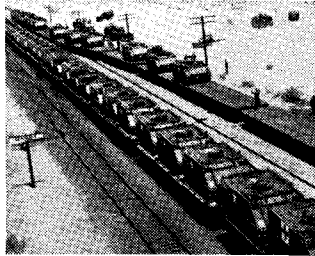
Data processing



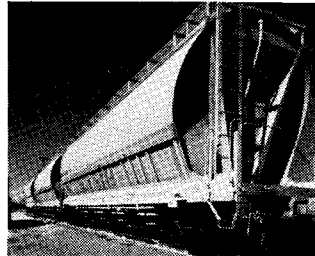
Giants of the rails



Welded rail



Workhorse for defense



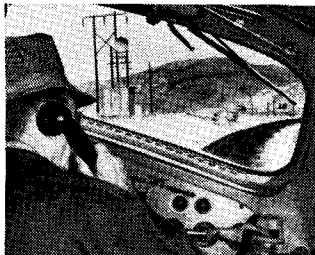
Modern design



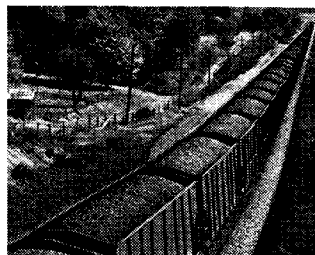
Automated yards



Push-button control



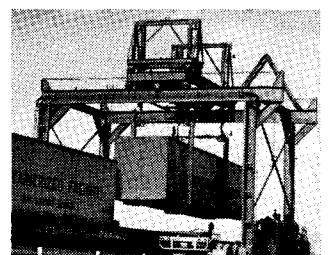
Train radio



Unit train



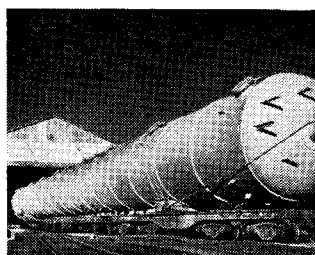
Piggyback express



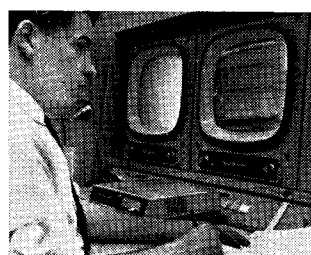
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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Interracial marriage and the law SIR:

William D. Zabel's article, "Interracial Marriage and the Law" (October *Atlantic*), neglected to point out the importance of the Court's *McLaughlin* decision for future cases involving miscegenation laws.

While it is true that the majority opinion did not express any views about the broader issue of interracial marriage, it did set a standard for future litigation in this area. In invalidating the Florida provision affecting *McLaughlin* and Miss Hoffman, Justice White stated that a state has to justify the overriding necessity, not reasonableness, of a law based on color of skin. If necessity cannot be proven (note the burden of proof placed upon the state), then the law will be struck down as an "exercise of the State police power which trenches upon the constitutionally protected freedom from invidious official discrimination."

With the question of Virginia's ban on interracial marriage about to appear before the Court (it is now being argued in a federal district court), the *McLaughlin* decision should be viewed as the *time during which* the South has to prepare for the inevitable: the striking down of laws based on racist beliefs. By tactful handling, the Supreme Court has begun the re-education process in the South.

HOWARD BALL
Hempstead, N. Y.

SIR:

Can't the Negro be allowed to enjoy the fruits of his revolution, and

this includes enjoyment of his home and family, his better pay, leisure, better housing, and so forth, without having another front thrust upon him?

MARY MCGARVEY
Brunswick, Ga.

SIR:

The citizens of the state of Indiana regret that William D. Zabel's research for "Interracial Marriage and the Law" failed to reveal the fact that Indiana no longer bars interracial marriage.

The 94th session of the Indiana General Assembly, which met last spring, repealed the three statutes which declared such marriages void in this state.

ROGER D. BRANIGIN
Governor of Indiana

SIR:

Wyoming, as Mr. Zabel points out, still has an antimiscegenation law. Because we have no racial problems in the state, this law has never been enforced or tested. However, I am sure that it will soon be removed from our books.

SENATOR MILWARD L. SIMPSON
Republican, Wyoming
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

I should like to point out that Wyoming's state legislature repealed its miscegenation law in its last session, and the repeal bill was signed into law by our governor on January 27, 1965.

SENATOR GALE MCGEE
Democrat, Wyoming
Washington, D.C.

Frank Kermode on Muriel Spark SIR:

I would suggest that Frank Kermode ("The Novel As Jerusalem: Muriel Spark's *Mandelbaum Gate*," October *Atlantic*) reread the eleventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles in the New Testament. There he will discover, among other things, that at Jaffa it was St. Peter, not St. Paul, who "had his vision of the unclean meats."

This correction is sent in sympathy by one whose Yale Ph.D. dissertation twice uses "bazaar" where "bizarre" was intended.

GERALD H. HINKLE
Collegeville, Penn.

SIR:

What Bible does Mr. Kermode have for his authority?

ELSA L. OBERG
Syracuse, N.Y.

Veteran against veteran

SIR:

John E. Booth ("Veteran Against Veteran," October *Atlantic*) complains about veterans being hospitalized, some of whom he alleges are able to pay. The recent social security medicare act, to go into effect on July 1 of next year, will make a large number of senior citizens eligible for free hospital care without regard to ability to pay.

The author indicates that a veteran does not deserve any special or extra consideration because he wore the uniform and received an honorable discharge during wartime. One wonders what he thinks of some of the recently enacted programs to help segments of our population



Mr. Cooper is shown gloating over two perfectly mated midnight blue star sapphires. They must never be separated.

The exotic F. J. Cooper twin star sapphires appearing below actual size for your approval—are as near to being identical as nature chose to make them.

They are a rare find indeed.

To have them lead separate lives, says Douglas Cooper, would be unthinkable. He has, therefore, devised several interesting ways to avoid such a tragedy.

Interesting idea #1: Grandparents with three grandchildren could give one to each. If there are three grandchildren, leaving the

summer place to the third might possibly soothe any hurt feelings. (If there are more than three grandchildren, you're on your own.)

Interesting idea #2: The gems might be fashioned into a magnificent pair of earrings. The lady would then be devastating no matter which way she turned.

Interesting idea #3: A man's ring and a lady's ring could be designed. The ultimate gesture as far as his-and-hers gifts are concerned, we think.

Other suggestions are certainly welcome. The pair, twenty thousand dollars.

The little spider down below is making his second appearance with us by popular demand. His debut, to put it mildly, was an utter triumph. Spider's body is a black star sapphire. As a brooch in 14 karat gold with a spiral back, \$18. As a tie tac, \$18.

P.S. Spider is shown actual size. He is guaranteed not to bite. Mail address: 1406 Chestnut Street. Please add 5 percent for delivery in Pennsylvania.



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whose contribution to our society is a negative one at best.

The author also fails to note that the cost of veterans' programs has remained fairly constant over the last decade, while the gross national product and annual budget have increased tremendously.

The article is a rehash of the Bradley report, which was first issued in 1956. Congress has rejected the philosophy in this report, which was quoted in the article.

It would indeed be a most ungrateful nation which would give no consideration to the contribution being made by those citizens who are doing the fighting and dying in South Vietnam. Yet that seems to be the thesis of the author's article, and the Veterans of Foreign Wars vigorously disagrees with his conclusions.

COOPER T. HOLT

*Executive Director, Veterans of Foreign Wars
Washington, D.C.*

SIR:

It becomes difficult to enforce a very conservative view regarding care of elderly non-service-connected veterans in Veterans Administration hospitals who have signed an oath of inability to pay, when it is the policy of the federal government, through the recently enacted medicare program, to provide free hospital and medical benefits to social security recipients who have made no contribution for such care, *regardless of their ability to pay*.

In a society where welfare payments are the order of the day, it is inevitable that the man who rendered a special service to his nation by entering the armed forces during a period of war would ask why he is not entitled to at least as much consideration as certain backward elements of our society who, to say the least, can be expected to make little contribution in the defense of the nation.

REPRESENTATIVE OLIN E. TEAGUE
*Democrat, Texas
Washington, D.C.*

SIR:

I regret that remarks attributed to me were included in the article "Veteran Against Veteran."

Mr. Booth quotes me as stating that our paraplegic veterans do not receive full benefits or the adequate medical care which is needed for the alleviation of their disabilities. He

also states further that this is due to the medical demands of other less deserving veterans. The Eastern Paralyzed Veterans Association maintains that, quite to the contrary, the specialized requirements of modern medical treatment demand hospitals which can make available a full range of medical specialties. This can only be done by affording medical care to a large group so that this treatment may be provided upon both the geographical and the specialized basis necessary. We do not consider that the needs of the paraplegic veteran are at odds with those of other veterans, but complementary thereto. Articles such as Mr. Booth's which call for lower appropriations for the VA can only result in a lessened and archaic standard of medical care.

ROBERT CLASSON

*Executive Director
Eastern Paralyzed Veterans Association
New York City*

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

Re the letter of Charles E. Hodges in the October *Atlantic* criticizing the article by Harry M. Caudill, "Misdeal in Appalachia," Mr. Hodges quotes Mr. Caudill: "The world's largest steel corporation can remove trainloads of coal daily from the Appalachian hills without paying a tax for the right to do so."

Mr. Hodges says, "This statement is . . . utterly and completely inaccurate," then shows that the coal producers of West Virginia did pay taxes, to the extent of \$198,905,378 between the years 1933 and 1964.

In his reply, Mr. Caudill does not confess his inaccuracy, but simply states that the sum is "pitifully small." Thus he does not answer the accusation of inaccuracy made by Mr. Hodges, but skirts it entirely. To me this is not right.

I do not attempt to judge the merits or lack of them of the steel company's contributions, as I cannot. But the statement by Mr. Hodges that Mr. Caudill's statement is completely and utterly inaccurate is correct. I think Mr. Caudill should have been enough of a man to admit his original error and go on from there.

RALPH E. DE CASTRO

Miami, Fla.

SIR:

While Sanche de Gramont's dis-

cussion of "Pope Paul VI" in the October *Atlantic* was most interesting and informative, it unfortunately ignores his pro-Hitler activities from 1930 to 1945 under Pius XI and Pius XII. The concordat between Hitler and the Vatican was signed for the Vatican (Pius XI) by Monsignor Pacelli, the late Pius XII, and Monsignor Montini, the present Paul VI, on July 20, 1933. Both were active pro-Nazi, and despite the urgent objection of Cardinal Faulhaber, persuaded Pope Pius XI to conclude the concordat.

WALTER W. OFFNER

San Rafael, Calif.

SIR:

Elizabeth Corbett's article, "Who'd Rather Be Deaf?" (October *Atlantic*), is interesting, but it fails to cover the most important problem faced by the person who discovers that he is becoming deaf. I refer to the exorbitant cost of hearing aids.

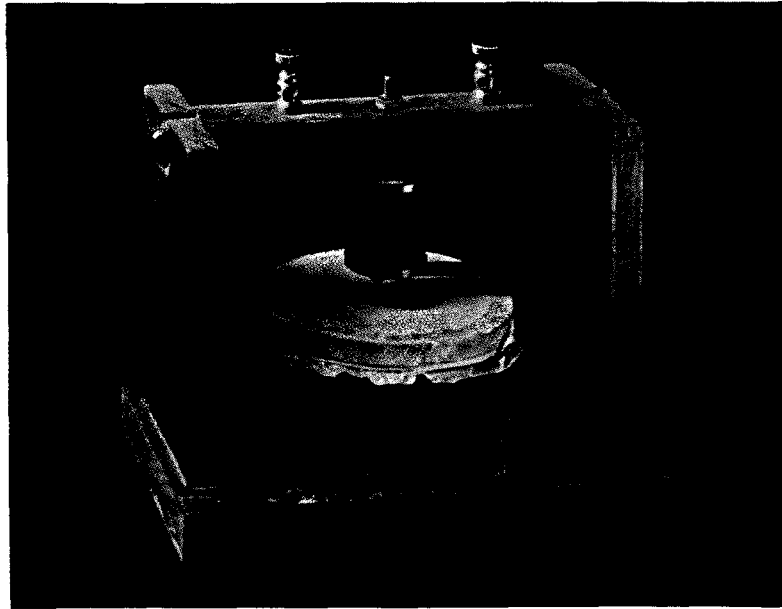
I find it impossible to reconcile the advanced state of the electronic art and the unconscionably high prices charged for practically all hearing aids. I can buy an efficient transistor radio, with far more gain than is developed in any hearing aid, for less than ten dollars. I can buy as complex an apparatus as a multi-transistorized color television receiver for three hundred dollars. Yet a simple combination of parts, no more costly or precise than those in the ten-dollar radio set, costs me well over three hundred dollars.

As I see it, the deaf are being victimized by the operators of a high-profit industry preying on human misery. These people do not even have the excuse that they must get high prices to pay for the years they had to spend in preparation for their profession. Most of them have no professional qualification at all. They merely twist a few dials on an "instrument" that any schoolboy could learn to operate in less than an hour, and then "prescribe" a device that is mass-produced in (often) the same factory that uses the same parts to build its radio and television sets.

It is high time those of us who are so afflicted were treated as individuals deserving of special consideration, instead of as a rich lode to be mined for the profit of the hearing-aid industry.

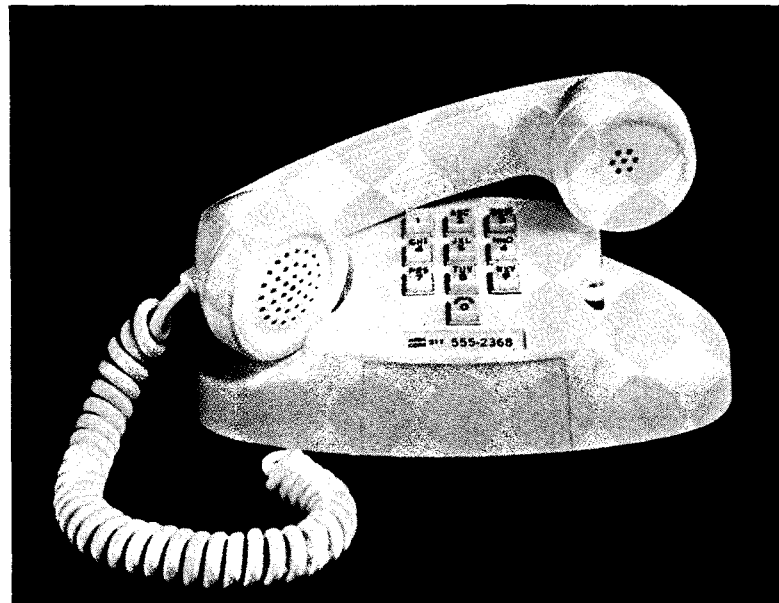
CLARENCE W. METCALF

Sharon, Mass.



On June 3, 1875, Alexander Graham Bell first transmitted recognizable voice sounds on this ingenious instrument. It employed a tightly stretched membrane, called "goldbeater's skin," which was sensitive to sound waves.

90 years of telephone progress toward better, faster service!



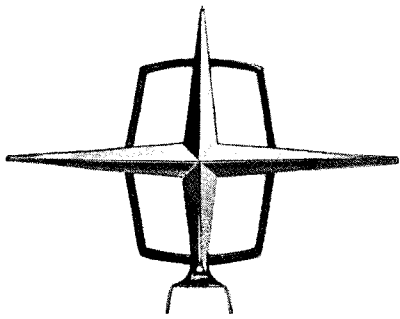
This year, 1965, the area-by-area introduction of fast, convenient Touch-Tone® phoning is well under way. Modern push buttons speed calling and open up many new uses for your phone. For example: you may be able to shop by phone just by touching buttons to identify the merchandise you want—or pay bills through your bank the same way.

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STRONG MEDICINE FOR INDIA

BY LELAND HAZARD

Lawyer, industrialist, and a constant visitor to India in the past three years, Leland Hazard is professor emeritus in industrial administration and law at Carnegie Institute of Technology, and vice-chairman of the National Planning Association. His recent book, EMPIRE REVISITED, demonstrates his capacity to think about global problems.

INDIA's military performance in the Pakistani crisis has been somewhat better than was her performance in the Chinese invasion in the fall of 1962. Her Prime Minister Shastri emerged as a man of decision. As an immediate consequence, India became unreasonably cocky on a number of issues, including Kashmir. But India suffers inherent diseases of her economy and government of which she will languish forever unless the Western world, in providing aid, will prescribe strong medicine.

When I went to India the first time, in 1963, a knowledgeable friend said to me, "You will come back loving them or despising them." After four more visits, the last in 1965 — a total of over eight months of purposeful travels which bracketed the cities and countryside of India, east-west, north-south — I know why the world, or for that matter, India herself, can be divided between those who consider the great subcontinent "aimless, helpless, hopeless" and those who look on her as the East's great reservoir of timeless spirituality and its fairest promise of modern democracy. Whoever takes sides in this issue will find himself in endless disputation. It is better to adduce the conflicting evidence.

Let me begin with some head notes. The world watched India's Gandhi-led struggle for independence from Britain in the first half of the twenty-

tieth century. Today, the Indian governmental bureaucracy almost slavishly follows British practices, good and bad.

India is said to be the world's largest democracy, 480 million people, increasing 10 million per year, one seventh of the world's population. But one party of the politically elite, the Congress Party, which Gandhi and Nehru dominated during their lives, rules India — despite some permitted minority parties — as completely as the Communist Party rules Russia. For five decades, Indian liberals, and some from Europe and America, have been shaming the Western world with its commercialism, making invidious comparisons with Indian spirituality. In the stack of clippings before me from the four principal Indian newspapers, in English, read every morning during eight months by my wife or me, Indian politicians charge each other with money corruption with such regularity that to be free of such charges, as many are, is a distinction not necessarily essential to political power in India. Among the nations scientifically competent to enter the nuclear club, India stands high, and the internal debate about whether she should make the bomb does not cease. But on the other hand, India acts as if Pasteur had never lived; Cabinet ministers consult astrologers; five millennia of history cast a dark shadow over a people who range

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sociologically from the primitive to the most sophisticated, whose rate of literacy is little over 20 percent, whose per capita income annually is a bare seventy-five dollars, and whose predominant Hinduism sanctions everything from atheism to demonism, casteism to abstractionism.

India weans herself from any past, recent or remote, with difficulty. Every January there are patriotic ceremonials of several days in the capital. A great parade is conducted in the vast mall which is part of the whole complex of former British government buildings of blended Buddhist and Muslim architecture. On the last day of the celebrations comes the climax, called Retreat. Massed bands, one led by a magnificently high-stepping Sikh, come majestically into the positions of the dramatically mounted array, acres in extent. Then settles a great hush. The uninitiated awaits, in this scene of oriental splendor, overlooked by motionless camels silhouetted on a high esplanade against the sunset — he awaits some esoteric Indian strains, redolent of the sacred Veda. But no! The baton is lifted in the silent air, and on the downbeat comes “Abide With Me” by Henry Francis Lyte, nineteenth-century English divine.

I have had occasion to read files in India which go back to Lord Curzon, British Viceroy in India (1899–1905), and in the same connection I have read current files on governmental subjects. The language, style, format, the absence of any sense of urgency, the Olympian detachment of the bureaucratic writers — separated by six decades — all are charmingly identical. Charming — if the Indian case were not so desperate.

India now knows that China is her mortal enemy and will be so for years to come. She now knows how fateful was the decision of her revered Nehru to let Pakistan separate from India when India acquired independence from Britain in 1947. Hindu India had the manpower and the resources to prevent the defection of the Islamic minority. Nehru could have been the Indian Lincoln who sought a secular Indian state — frustrated though he was by British playing of Muslim against Hindu. But he recoiled from the bloodshed and got it nevertheless — in the words of India’s outstanding journalist, Frank Moraes, “an orgy of fratricidal killing unparalleled in human history.” It was simply that Nehru did not organize the killing to preserve the Indian unity which Gandhi had striven to attain by preaching an end to fear and hate, by practicing nonviolence.

Gandhi’s nonviolence having failed to unify India; Nehru’s delusion of Indian spirituality as a guarantee of privileged noninvolvement having been shattered — whither India? She is at the moment a land in which nothing succeeds and nothing fails. Is it that all the world is secretly contemptuous of India’s lack of power, physical or

moral, and that everyone respects only her land mass and population numbers? Nehru himself had the awful doubt. He asked in *The Discovery of India*, “Have we had our day and are we . . . just carrying on after the manner of the aged, quiescent, devitalized, uncreative, desiring peace and sleep above all else?” India has not yet given him the answer he would have wished.

America, China, and Russia have been doing things for and to a weak India, long confused by her two great leaders, Gandhi and Nehru. Both men, although deeply identifying themselves with the ancient culture of India’s 500,000 villages, where 80 percent of Indians live, were in a sense foreign to India, being British-trained lawyers. Democratic India has no tradition of “log-cabin” top leaders. Mr. Shastri may be the first — *if he continues to lead*. One of the most illiterate population masses in the world has been guided for fifty years by bespectacled intellectuals, who understood little, if anything, of empirical activism.

India needs strength: strength of Indian bodies (agricultural); strength of the national body (industrial and military); strength of the Indian national mind (by which I mean single-mindedness to gain the power which will command respect in the modern world); and strength of the Indian national spirit (by which I mean that India must abandon the ancient assumption that she is preciously different and quit the delusion that in some way she is a spiritual force despite her physical weakness).

I am aware of how delicate is the task of foreign governments and non-Indian institutions in giving aid. It is humiliating for India to be dependent upon the industrialized countries for better agriculture and more industry. But she is, utterly. It is time to take a good hard look at the conditions on which aid can be effectively extended to India.

FIRST a word about the charitable foundations in India. For the past thirteen years the Ford Foundation, under the leadership of its representative, Douglas Ensminger, has rendered much help in a generally acceptable manner. Dr. Ensminger, with his degrees in agriculture and sociology from the University of Missouri and from Cornell, and because of his unfaltering conviction that India can progress on her own, given occasional new techniques, has qualified for log-cabin philanthropy. The Rockefeller Foundation, under the effective direction of Dr. Ralph Cummings, following its great scientific traditions, has come in with new strains of wheat, millets, rice, and hybrid maize. These foundations respond to Indian leadership when it emerges. They are aiding in the grubby

work of change in the stagnant cultures in India: primitive agriculture, population unlimited, bureaucratic industrialism, urban decadence.

The strength of Indian bodies requires that there be enough food. But India has not yet completed the oldest of man's revolutions, the agricultural revolution. Her agriculture does not feed even her cultivators enough; much less can it now support the greatly enlarged industrial and urban populations upon which a modern Indian, or any other, state must rest. One Indian problem is, quite simply, weakness of body. Indian bureaucrats, who are of course well fed, have often apologized to me for quite miserable personnel practices in industry on the ground that "our people do not have strong bodies." Well, why not? Because the agricultural methods need modernization: fertilizers, insecticides, improved seeds, irrigation, better farm tools, plant protection, double cropping, cooperatives (both for cultivation and for marketing), credit, warehousing, national distribution techniques — not one, but a whole package of programs.

India's Minister of Food and Agriculture stresses *better agriculture*, better agricultural administration, and more applied research in agriculture. The Ford-Foundation-assisted Package Programs, carried on by Indian administrators since 1960 in fifteen agricultural districts and involving a million farmers, provide impressive demonstrations. But however spectacular, they cover only 2 percent of India's farmers. Farmers in these demonstrations have increased their yields of wheat and rice by 20 to 50 percent. The programs are scheduled for expansion under Indian scientific and administrative leadership.

There is another aspect of enough food: obviously, the number of mouths to feed. While USAID, blocked by President Eisenhower's original equivocation on birth control, was, until recently, immobilized, and while the Catholic Church hesitates, the Ford Foundation in India has not hesitated to assist. Since 1959, grants of upwards of seven million dollars to established Indian institutions have opened doors to family planning in India. Dr. Ensminger said recently, in a commencement address, that despite new promises on the food front, India's case would be precarious were it not for "tried, technical means for checking the alarming rise in yearly births . . . one, the intra-uterine contraceptive device for women; two, sterilization, especially for men; and three, the condom contraceptive device for men." He proceeded then with some technical details regarding the validity of these methods, all legal in India. But India's unemployed for the next twenty-five years — fifty million man-years in agriculture alone — are already born. Birth control is crucial, true; but unless immediate economic and administrative emer-

gency measures are taken, birth control may come too late.

Strength of the Indian national body. Riven though India is with numbers of languages and sub-languages, blighted with castes, beset with bureaucracy, hungry and sick, living, eating (the little food there is), washing, and defecating in the streets and on the side streets of Calcutta, Bombay, even in New Delhi, the squalor so ubiquitous that no concealment is possible, not even from a casual visitor — yet the Indian nation *can* become stronger. This is because modern technology and the results of the Industrial Revolution are available to India as they have been all over the world, adopted most notably in Japan.

It takes more fertilizers for better agriculture, better agriculture for more industry, and more industry for more fertilizers. (Only chemical fertilizers will do the job where population has outrun land and animals, as it has all over the world, in India and China especially.) Name whatever industrial needs you can think of: steel, electricals, heavy engineering, machine tools, lighter metals, chemicals, cement, valves, pipes, fittings, everything from ships to sanitary facilities, India has unlimited demand. This is the reason Russia and America can compete with each other in giving aid to India.

Now for the conditions upon which continued large-scale Western world aid would be justified in India. I exclude Russia from these conditions because Russia is not really interested in a free democratic India. Russia will give aid for steel plants, heavy engineering, and such facilities. Russia's technique is to grant the aid without conditions and then move in her technicians in large numbers to erect the facilities, riding roughshod over the Indian bureaucracy. Such methods get the given job done, and a very important job for India, but exert no favorable influence upon Indian administrative lethargy.

Suppose the United States, the World Bank, and Western world aiding countries and organizations should say, "Aid only as India puts her administrative house in order." At once the Russians and the Chinese would cry to high heaven that the West has strings attached to aid. Very well, so do the Russians and so do the Chinese; they just don't say so. Timid Americans would say that under such firm conditions, the Russians would come in and take over. But India is truly anti-Communist (Nehru left that good legacy along with some bad ones), and India is certainly anti-Chinese. Her leaders know that neither Russia nor China can help in the fundamental problem of agriculture. Those countries have not yet assured their own peoples relief from

the perennial threat of famine. Indian leaders know also that when the Chinese struck in the fall of 1962, it was really America which acted promptly with the necessary assurance of military protection. Her leaders know that it would be so again. Finally, India knows that the freedom she cherishes lies in the West. Mr. Shastri is an authentic democrat.

As things are now going in India, much Western world aid is running down bureaucratic ratholes. It is something of a disgrace that our own aid-giving bureaucrats should be abashed, as if they were the Greeks bearing gifts.

What would India do if she put her house in order? I will make my nominations instant, but first a word to the critics who are waiting to pounce. They will say that the principal indoor sport of some Indians and most foreigners is "How to Save India in One Move." To them, I say it is better to make one move than none. They will say that India hangs by such a delicate thread that everything must go forward in equally delicate balance, measured and planned. To them I say that there is no virtue in balancing zeros — an exaggeration of course, but a country which has neither enough guns nor enough butter and two of whose Five-Year Plans failed by large margins (as will the third Plan, now in process of failing) must look for stronger medicine than measured balance.

It will be said that there is nothing wrong with India which cannot be cured by a 5 or 6 percent annual growth rate. That is like saying that there is nothing about war which cannot be cured by brotherly love, but how to get the growth rate or the brotherly love remains unanswered. It will be said that India would not understand shock treatment. Well, if that is true, we should find it out, because her case is desperate, and the resources of the West are not inexhaustible.

Actually, in terms of human opportunities India has been losing ground throughout her entire period of democratic economic planning. Visible unemployment is rising from 5 million at the end of the first Five-Year Plan to an estimated 17 million by the end of the fourth Plan. But visible unemployment is not half the story. I can testify from disheartening observation. In hundreds of villages in every quadrant of India I have seen as many Indians sitting (in the famous squat, buttocks on heels) as I have seen Indians moving in purposeful work. The first reaction of an American is, why don't they do something? The Indian village answer is, why does not the government tell us what to do?

First, the Indian economy should be more fully decontrolled. It is now subject to a hodgepodge of price and other economic and bureaucratic controls which make fruitless jobs for acres of clerks, create innumerable bottlenecks — often ultimately broken

by graft — and provide power-seeking bureaucrats with opportunities for maintaining their own private pen-and-pencil armies. Even Russia uses price and competition as methods for allocating goods and for getting efficiency in production and distribution more than does India.

The old-line bureaucrats are as confused about Nehru's "socialistic pattern" as middle-aged mothers watching their sons in a football game. Many of the civil servants have said to me, "Since in our government-owned enterprises we do not have the profit motive as a stimulus for efficiency, we must maintain tight supervision and control." What the criteria are for the supervision and control they do not say, for the good reason that valid criteria do not exist. Control means control from Delhi, in a country where it takes hours to get through a telephone call over but a few hundred miles, and sometimes days for mail to travel the same distance. (There are some teletypes, but they are too often out of commission. Sections of transmission wires in India are cut and stolen for sale in the black market — one of the aspects of the controls.)

Of course India's government-owned plants must be in business for profit. If not, then who but the taxpayers will pay the losses? John Kenneth Galbraith called this Indian delusion about non-profit "post office socialism." So, first let the majority of controls come off as a condition to further Western aid. Some controls will remain, as in any economy, but enough must be eliminated so that price, competition, and freedom can function as stimulants to growth in both the private and public sectors of industry; else aid could never end, as it has, happily, in Taiwan, likewise a mixed but free economy. There would be some high profits in both government-owned and private-owned enterprises, but what is the taxing power for if not to tax profits? Indeed, decontrol would force another long overdue reform in India: changes in the tax base and improved methods of tax collection.

The next condition, if India is to have aid from the West, would follow naturally from decontrol. Indian administration must be simplified and modernized and made more expert at all levels. This sounds easy enough but involves the rolling of some high heads. In the early years of the Russian industrialization, Five-Year Plans failed just as they have failed in India; and heads rolled, literally. If India were a multiparty democracy (instead of the civil rights democracy *only* which she is), the Congress Party would have been voted out of office long since for failure to make progress in agriculture and industrialization. But today in India's Cabinet and in her top civil service bureaucracy there is scarcely a name which has not been prominent in Indian politics and public administration, state or union (federal), for the past twenty years, and many

of them for much longer. By the same token, new names are infrequent.

Worse than that, because in the Indian civil service advancement comes by seniority, the most colossal administrative failure may be followed by the advancement of a given civil servant to a higher and more important post. In other words, the rewards for excellence in the civil service are the same really as the rewards for failure. Change in methods of administration means changing people. The old guard will not change either its own ways or the system. Of course they will always cite the constitution, or the regulations, or the Veda, if pushed, but change they will not, for good reason, bad reason, or no reason.

A high official on one occasion professed intellectual agreement with me on a major point of procedure but said that he could not act because of the regulations. Then he told me that at one time Nehru had thought the hundred regulations in the field we were discussing were too many and appointed a commission. When the commission finished its work, the hundred regulations had become three hundred. He told me this tale as he sat smugly at the big curved desk, usual in Delhi government offices, flanked by mountainous files (I have never seen a clean desk in Delhi, except Mr. Shastri's), and in his eye was the joyous gleam of the impregnable bureaucrat, happy prisoner of the regulations.

There is a formula for changing people in the bureaucracy. It is straightforward and as fair as it is necessary. India has two primary goals: agriculture, to feed her people; industrialization, to raise their standard of living. Both goals call for technicians, not only as hired men but also as top administrators. When the job calls for technical training, understanding, and experience at the highest level, then the old-line bureaucrat, at whatever level, should be replaced with a technician, first at the top and then through the ranks. This is strong medicine for India, but the patient is sick, and if the West is to pay a high portion of the medical bills, the West should say what medicine is necessary.

Once India has made these basic changes in how she thinks and how she acts, then some changes can also be made in present restrictions on aid, which is now often tied to new projects. India needs foreign exchange (aid) for the maintenance of her existing steel plants, for example, as much as she needs new steel plants. Actually, at the present time there is the absurd condition that an existing steel plant may be losing production for lack of foreign-part replacements while a new plant, which could not produce steel for another five years, has a priority for construction. Better Indian administration could be trusted to allocate and schedule aid between two such needs. There are many such cases.

Again, India requires fertilizers immediately in quantities so great that it would be useless to cite the figures. A ton of fertilizer can have a more immediate multiplier effect upon the Indian economy than a ton of anything else. But aid tends to tie itself to new projects, despite the fact that India's foreign exchange reserves are approximately only one fifth of her imports. If India would grow up administratively, then aid from new and old sources could be less restricted. In short, there must be more general conditions which force changes in the Indian culture and fewer specific conditions limiting the use of grants. Take off the strings, yes, but attach two or three ropes.

If India persists in her present bureaucratic conventions, no amount of foreign aid will avail. If she breaks out of her "happy" bureaucratic prison, then she can be trusted to use more unrestricted aid wisely. There is young talent in India which knows what to do, but many older men must go; the way must be cleared for a modern generation of Indians. Aid must make India modern in the very process of aiding, else we shall waste the money, and the effort will come to naught.

IMPORTANT as it is to emancipate India from economic controls and administrative shackles, this will not be enough. India needs a big boost in national morale, one which the illiterate villager will understand, one leader's inspiration, not influenced by political compromise and administrative constipation. Now that Gandhi and Nehru are dead, India is rid of the old delusive sources of pride. She will not regain enduring pride until she decides to cut the umbilical cord which binds her to the ancient past. India needs to do something *out of balance*, something big, awe-inspiring.

I have two nominations. The first is television on a national scale both governmental and private. How can so obvious a development have gone unattended for so long? (Recently, West Germany provided funds for a limited demonstration in New Delhi.) India has fourteen or fifteen major languages and upwards of three hundred sub-languages. Yet 80 percent of the people are illiterate in any language. She could be the first society to skip the word and educate by pictures, thus substantially bridging the bitterly divisive language chasm.

Fifteen years ago I saw pictures of as many as 10,000 Japanese assembled to view one seventeen-inch television picture. Such is the power and glamour of this latest of man's scientific marvels. Today in Japan the coverage of commercial (private) and educational (governmental) television is over 90 percent. If some Indian leader, hopefully Mr. Shastri, would adopt a program to unite India

by television, he would become India's first modern leader. The technical problems are stupendous — that is the reason the program should be undertaken. When Lenin first single-mindedly launched electrification for Russia the technical problems *were insuperable*. Greatness does not concern itself with the possible; it reaches for the impossible and often succeeds. (Actually, the capital costs of television are modest compared with the capital costs of heavy industry.)

The consequence of Indian television (one set to a village, several sets to the largest villages and cities at first — say 700,000 total) would be incalculably great. Take, for example, the case of Indian democracy. Even if the ruling Congress Party controlled the new medium, as it would during the growing-up period, nevertheless political leaders would be forced to run against themselves — to appear on television — and the villager would then have the opportunity to exercise those ancient skills by which for ages before the *word* men judged character and picked their leaders.

Take one economic consequence of television: what it will do to create aspirations. In an affluent society we would suppose that a half-starving, always sick people would have nothing so much as aspirations. Not so! Poverty and misery have long since eroded from the Indian masses even the will to want. It is not that the Indian is happy with his lot. Rather he is like a man who feels constant pain but has never heard of pain-killers. Television, both commercial and educational, will raise the level of aspirations of the Indian masses. Then the power of desire and hope — the forward emulative thrust — will take hold. This is something which economists and planners do not always understand. The organic comes from imbalance, not necessarily from balance.

For the second nomination, I must prepare the reader. It is nuclear power which has made all men in all lands craven. But unwillingness to die has never been, and is not now, the right basis of thought for the better life. I do not believe that the nuclear powers are acting in their best scientific traditions when they seek to impose nuclear impotence upon non-nuclear nations.

There are two kinds of nuclear proliferation. First is the kind which could come from sale of packaged bombs and delivery systems by nuclear-competent nations to nuclear-incompetent nations. Such an international mail-order traffic should be prevented by whatever persuasion or power may be required. The second kind of proliferation is implicit in the indigenous scientific ability of a given nation to mount a nuclear program, including the bomb, upon its own research and development. I doubt whether it is feasible, or morally right, to im-

pose a nuclear restraint upon such a nation. For any part of the world to assume that nuclear competence (including the bomb) is something which that part, and only that part, is morally competent to possess is an arrogance which can spread only fear and hate. I think it is axiomatic that a people which has indigenously developed the ability to bring off a nuclear explosion will deal with that power responsibly.

Therefore, if the significant minority of Indian opinion (now inside the Cabinet itself) in favor of exploding a "bomb" — within the limits of the treaty of July 25, 1963, of course — should ultimately prevail, I think that the nuclear world could not rightly complain. India does have, despite all the grim facts adduced in this article, areas of modern excellence. Her machine-tool industry is a triumph of managerial competence. Air India, although government-owned, is managed by a private-enterprise industrialist, and does well. Some segments of the government-owned railways are well managed. There are others, but these areas of excellence are exceptional. They exist not because of the system but in spite of it.

India is far behind in general scientific achievement. She has had no Nobel Prize winner in physics since 1930, and none ever in chemistry or in medicine and psychology — a sad record. She can defend herself by eschewing science and relapsing into Indian spirituality. But her scientists know better. She is as dependent upon science for the good life as is all the rest of the world.

Incongruously, nonscientific India has developed nuclear competence to produce the bomb and explode it. She has no competence in delivery systems such as America and Russia possess. But India can explode a bomb, and, contrary to popular impression, the cost would not importantly impair her economic development — not a fraction of the amount by which her progress is impaired by archaic administration. India needs the solid and continuing assurance that she can succeed by some standard other than those of her own anachronisms. To explode a bomb might provide that assurance and give a boost to Indian science greater than four generations of the "technical" education which Indians love so much.

Nations outside India dare not despair. Despite the world's distempers, we move inexorably toward global order of some type as yet not fully perceived. World industrialization will compel increasing world integration. Just as no city can long live in safety with its slums, so the world cannot in safety turn its face from Indian misery. How to find the acceptable and right ways to help and upon the right conditions? This is the fateful question for the more affluent countries.

THE TROUBLED CAMPUS

PAUL H. GIDDENS

THE SCRAMBLE FOR COLLEGE ATHLETES

The president of Hamline University in St. Paul, Paul Giddens here questions the increasing professionalism of college athletics with a candor which is not too often heard in the Midwest.



I HAVE always maintained that college athletics exist primarily for the enjoyment and benefit of students who wish to participate in them, and they should be conducted as an integral part of the educational program. The same is true of all other extracurricular activities — choir, band, student publications, debate, dramatics — which supplement formal classroom learning. They provide outlets for learning by doing, and they contribute to the development of students' special talents and skills. There is little or no justification, educationally speaking, for maintaining intercollegiate athletics, except for the benefit of the players.

The concept that intercollegiate athletics exist primarily for the benefit of the general public and for the purpose of making money has been long in the making. There has been an unprecedented growth of interest in athletic contests of all kinds. First radio and then television have made it possible for millions of people to become ringside spectators at professional baseball, basketball, and football games, and at wrestling and prizefighting matches. The National Broadcasting Company now has a five-year contract to pay \$36,000,000 to televise all regular season games of the American Football League. Just recently it purchased the rights to televise the AFL championship and All-Star football games for the next five years for a sum in excess of \$7,000,000.

Organized baseball little leagues for the kids

from nine to twelve years old have spread all over the country. High schools have expanded their athletic programs, have built large stadiums and established district, regional, and state championship tournaments, are playing night games and post-season games, and are selling rights to broadcast and televise their games. Colleges and universities sell bonds to build large athletic plants and stadiums holding 55,000 to 85,000 people. They also play night games to draw larger crowds and increase gate receipts, participate in postseason tournaments, and compete for the right to play in the Rose Bowl and in other bowl games: Sugar, Cotton, Orange, Gator, Sun, Raisin, and Cigar. These games have become great national spectacles with parades, "million-dollar" marching bands, and half-time shows.

The National Broadcasting Company recently negotiated a two-year contract and agreed to pay \$800,000 per game for television rights to the Rose Bowl game. For this mammoth circus in 1965, the gate receipts amounted to about \$500,000. After the expenses of the participating teams were paid, and the travel expenses of bands, Big Ten athletic directors, coaches, and faculty representatives (who were allowed \$750 each to travel with their wives), each Big Ten school received over \$30,000 as its share of the gate receipts, the highest in history. The Rose Bowl is avowedly big business, with every Big Ten university sharing in the profits. Also in-

dicative of the popularity of college football is the fact that the total attendance for the past four seasons of Big Ten play was 12,534,199.

As a result of this tremendous public interest, intercollegiate athletics have become increasingly commercialized and subjected to pressures wholly alien to an amateur athletic program. In order to win public acclaim, some colleges and universities have resorted to practices which are certainly shoddy, and questionable from an educational point of view. In order to have a winning team, for example, full-time members of the coaching staff are employed the year round to scour the country, scout high school games, interview star players, and offer them all sorts of inducements to enroll at their college or university. They bid for these players as though they were on the auction block. It is not uncommon for a star player to have fifty or sixty or even eighty or more offers.

The chief weapon in this competitive battle for blue-chip athletes is financial aid. Unless financial aid is offered in abundance, coaches say they just can't get enough good players and produce winning teams. The basic question asked by a star student athlete when interviewed by coaches is, "How much?" In the bargaining that takes place, the parents of these boys are as much to blame for what happens as anyone else; they play the role of a broker. According to the National Collegiate Athletics Association, if the amount of financial aid exceeds tuition and fees, room and board, books and supplies, and \$15 per month for incidental expenses, it is considered pay for participation. In some colleges, athletes are given preferential treatment in the awarding of financial aid; they get the best scholarships. One college in the Southeast recently reported in the press that of 228 nonresident scholarships awarded, 118 went to athletes.

Georgia Tech announced in January, 1964, that it was quitting the Southeastern Conference and would play as an independent because it could not get the conference to raise its limit of 140 football and basketball scholarships. The announcement said that the rule was too limiting, that Georgia Tech could not field a respectable team under the rule, and that this was not fair to the alumni, to the players, or to the school. Incidentally, by withdrawing from the conference and playing independently, it was estimated that Georgia Tech would increase its revenue by \$100,000 on all future televised games and from \$25,000 to \$50,000 on future televised bowl games.

Colleges and universities may put limits upon the amount of financial aid given to student athletes, but this does not prevent all kinds of under-the-table payments. Jobs are provided where little or no work is required. Special well-known athletic funds, contributed to by businessmen, alumni, and

friends, with thousands of dollars in the kitty, provide the wherewithal to get star players. In many cases there is little or no college or university control over these funds or over how they are spent.

The mad scramble for student athletes and their subsidization is not confined to large universities; the small colleges engage in the same practices. They, too, want to win games, championships, and public acclaim and prestige. They cannot possibly compete with the resources and influence of the large universities for star athletes, but that does not prevent them from using similar methods to get the next best talent. Large and small, public and private colleges and universities are engaged in the fierce competitive struggle for student athletes.

Over the last ten years the Big Ten schools have tried several plans in search of an acceptable standard as a base for awarding financial aid. In 1961 the need factor was dropped by the Big Ten and a "stringent" grade-average requirement was substituted, making it easier to recruit. In addition to class rank, a freshman must be able to achieve a grade average of 1.7, a D minus, in order to qualify for a scholarship and practice with the freshman team. He must then show a minimum of progress for three seasons of varsity competition — 1.7, 1.8, and 1.9 — to keep the scholarship. He can, therefore, still qualify and get financial aid for four years without attaining even a C average.

The pressures are so great to get a star athlete that it is often necessary for a college or university to pay his expenses at a preparatory school for a period of study so that he can qualify for admission. For example, this is what the U.S. Military Academy, the U.S. Naval Academy, and the Air Force Academy do. Other colleges and universities "farm out" an inadmissible student to a junior college for a year in order that he may qualify.

Some very respectable academic institutions are even known to have a double standard for admission, one for the athletes and one for all other students. For the desired athletes, they will accept college-entrance examination scores ten to twenty points below those they require for other students.

ONCE student athletes are admitted to college, they are in many cases given further preferential treatment. They are segregated from other students, lodged in a special dormitory, and given benefits not extended to other students. They are allowed to take a reduced academic schedule during the game season. Special tutors are provided in case they are not doing well in their studies. For each game they are given complimentary tickets, which can be used by friends or sold to make a little money. Travel uniforms — slacks and sports coats

— are provided. If a student athlete fails a course or two and becomes ineligible for the team, there are actually some colleges which are known to have changed the grades in the registrar's office to make the student eligible. Recently the classroom attendance records of a certain college were rigged, resulting in a scandal that led to the resignation of the football coach.

If a potentially good freshman athlete is physically immature or poorly prepared in the fundamentals of the sport, coaches resort to what is called red shirting, whereby a student is deliberately held out of varsity competition for a year so that he may become older, bigger, and stronger, and have a year's additional practice behind him. But this means holding students in school a year longer than necessary merely for the sake of their athletic ability.

Participation in intercollegiate athletics requires long hours in practice sessions. The daily grind is fatiguing, and a student is too tired to study at night. Often there are night sessions. The season is long. Football practice starts in late August or early September, before other students arrive on campus to register. If an invitation to a postseason game or tournament is accepted, this means the season is extended possibly another month with daily practice and play, and the pressure upon student athletes increases. By the time the postseason game has been played, practically a whole semester has passed with a substantial portion of the daily hours devoted to athletics. After a brief interval, spring football practice begins. From an educational point of view, such loss of study time is indefensible.

The pressures to win too often cause coaches to risk playing a student who has not fully recovered from a serious internal injury or a fracture. Winning the game is far more important than the welfare of the student. It would be interesting to know just how many college physicians have been pressured by coaches into letting a player, not fully recovered from an injury, play in a game. It would be equally interesting to know just how many permanent injuries have resulted from playing a student not in the best physical condition.

Recently the National Football Foundation awarded Earl Blaik Fellowships of \$500 to each of the eleven outstanding college football players who had an excellent scholastic average. Six were going into medical school, three into engineering, one into law, and one into the ministry. Yes, there are some fine football players who are excellent students. But what about the hundreds of others who play football? Reports on the "high" scholastic record of athletes are proudly made from year to year by individual colleges and universities, but they are not very convincing. As you examine the report, you wonder how many of these men majored in physical education. How many of these

men were in physical education classes taught by their coach or coaches in intercollegiate athletics? How do the marks of those in football and basketball compare with those in swimming, tennis, golf, or wrestling? I recently studied one of these reports made by a Big Ten university. It showed that out of 293 men on the 1964–1965 varsity squads, thirty-seven freshmen, sophomores, and juniors had a grade point average of 3.0 or better (B equals 3.0). But only eight of the thirty-seven came from the baseball, football, and basketball squads. Nineteen came from the golf, tennis, track, wrestling, and hockey squads. And ten of the twenty-nine were on the swimming squad!

In view of the mounting pressures, the growing commercialization of intercollegiate athletics, and college and university practices, it is not surprising that there have been recurring scandals involving cheating, bribery, and dishonesty. In 1945, five Brooklyn College players admitted accepting bribes to throw a basketball game with the University of Akron. Frank Hogan, the district attorney of New York City, later reported evidence that between 1947 and 1950, eighty-six basketball games had been fixed at Madison Square Garden and at arenas in twenty-two other cities in seventeen states by thirty-two players on several teams. In March, 1961, Hogan disclosed another scandal that involved thirty-seven players from twenty-two major colleges who accepted bribes ranging from \$700 to \$4450 to fix games.

In January, 1965, a major scandal involving intercollegiate athletics at the Air Force Academy rocked the country. It was disclosed that 109 cadets, including about thirty members of the football team, had either cheated on examinations or knew about the cheating and did not report it, and would be separated from the Academy and the Air Force.

A recent study by Columbia University on cheating in college pointed out: "Despite angry denials by coaches and football-minded alumni, the dishonesty among athletes is staggeringly high." The moral fiber of impressionable young men is eroded and broken down when they are bought. If you have peddled yourself to a college or university recruiter, it is only a short step to rationalize that it is perfectly all right to sell yourself to a fixer. According to a recent report of the Commission on Higher Education, National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., "The colleges teach them how to cheat even before the kids have left high school."

WITH the rapid growth of professional football and the keen competition between the two major leagues, a Frankenstein monster has been created

within the last five years that threatens to make college football a training ground for professional leagues. Even before the 1964 season, the two professional leagues, battling fiercely for prestige, television income, and gate receipts, began rapping college football. Jim Wilson of Georgia signed a contract with the Patriots and played as a pro during his final year in college. Before the season ended, George Sauer, Jr., of the University of Texas signed with the New York Jets, although his college eligibility had not expired. Four key Oklahoma players were dismissed from the squad on the eve of the Gator Bowl game for having signed undated contracts with Houston and the Vikings. One authority estimated that as many as two dozen pro-signed players competed in year-end college bowl games. Others had verbal understandings in advance. When one of the New Year's games on television ended, a pro scout dashed onto the field, corralled one of the stars, led him to the sidelines, set up a makeshift desk, and handed him a pen. Without even reading the contract, the player affixed his signature. The climax of the season was the signing of Joe Namath of Alabama, the number-one college player in the country, by the New York Jets to a three-year contract for \$400,000 plus \$5000 per year for life.

The National Collegiate Athletic Association and college coaches across the country were indignant about the pros tampering with these players before the expiration of their college eligibility, but there was little that they could do. In commenting upon what had happened, Coach Norm Van Brocklin of the Minnesota Vikings made a spectacular and revealing declaration. He is reported to have said, "I really don't know what to say when people ask me about the ethics of this sort of thing. In our business, we live by results." In the torrent of discussion over the situation, college and university football coaches didn't get much sympathy for several reasons. It came out that possibly two hundred assistant coaches were on pro payrolls as scouts to furnish extensive information on players and to induce players to sign with a particular team. Second, college and university coaches bother star high school athletes all during their senior year, trying to get them to enroll, in the same way that pro scouts lay siege to a senior college player. On ethics in big-time sports, one sportswriter said it is an area "in which neither the pros nor the colleges can stand much scrutiny."

It is heartening to report that four or five years ago the nine presidents of the member colleges of our Minnesota Intercollegiate Athletic Conference

began giving greater attention to intercollegiate athletics. Because of rumors and gossip over what this or that college was doing in awarding financial aid to student athletes, each president agreed to submit to all the others an annual report on the grade average and the amount of financial aid — scholarships, grants, campus jobs, and loans — which his college gave to every man on the eligibility list of every intercollegiate sport. In addition, the presidents agreed to spend one evening together — and we have done this annually — going over these reports and asking pertinent questions. These meetings have been frank, friendly, and helpful. In them we have discussed many problems relating to intercollegiate athletics and made a number of recommendations.

We suffered our greatest humiliation and defeat, however, when in one session the presidents unanimously recommended to the faculty representatives of the Minnesota Intercollegiate Athletic Conference the abolition of all postseason games. The faculty representatives voted down the recommendation of the presidents! Our most recent accomplishment was to agree that the member colleges would not grant any financial aid to a student athlete in excess of the amount indicated in the College Scholarship Service report of family need. We have not solved all the problems, but a beginning has been made.

If intercollegiate athletics continue on their present course and direction and there is no change, they will be gradually abandoned. The small colleges, already hard-pressed for funds sufficient to maintain the quality of their faculty and educational program, cannot afford to continue in the mad race to recruit and subsidize student athletes. Nearly one hundred colleges have abandoned football since 1947. Even larger colleges and universities feel the financial drain; the University of Chicago, the University of Denver, Fordham, Marquette, and more recently, the University of Detroit have abandoned either football or all intercollegiate sports. Even the largest universities are finding the financial burden increasingly heavy. One Big Ten university is reported to be spending \$225,000 a year for athletic scholarships. But with their immense resources, the largest universities apparently can afford the luxury for a while.

If intercollegiate athletics are to be saved from extinction, it is high time that college and university presidents, deans, and faculties exert strong and courageous leadership, assert greater control over athletic coaches, eliminate practices not in accord with sound educational principles, and restore intercollegiate athletics to an amateur basis.

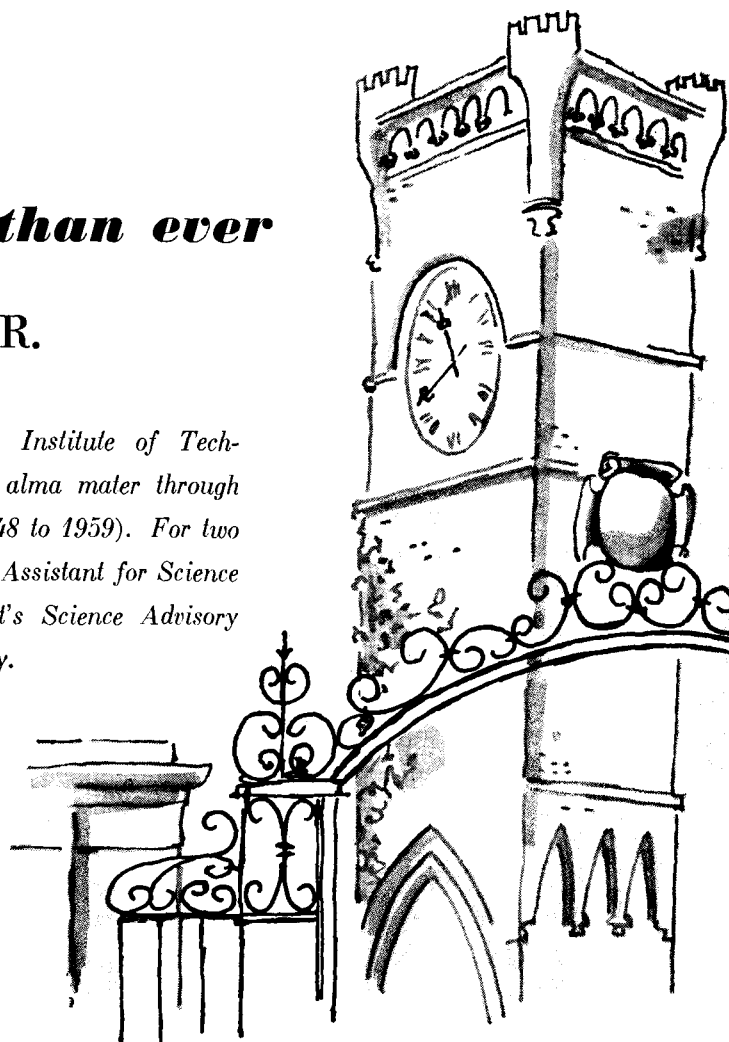
Teaching is better than ever

by JAMES R. KILLIAN, JR.

Dr. Killian graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1926 and has been associated with his alma mater through almost four decades, rising to be its president (1948 to 1959). For two years he served President Eisenhower as a Special Assistant for Science and Technology, and chairman of the President's Science Advisory Committee. He also served under President Kennedy.

THE neglect of teaching has become a fashionable theme in current lay discussions of university education. Commentator after commentator has proclaimed that students are being shortchanged, that teaching has become a poor relation of research, and that teaching ability is inadequately weighed and rewarded by the universities. One of the causes most frequently cited for the neglect of teaching is dependence of universities on government research funds. The manner in which these funds are sought, allocated, and administered, say the critics, is compromising the autonomy, integrity, and independence of scholars and universities. Under the rubric "The Treason of the Clerks," Gerard Piel lectured last April with alarm about current conditions in our universities. "The neglect of graduate teaching," he said, "presumably in favor of research, must inevitably reduce the quality of the research. . . . The principal casualty of the Federal grant system, however, is the undergraduate. . . . The burgeoning of project contract/grant research has downgraded the teaching function in all of these universities—with but a few notable exceptions—especially in the sciences and including even graduate education." Other commentators have charged that our system of higher education is now "rigged against good teaching."

The critics have raised an issue which unquestionably demands constant attention from university administrations and faculty members. I salute them for their contribution to that ceaseless debate so necessary to the improvement of education. But the issue is far from being as black and white as



they suggest. The "neglect of teaching" and the "flight from teaching" have become contagious clichés that glibly convey a one-sided view of university teaching, especially undergraduate teaching. There is much on the other side, and it is important to highlight the good if we are to pinpoint the bad. On balance, I firmly believe that the good heavily outweighs the bad, that the present emphasis on research in our universities has had the result in most places of improving the quality of teaching.

It is certainly true that the universities are currently confronted with many new challenges to the maintenance of good teaching. Enrollments have been growing faster than the number of adequately trained teachers. Our society tends steadily to assign new duties to the universities—as, for example, the current proposals that universities become agents of urban service and renewal. They are called upon to assist small colleges, carry knowledge to the people, run special programs for the disadvantaged, undertake curriculum development projects, and manage summer institutes to train teachers

to teach the new curricula. The university's educational responsibility has been expanded by the growth of graduate and postdoctoral study and by the rapid increase in demand for continuing and refresher education. Along with meeting this wider spread of teaching responsibilities, faculty members, especially scientists, social scientists, and engineers, increasingly are called upon, as we so well know, to undertake public tasks as advisers and consultants and occasionally to serve as administrators and ambassadors. The domain of affairs demands ever more of the domain of learning.

Despite these demands, teaching has steadfastly remained the central mission of our great universities, and over the past several decades there has been improvement, spotty but steady, in the quality of their teaching.

Not only have the lay critics failed to recognize improvements in university teaching; they have tended to give the wrong reasons for the poor teaching that exists. They claim, for example, that sponsored research necessarily subverts good teaching. On the contrary, it can be a powerful aid to good teaching. It can minimize obsolete learning and the drab, anemic academicism that comes to afflict universities when they are mainly "teaching factories." Teachers who do no research or who fail to deepen their mastery of their fields are likely to become teachers of obsolete knowledge, and the first to find this out are the students themselves. As President Lee DuBridge of Cal Tech has written in a letter protesting an editorial in the New York Times on the neglect of teaching in the universities, "Heavy teaching loads without research opportunities lead not to good teaching, but to bad. . . . No university I know will condone a gross neglect of teaching by any faculty member. . . . Today some of the finest research scholars are doing outstanding teaching."

Neither is it true that the involvement of professors in outside activities is *ipso facto* harmful to their teaching. The work of professors as consultants and advisers can be a stimulant rather than a deterrent to good teaching. The experience they gain in outside activities, if it is truly professional, can impart authority and realism to their teaching.

Comparisons are frequently drawn between today's teachers and those of the past, usually to the disadvantage of contemporary teachers. I am skeptical of these comparisons. I suspect, moreover, that at least some of the glamorous teachers of the past, who won applause for their classroom manner and their charming eccentricities, may have lacked the creativity, precision, and depth of scholarship that today are regularly expected of the scholar-teacher along with the gift for inspiring students.

The purpose of teaching in the modern university is not merely to fill the student's mind with known

facts, theories, and modes of thought; it is also, and more important, to stimulate him to teach himself, to learn by teaching others, to think creatively, to want to seek answers to questions as yet unexplored, and to learn the arts of doing so. I know of no better way to do this than to give him the opportunity to work with and under faculty members who themselves are engaged in seeking such answers — and who can, in consequence, impart a sense of intellectual adventure.

I have worked in a university environment for nearly forty years, and at no time, despite the involvement of faculty in a far wider range of activities, have I witnessed so much creative attention to teaching as there is today. I am sure that in the institutions I know, undergraduate education is stronger than it was when I was a student and when undergraduate teaching was the principal activity of the faculty. I am also sure that a rapidly growing number of teacher-scholars are finding a new mode of being creative in their efforts to devise innovations in the teaching process. I know from first-hand experience that leading universities have been making sustained, diligent efforts to recognize and reward creative teaching.

WHAT are some of the specific innovations and improvements in teaching of which I have spoken? Because I know them best, I draw examples mainly from science and engineering.

First I would cite the curriculum reform movement which has produced the "new physics," the "new math," and so on and is now spreading to other fields. This revolutionary improvement in American education is not only invigorating and upgrading the quality of teaching in pre-college schools; it is now enabling, and indeed, forcing the colleges to advance the level of their studies and to give really creative attention to the reformation of their curricula. The striking fact is that this curriculum movement is being led by research scholars in the universities who have been joined by imaginative teachers in the pre-college schools. This team is rendered more powerful by the fact that the scholar has gained from his research the insights, the judgment of relevance, and the sense of taste and precision that enable him to impart scholarly integrity to the beginning curriculum. He also brings to the classroom the contagious and constantly renewed love of his subject which so frequently marks the research scholar.

Allied to this curriculum reform are the brilliant new college texts and other teaching materials which are the work of leading scientists resident in institutions deeply engaged in research. I point to undergraduate college science programs coming

from Cal Tech, Berkeley, Illinois, Harvard, and M.I.T. I point to the innovations in undergraduate engineering education at Case, Stanford, Carnegie Tech, U.C.L.A., M.I.T., and a number of other engineering schools. I point to the Science Teaching Center at M.I.T. and to Educational Services, Inc., both innovative institutes for the improvement of teaching, launched as a result of university concern for the betterment of teaching. I point to some of the output of these institutes such as the brilliantly lucid films for teaching fluid mechanics and the new materials which present semiconductor technology adequately to engineering students, each project being sponsored by a national committee of research-gifted engineers. Faculty members of high research competence in the universities lead the development of these improved aids to teaching. And in these same institutions there is a continuous preparation and introduction of new subjects springing from research and new technology. In some engineering schools nearly half the subjects now being taught were not in existence a decade ago.

There is another kind of contribution which research makes to teaching. The presence of large research laboratories enables professors to bring young engineering students into fruitful contact with real-life engineering work, in the way that medical school professors bring medical students into teaching hospitals.

Undergraduates in both science and engineering increasingly have opportunities to gain research experience because, thanks to sponsored research, there are enough large projects to make this possible. In a number of institutions we find undergraduates, graduates, postdoctorals, and professors all working together in a single research laboratory. This involvement of the undergraduate in research is imparting new depth and power to undergraduate education. This kind of team research experience also increases the personal contacts between student and staff.

Another important commitment by senior faculty to undergraduate teaching is in the freshman seminars to be found at Harvard and M.I.T. and, I am sure, at numerous other institutions. These seminars offered to freshmen by experienced faculty members provide first-year students with extraordinary opportunities to work with outstanding research professors and to gain insights into professional subjects that might not otherwise be available to them until much later in their college careers.

A criticism frequently heard is that senior faculty members are so busy with their research and other outside activities that the undergraduate seldom has the benefit of studying with the "great names." He is subjected, they say, to inferior teaching by graduate assistants and junior faculty. He thus loses the supposed benefits of attending a great uni-

versity. Obviously, the number of "great men" — that is, those with long-established reputations — is always limited on any campus. In the universities I know anything about, the majority, if not all, of these professors share in undergraduate teaching. Inevitably their classes are large, because of the demands of the students, and thus they must be aided by teaching assistants to help overcome the impersonality of the large lecture hall.

As for the assignment of junior faculty and teaching assistants to beginning undergraduate courses, there is no reason to assume they provide inferior teaching for such courses. They may be more conversant with the latest developments in a wide field of study than the senior faculty member, who commonly becomes more specialized as his research interests narrow. Teaching assistants can bring to the classroom and laboratory an understanding of the undergraduate because they themselves were only recently undergraduates.

The assignment of faculty to teaching, and their distribution among graduate and undergraduate courses, must be done with an eye to the most effective use of available talents. To assign senior men, whose reputations have been built on a combination of good teaching and their research contributions, to full-time teaching jobs would clearly destroy their effectiveness and limit their potential contributions. To deprive graduate students of the opportunity to work as teaching assistants to senior faculty would be to fail in one of the university's important functions: to provide an apprenticeship training opportunity for these future teachers.

The quality of undergraduate education depends in part on the time and thought given to the design and preparation of curricula and courses. As one of my colleagues puts it, the composing of a fine curriculum is as demanding as the composing of a fine symphony, and this arduous and artful work should be done thoroughly before the teacher and student come together in the classroom. Senior faculty who may not come into face-to-face contact with all undergraduates all the time may nevertheless contribute profoundly to their education by designing sound curricula and teaching materials.

In our graduate schools, of course, research and teaching are interwoven, and the enlarged research resources of American universities have given the United States graduate schools unexcelled anywhere in the world.

While I believe that the availability of federal funds for research has, on balance, served to strengthen our universities and to aid their central mission to teach, it is unquestionably accompanied by potential complications, if not dangers, for the universities. Since it has come to be, as the principal source of university research funds, such a potent trustee in relation to the university system,

the government has a great responsibility to refrain from policies and procedures, especially in terms of its contracts and grants, which are corrosive to the spirit and life of the university. The universities for their part must be unremittingly vigilant in adhering to their academic ideals and in protecting freedom of inquiry. The nation has a right to insist on this, and critics do a service in so demanding.

I do not believe the record supports the contention that large funds for research — from government, foundations, and corporations — tend to weaken teaching. A growing percentage of the students who win fellowships for graduate study and gain admission to the leading graduate schools come from the undergraduate schools of the research-active universities.

So far almost all the federal funds for university research have been allotted to the sciences, engineering, and medicine. If this large-scale involvement with the federal government were harming teaching as much as the critics claim, one would expect these fields to be less well taught or more neglected than other disciplines where federal funds are not available. There is no evidence that these fields have suffered relative to fields uncomplicated by government support. On the contrary, the incidence of teaching reform and advance seems greater in those disciplines which have substantial federal support. And I cannot refrain from noting that in several institutions that I know well, a great strengthening of the humanities and social sciences has occurred concurrently with a growth in sponsored research.

THE critics to whom I reply have concentrated mainly on what is wrong with university teaching. To balance out, I have concentrated on a sampling of what is right. Obviously a true balance lies at some point in between. There are vast reaches of humdrum obsolete education in America. There is a desperate need for more innovation in teaching and for more institutions which encourage creativity in teaching as well as in research. We need more members of university faculties (in addition to those in the schools of education) who are working to improve the teaching of their disciplines both in pre-college schools and in college. We need more faculty members in our colleges and universities who are aware of the many improvements in teaching in pre-college schools and who build on this in their college teaching.

There is also need for improvement in the status of the undergraduate and for more attention to the individual student. I am sure that it is possible to find some professors excessively preoccupied with research who shortchange the students and who by their outside activities fail in their obligations to up-

hold university ideals. A few institutions have had trouble with their priorities and have accepted federal grants and used them in ways that have detracted from both undergraduate and graduate teaching. These occasional excesses, however, should not be used to indict all universities.

American universities today are confronted by the hazards of hyperactivity, of rapid change, and of spreading their efforts too thin. Much now depends upon their achieving a wise balance of effort and a right choice of emphasis. Faculties must discipline and pace themselves in the face of the multiplying calls for service which fall upon them. They must accept a commitment to teach as compelling as their commitment to research. They must give first and unswerving commitment to the education and central status of their students.

Institutions must also learn to live with federal support, for both research and other activities, and have the courage to reject it if need be and to fight any threat to their integrity, their aims, and their freedom. To meet all these requirements will be difficult, and fumbles and imbalances will inevitably occur as the system adapts to change and growth, but the current vitality and adaptability that I see in our university system seem to be better insurance of success than would a more inward-turning, conventional, and placid academic life.

There are those who still think of the university as a monastic institution where staff and students, in a spirit of academic isolationism, pursue a kind of purist learning undiverted by contemporary events and free from economic and social entanglements. I stand with those who feel that our great universities and their faculties and students must adjust to "radically new relationships," especially those which involve the participation of the scholar in the contemporary tasks and social movements of our society. We must bend these involvements to the advantage of education. Actually, the university, American style, can no longer hold itself aloof from social responsibility. This is the revolutionary change that has taken place in America in the relationship of the university to society. Lest I be misunderstood, let me hasten to say also that these same universities must and can be places where those scholars, young and old, who so choose can lead a monastic, unengaged, scholarly career and be protected, encouraged, and honored, and where they can find, if they choose, an environment kept as free as possible of distractions and pressures.

This enlarged role is attended by risks, but it is the glory of our evolving university system that it does not, out of fear of these risks, shrink from widened responsibilities. I hold that universities with this vitality and commitment can provide a better education than those which isolate themselves from contemporary society and ignore its needs.

Secret Police

A Story by GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

"Geoffrey Household," writes Orville Prescott in the New York TIMES, "is an Englishman who has lived almost as adventurous a life as his imaginary heroes. No wonder his tales are colorful. What is more, they are immensely readable." Mr. Household is the author of ROGUE MALE and WATCHER IN THE SHADOWS, and his latest novel, OLURA, has been gaining new readers here and abroad.



HE was shabby even for a passenger who had worn for two weeks the same creased suit of semi-tropical clothes down in the immigrant accommodation of the M.S. *Patagonia*. He was aware that he had aroused the fury of a large and nationally important shipping line. And his passport was out of date.

"If you would be so good as to accompany me to my office, sir —" the port security officer invited.

Mr. Bernard Vasey came willingly enough, accepting a chair and a cigarette in the manner of a man who had a clean conscience and was superbly indifferent to his appearance. He managed it by forcing himself to remember that he was more accustomed to give orders to minor officials than to receive them.

"My passport is sufficient proof of British nationality," he said. "I am under no obligation to have it stamped merely to land in the United Kingdom."

The port security officer made no comment except to ask why he had not had his passport renewed by the British consul nearest to his place of residence.

"He was seven hundred miles away."

"Why did you not attend to it at Pernambuco before you embarked?"

"Because the *Patagonia* was due to sail."

"Would you care to account for the fact that

when the *Patagonia* called at Vigo you endeavored to remain in Spain illegally?"

"Any complaint from General Franco?"

"After you had paid your fare at Pernambuco you had little or no money left. Yet when you were forcibly escorted on board by Vigo police, it would appear that you had acquired a considerable sum."

"I won it at cards."

Bernard Vasey was conscious that his answer sounded weak. He felt embarrassed about that card session. He feared that he might be looking guilty and tried to regain the initiative.

"Inspector, you have undoubtedly been asked to grill me by a very angry shipping line," he said, slightly raising his heavy eyebrows. "I question whether you are not exceeding your duty. And in any case you will not uncover any criminal activities."

"Your third-class cabin was filled with flowers, bottles of wine, and other articles of value," continued the security officer, unmoved.

"I declared them."

"Where did they come from?"

"From friends."

That seemed to shut him up. There was, after all, no reason why a poor third-class passenger should not have rich friends. What about students? But now this obstinate official, after drawing a

Drawing by Russell Carpenter.

blank with this nonsense about money, was off again.

"I see from your passport that you were in Cuba shortly before the revolution."

"I was. A holiday. Why not?"

"Your political sympathies are left-wing?"

"My political sympathies vary, Inspector. From a business point of view I like to be on the winning side. On the other hand, the sight of desperate poverty does occasionally — Oh, Lord, I see! Cuba! Has something been passed to you by our consul in Vigo?"

"I cannot disclose sources of information, sir."

MR. VASEY was at last perturbed. He had not returned to his own country for some years. To judge by newspaper reports — though he told himself that they always exaggerated — it was less free and easy than it had been. Possibly there were ways in which officials could make themselves quietly unpleasant to suspected Communists. He was confident that he could remake a satisfactory future for himself, but perhaps not easily with a question mark against his name.

"I shall have to explain," he said. "I'm afraid I didn't think it essential. To start from the beginning: having been offered free air passage from up-country to Pernambuco —"

"By whom?"

"By Brazilian police. Politics, not crime. My God, not what you mean by politics! It was just that I was aware of certain disreputable secrets in the private life of our newly elected state attorney. I had no intention of spilling them, but he couldn't take the risk. You wouldn't take it yourself, Inspector, if you, for example — well, I mean — well, of course, such a thing is quite unthinkable.

"On arrival at Pernambuco I had just enough money to buy my passage home. The voyage dragged, as voyages do when one is unable to use the bar. Fortunately, third-class passengers are provided with free wine at meals. An insurance, no doubt, against the scandal of suicide.

"When the *Patagonia* called at Vigo two days ago, I resented my poverty more than ever. I had an old and precious friend in that city. His true name and responsibilities I shall conceal. Let us call him Don Alonso."

"If I am to give any credence to your story, sir, I shall require names and addresses."

"Well, you won't get them!" replied Vasey, his spirit momentarily restored by the thought of his old friend.

"Together with processions and descriptions," the port security officer went on, ignoring him.

"I'll be delighted to give you a description if

it's any good to you. Eyes, brown and generally laughing. Nose, classical. Let me see. Yes! About my size. Short upper lip. Mouth, thin and mobile. But since you aren't likely to meet him, all you need to know is that his charm and efficiency have very rightly promoted him to a position where he is below the lieutenant governor of the province but considerably above — if I may say so without offense — the port police.

"Dressed as I was and so obviously destitute, I refused to go ashore and call on Alonso. I contented myself with leaning over the rail and unkindly watching the importunities of guides, curio sellers, restaurant runners, and taxi drivers as they attacked the first-class passengers.

"The noble people of Spain, Inspector, despise foreigners in the mass; from such pitiable objects one may extract money without demeaning oneself. But when a foreigner presents himself as an individual, he is considered to share the common sorrows of humanity. In remembering that, I began to feel ashamed of myself.

"I saw that all through that morning of melancholy sulking I had been putting pride before friendship. Alonso had never hesitated to call on me in days when he had nothing but a horse of doubtful ownership and the clothes he rode in. That was in Nicaragua. Though an alien, he could not resist dabbling in politics. At the time it seemed to me folly. But when he returned home to Spain, his experience proved invaluable.

"This debate within myself went on far too long before warmth and decency overcame the unsuspected Joneses in my character. I did what little I could to improve my appearance and set out for Alonso's office. Fortunately it was hot enough to carry my coat, and my shirt was clean.

"Even so, the porter was not impressed and conducted me to a waiting room where the applicants for government attention were of the humblest. But my card at least was of virginal whiteness. I had some hope that it would reach Alonso's desk. It did. Do you know the Spanish people, Inspector?"

"No, sir. They give very little trouble."

"I only asked so as to know how much I must explain. There's a grain of truth in most of the exaggerations, good or bad, which everyone has heard about them, and I think many of these myths derive from the splendor with which they give their hearts when they give them at all.

"Alonso shot out of his office sparkling with exclamations of welcome. He cleared up the affairs of the day with the decisions and efficiency of a Spaniard in a hurry, and took me out to lunch. I had wasted too much time in hesitation. It was then two o'clock, and the *Patagonia* was due to sail in the early afternoon.

"From the terrace of our restaurant we could see her clearly — a fine twenty-five thousand tons of speed and luxury moored at the ocean quay. At quarter past three her siren roared a warning, and I regretfully pushed back my chair though we had only reached the fish. Alonso told me to sit down and stop fussing. The ship, he said, would not leave till after four. I assumed that he was in a position to know.

"There was now time to tell him something of my future plans and my sudden and disastrous expulsion from Brazil —"

"Would you care to repeat those facts to me, sir — very shortly?"

"I would not, Inspector. To you as an Englishman my story would appear most unlikely, whereas to Alonso it was obviously and instantly true. You are accustomed here to politicians who do not take their profession seriously enough to be corrupt.

"We had reached the comfortable stage of the cigars when the agent of the line joined us in the restaurant. He had been waiting for my friend at his office and had only just discovered his whereabouts. He begged Alonso to intervene with the chief of customs, who was holding up the *Patagonia* on a serious and complicated charge of inaccuracy in the ship's manifest.

"Alonso provided him with coffee and a brandy and asked for details. It appeared that crates of sheet rubber at Vigo did not correspond to their proper weight and description. The customs suspected them of containing arms. They had been shipped from Pernambuco."

Bernard Vasey looked at the port security officer and was satisfied by his reaction. His account of the agent's interruption into lunch was quite true except for one detail. The crates had in fact been shipped from Rio. But he had noticed that his interrogator was allowing his attention to wander; it was essential that he should be convinced that every word was worth hearing. For that reason Vasey deliberately injected the mention of Pernambuco, and was gratified to watch the expressionless face across the desk become even more expressionless.

"Alonso at once sprang to attention, eager as always to help the underdog in any clash with officialdom. He cursed the customs and said that they were inclined to see bogeys under their beds; their informants were the dregs of the port and notoriously unreliable. He implored the agent not to be impatient with his country's bureaucracy. It must be allowed to look ridiculous sometimes. That was the price a businessman had to pay for orderly government. He could not intervene, but since the matter could be said to concern the security of the state, at least he had the power to order the political branch of the police to investi-

gate at once; they would see that the ship was not delayed a moment longer than was necessary to clear up this ridiculous rumor.

"I was very sorry that my friend should be drawn into all this, but it was luck for me. When the agent had left and Alonso had made a long telephone call to his office, we drove to his delightful bachelor home on the shore of the inner harbor, where we passed an hour or more with a swim, cool drinks in the shade, and the exclamatory conversation of old friendship. I was no longer anxious when I heard the distant bellowing of the *Patagonia*, for Alonso was in continual touch with her. He said that there might even be time — knowing the customs — for us to dine before the ship sailed. Anyway, he had asked a few friends out to meet me.

"Meanwhile his valet had been giving skilled attention to this suit, still spotted by the mildew of the rain forests and the nourishing soup of the *Patagonia* —"

"You said this friend of yours was about your size, Mr. Vasey?"

"Near enough. Slightly broader shoulders and less backside."

"Why did he not lend you a coat of his own for this party?"

"That, Inspector, would have been an indelicacy. It would have shown that he had noticed and was ashamed.

"I was about to speak, I believe, of the party. There were two girls and one man. I will describe the man first, distinguishing him by the name of Juan. He had some connection with the family, and was undoubtedly a political boss and Alonso's protector in high places. He must have been in his early fifties and looked it, though at the moment on holiday. He was a formidable fellow, somewhat like a frog — yellow and wrinkled with bags under his eyes. It was clear that he had often heard of me from Alonso.

"The girls were charming. When Spanish women get away from mother, Inspector, they are inclined to increase the distance rapidly. Frasquita was a poetess in a small way and descended from everybody who had ever mattered. Her real claims to distinction, however, were delicately physical. Luisa was a secretary in Alonso's office. To the simple taste of a wider public she might have appeared a trifle severe in type. But a tiny waist and high intelligence amply compensated for what I may call her white-collar qualities —"

"If you would come to the point, Mr. Vasey. I am quite ready to assume that there was a mixed party."

"I fear my story is still some pleasant hours away from its point, Inspector, but I will pass over them as quickly as I can. Meanwhile, let us

not forget those twenty-five thousand tons of *Patagonia*, frantically calling on the British consul for help, radioing her home port, and subject to the inquisitions of what liberals call a police state and authoritarians a benevolent dictatorship. To make matters worse, the *Patagonia* cherished in her luxury suite the managing director of the line, impatient as any other tycoon returning from holiday.

"In order not to delay the ship, Alonso had cut right through all red tape and simply ordered the dubious crates to be hoisted back on board; they could be unloaded, after giving the customs time for reflection, two weeks later when the *Patagonia* called again at Vigo on her outward voyage to the Americas.

"I am surprised that the line did not accept that very reasonable solution. Perhaps it wished to and couldn't. The managing director may have been determined to impress both his wife and his captain by a display of obstinacy. The customs may have complained that Alonso had no right to order any such thing.

"However it was, we had another visit from the distracted agent. Alonso was once more as helpful as a civil servant could be. He waived all formalities and said that of course the crates could be unloaded again if the agent could rustle up some dock labor to handle them at that late hour. No doubt a foreman and a gang could be found in the taverns. He guaranteed that the Port Authority and the Workers' Syndicate would have no objection. But he offered the assistance of his police. Everything possible would be done to help the *Patagonia* out of the mess which those nitwits who called themselves customs officers had made.

"I could not help feeling sorry for the ship, Inspector, though my interest, as a mere passenger in the slave hold, was limited. All those first-class passengers, those pointedly virile officers in white and gold, those staterooms with private balconies, those lounges and bars which my imagination — for I hadn't seen them — clothed most gloriously with paneling and tapestries! All that urgent cargo for which you here had booked the cranes, the labor, and the transport! When one thinks of the expense of it all and the charges for demurrage, one asks oneself — at least I do — whether the line should not have handed over some vast guarantee and cleared the ship. But Latins can be difficult when they stick to the letter of the law.

"It began to look as if I might be able to stay to dinner, though in Spain that meal is seldom taken before ten. Meanwhile the five of us settled down to a game of poker —"

"Assuming that your story is true, Mr. Vasey, how did you sit down to poker with no money in your pocket?"

"Alonso financed me, Inspector. I had flatly refused to take a loan from him or any assistance whatever, for I wouldn't have him think that I had come ashore for that purpose. But I could hardly sit watching the game like an empty jukebox. Politeness compelled me to accept a stake."

"It was at this game that you claim you won?"

"I did. At the time I put it down to being somewhat more sober than Alonso and Juan. I now think that unlikely. Indeed, I am regrettably certain that Alonso had arranged that they should lose to me whenever it could be done without arousing my suspicion.

"That was all the easier since our rules were complicated. The two ladies were playing strip poker when they lost, and for money when they won. It worked out to the general satisfaction. Luisa, for example, holding a full house against Juan's four twos, raised him with all her cash winnings and continued to raise him on the alternative terms. Since she was a respectable secretary, the position, though not without its piquancy, was embarrassing. On the next hand we all threw in to her pair of kings, and thenceforth could reasonably consider her heightened color to be due to Alonso's flow of liquor.

"I had just cleaned up a jackpot of fifteen thousand pesetas, and the poetess was looking charmingly like Botticelli's Aphrodite — a picture, Inspector, but you will have found variations of the same theme on confiscated postcards — when Alonso was called to the telephone. He came back folding and unfolding his hands — his favorite gesture when life was getting him down — and said that we should have to leave to catch the *Patagonia*. He apologized to me and to us all. When I asked him why the devil he should feel it was his fault, he replied that the fact was — but this is so important that I will give you the ensuing conversation in direct speech, translating freely but with scrupulous accuracy.

"'The fact is, Bernardo, that she can't sail till I allow it,' he explained, 'but I have now run out of excuses for holding her. And here we are sitting down to a really promising evening with dinner nearly ready! Why do British lines have to be so infernally correct that one can't get anything on them?'

"'The hell they're correct!' Juan said (he must have been a brilliant administrator; he didn't even have to stop and think). 'I understand that there is a passenger missing from the *Patagonia*.'

"'That wouldn't stop her sailing without him,' Alonso replied.

"'We should have a case if he were a very undesirable immigrant. Have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?' he asked, turning on me fiercely.

"The bags under his eyes were frightening. They filled out when he was interrogating a suspect. I said I had nothing to do with Communism. For the moment I took him quite seriously. I was still trying to adjust myself to the revelation that all the *Patagonia's* troubles had been engineered by Alonso.

"Have you ever been in Cuba?"

"Not since Castro. I was there a few weeks before."

"A few weeks before!" Juan exclaimed. "Did you hear that, Alonso? He is probably responsible for the whole thing. We can't have a dangerous revolutionary of that sort loose in Spain. Hold the ship until the police find him!"

"I still don't see how I can, Juan."

"Have they reported a passenger missing?"

"No, they haven't."

"Deliberately permitting the escape of a political, Alonso?"

"It demands the closest investigation. I will hold the captain personally responsible. Or should it be the purser?"

"Damned if I know! Let Port Police sort it out!"

"What about the British consul, Juan?"

"What about him? Order someone with imagination to call on him at once and whisper 'Cuba' loudly! Tell him that it is absolutely essential that the fellow be found and put on board the *Patagonia*. We don't want to have to shoot him. Your deal, Frasquita, and remember what Bernardo told you about never drawing to the middle of a straight."

"Inspector, it was dawn when the police found me wandering in the sort of street to which a drunk would naturally gravitate. After repeatedly embracing me, Alonso and Juan had turned me out of their car onto the pavement. They apologized for the unavoidable indignity and assured me that the police had orders to treat me with respect when I was picked up. In fact, they continued to apologize in such loud voices that windows were opening, and I had to beg them to drive off before they were compromised.

"Five minutes later I was asked for my papers by two unpleasant individuals in plain clothes. They arrested me triumphantly. I was hardly treated with respect. Firm but genial contempt for an intoxicated barbarian was the general tone. From the police station I was marched on board the *Patagonia*.

"There under the British flag the flow of language was regrettable. The jurisdiction of the ship's masters is extensive, but they do not take advantage of it, Inspector, to prosecute their officers for public obscenity. My cabin door was locked upon me and only opened when we were safely at sea. That was well into the morning. Naturally the port offices had to open before the ship could be cleared."

"Very interesting, Mr. Vasey. And the presents?"

"Oh, the presents! Yes, the presents. I can't help feeling that without them the line might never have recommended that you should grill me. They would have written me off as just another irresponsible drunk who had missed his ship and aroused suspicion. But the presents were the last straw.

"Just before the *Patagonia* sailed, they had all been deposited in the first class, outside the purser's office. Such delightful baskets! Such ribbons in the red and yellow of Spain! The purser naturally assumed that they were intended for the managing director of the line, and delivered them to his stateroom. So when the director had read and with difficulty believed the name to which all this film-star loot was addressed, insult was added to demurrage.

"My cabin was unlocked to admit a procession of grinning stewards who deposited the stuff on the opposite bunk, fortunately empty. Alonso must have ordered the lot well beforehand, but I have no doubt at all that it was Juan, still in an expansive mood and with the hangover yet to come, who insisted on the cards bearing the inscription: Comrade Bernardo Vasey, from his international admirers.

"May I catch my train now, Inspector?"



FEDERICO FELLINI

Wizard of Film

by **EUGENE WALTER** *GIULIETTA OF THE SPIRITS, which was recently released in this country, is the tenth of Federico Fellini's films, the most notable of which have been LA STRADA, LA DOLCE VITA, and 8½. For a portrait of one of the most original and controversial movie directors of our time, we have turned to Eugene Walter, who has lived in Rome since the early 1950s, wrote the English dialogue for LA DOLCE VITA, and acted the part of the highbrow journalist in 8½.*

THE Saffa-Palatino studios are built amidst Roman ruins on the Caelian hill. One enters through a Roman wall to a pleasant garden; the crumbling arches, the cypresses, the climbing roses and bougainvillaea make it hard to believe that this is not a set itself. I walked onto a sound stage where director Federico Fellini was conducting a scene. It seemed to be part of an opera: the American actress Edra Gale (the famous Saraghina of *8½*) was dressed as D'Artagnan with great boots and blond mustaches. A chorus of nuns, clowns, and gypsies. A record of a Neapolitan tenor aria blared.

"What is all this?" I asked, mystified.

"For the television," Fellini said. "They wanted a scene from my new film."

"Is this a scene from the new film?" I gasped. I had just done an English translation of the script and remembered nothing of opera in *Giulietta of the Spirits*.

"Of course not!" he laughed, bashing his gardener's straw hat down over his eyes. "I'm making this to tease them."

"Won't they be angry when they find out?"

"Let them! It's nobody's business what film I'm making until I say 'abracadabra' and flash it on a public screen."

Photograph of Fellini by Michelangelo Durazzo.

No wonder Fellini has the reputation of being the biggest liar in Italy. He will proudly inform you of this himself. "The only time Federico Fellini blushes is when he tells the truth," his wife, actress Giulietta Masina, often observes. A young American writer, recently contracted by a large New York publisher to prepare a biography of the director, says of Fellini, "He's a hang-up. I have stack upon stack of tape-recorded interviews with everybody who's ever known Fellini, but the book just doesn't jell. No two people say the same thing about him, and he is completely contradictory about himself."

Fellini is indeed hard to pin down: the Communists consider him a capitalist, while most of the Roman upper crust consider him a flaming Communist. He is, in fact, apolitical. Writers consider him the guide to a new direction in the cinema; other film directors consider him "literary." Half the critics consider him an upstart, a maverick genius; the other half accept him as an "old master." He is capable of leading interviewers up many a garden path, improvising whole private mythologies to keep a stupid journalist at bay. He is vague about time, but has a truly phenomenal memory for faces and names. He has been called

a madman, an archangel, the power of evil, a clunk, and even — as he points out — a “fairly good film director.” He is the enemy of all that’s pretentious and pompous, but he respects ceremony and ritual. He has an unquenchable monkey curiosity about everything and loves crowds and busyness.

He is a tall man, and his leonine head (black, with a few white hairs at the temples) gives the impression of a rather big man, but actually he’s slim. Everyone who meets him comments on his penetrating gaze. He dresses casually, but not sportily, the expensive suit worn carelessly. He often wears a soft black hat like Giuseppe Verdi’s. He speaks English excellently, but usually pretends he doesn’t understand a word. His French is good, his German not bad; he knows some terms of endearment and some expletives in Hungarian and Japanese. Although Fellini wouldn’t be caught dead in a “literary” conversation, he is a very well read man who has ranged further afield, certainly, than most Italian writers or film directors. He is acquainted with all the major American writers and has much curiosity about these writers themselves — their lives, their personalities. He has often said he would like to make a film based on some famous book. “I’d love to have time and money to transfer to the screen some classic work. I think most of all of *Orlando Furioso* or of *Don Quixote*. But then Jules Feiffer has several stories I’d love to film, especially *Passionella*. What a film that would make! My next will probably be science fiction — maybe —” Truly, the only thing constant about him is his mutability.

So it is that Fellini manages to elude every category proposed for him. At first the critics thought he was in the neorealist brotherhood, but when it became apparent that he was up to something more personal, much vaster and more subtle, more satiric and poetic, and subscribing to nobody’s theories, cries of traitor were heard and are still heard, with a mounting coloration of pure envy. The recurring theme is that “out of his mélange of cruelty and gloom, of subtle malice and sticky sentimentality, of introspection and half-baked mysticism, emerges a persistent note of squalor.”

WHAT manner of man is this Fellini? His work, if we can judge him at all by it, adds up to a panorama of life, a Dickensian self-contained universe, a graph of the director’s attitude of love and mockery toward the world. Virtue is “good” and usually lives in the country, while “bad” seems most often represented by confusion, indecision, or even just noise. Fellini’s reiterated themes include the tension or loneliness of the individual

seeking an island of quiet amidst the general babble and hurly-burly; and the differences between what people think, what they say, and what they do.

Fellini has often been described as anticlerical and sacrilegious, but the Church is held up, in his films, as just another unit of life on this planet, having its picturesque qualities and its built-in stresses and strains, no different in this from the world of Roman high society, the demimonde of whores and pimps, the closed fraternities of the theater, of spiritualism, of journalism. It is precisely this panoramic view which puts Fellini in a class by himself. In a sense, he is the last great nineteenth-century novelist, an epic imagination at work, proliferative, multifarious, and above all, enthusiastic. Everything serves him as material, from local jokes to old cosmologies. In the first script of *8½* there was the character of a drunken actor. By a series of sea changes this personage turned into three: the fading French actress, the intellectual journalist, the journalist’s vulgar wife.

Fellini employs a shorthand which is the essence of the cinematic art: we are usually introduced to characters in a setting or in a climactic moment which gives us their identity sharply focused. Fellini *shows* us, where many other directors *tell* us. He has a way of constructing a scene in a linear fashion; he wants to get to the point no matter how much decoration he offers besides. Quite often his flexible camera moves through a lavish set peopled with extraordinary characters, and we really only see them out of the corner of the eye, so to speak. He was very nervous about using color photography for *Giulietta of the Spirits* because color film is slower than black and white. “Every time I wanted to zip along in that garden-party scene, the cameraman would remind me that if I went that fast, the green hedge in the background would show alternately blue and yellow on the screen. So I had to invent new shots. It’s frustrating, working in color.”

Although there are constant references to Roman Catholic ritual and organization, his images are all ancient ones. His last three big frieze-films are just as good catalogues of human types and passions as Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*. *The Gods Go A-Begging* might serve as a useful carryall title for them. Lately, all the jargon of the “myth” and “symbol-symbol-who’s-got-the-symbol” commentators has been deployed to prove that Fellini is a wily and self-conscious arranger rather than a creator with original insight. Most highbrow critics cannot forgive Fellini his sense of fun. Whales send up a fine jet, but dolphins snort and turn somersaults. They’d like a whale: dolphins are too unpredictable. Fellini, as an educated and intelligent Latin, consciously or unconsciously draws on a thousand images from the Mediterranean storehouse. Mother Earth appears (Saraghina dancing

on the beach in $8\frac{1}{2}$ brought vividly to mind some lines from Hesiod: "Old Earth loves the sound of the flute and the tambourine; nothing pleases her more than to hear their echoes along her bays and shores"), and so do Hera, Hecate, Aphrodite, Iris, Psyche, Artemis, Odysseus, Jason, Eros, the nymphs



Giulietta Masina in Nights of Cabiria

and satyrs, Pan, Dionysus, and most of the Calendar of Saints.

All the rout can be pointed out in Fellini's films — if one wanted to do so! And why? The only possible comment to make on them is that they make good company. But the names to conjure are Ovid, Rabelais, and Dickens rather than useless comparisons with other directors such as Antonioni or De Sica, who are only interested in domestic drama. Fellini says in a synopsis he wrote of *Giulietta of the Spirits* that "it finishes with Giulietta now in complete harmony with the fabulous spectacle of life which is so vastly and so delightfully more rich, magical, and supernatural when it accepts in an easy and simple rhythm the miracle of each day."

FELLINI was born on January 20, 1920, at Rimini (the Roman Ariminum) on the Adriatic. It's that other Italy, which doesn't quite fit any part of the standard image of happy pizza-eaters singing and dancing in eternal sunshine with orange trees and volcanoes in the distance. The Adriatic is a sulky sea, and a busy one. There are squalls and passing mists, and even on the hottest day of August a cold rain can suddenly rush in from the

Drawings by Fellini.

sea and chill the sunbathers. The beaches are made up of pebbles as often as they are of sand, and deep water begins usually a few feet out from the shore. The salt wind blows continually. Rimini leads a double life: festive summer resort, and dull winter city.

Not far away up the coast is Loreto, where stands the Virgin's House, which is said to have flown there from Nazareth, supported by angels. From the top of Mount Conero, the highest point on the Italian coastline, one can see the curve of the earth and a gray line on the horizon which is Yugoslavia. The gray-white flinty soil of the inland slopes yields half a dozen very good dry white wines.

Before going there I asked several Italian friends about Rimini. Among the replies were "gloomy," "very Catholic," "Byzantine — you know, very religious in the procession sense." The theatrical designer Beni Montresor, who worked with Fellini on *I Vittelloni*, was particularly illuminating about the towns of the northern Adriatic. Though raised in Venice, he has long been acquainted with Ancona, Sirolo, and Rimini. "Actually it was the Church that gave me my sense of theater," he explained. "You know, we have so many saints and feast days in that part of Italy, and the churches are decorated differently for each one. . . . As a child I used to run into church on the way to school every day . . . not to pray, but to see what new banners and tapestries had been brought out. . . . I think my work in the theater had its first impulse then."

In Rimini one notices that people walk more



Giulietta Masina in La Strada

briskly and directly than they do in Rome or in Naples. They are generally taller. One is always seeing a familiar face on the street, but it turns out that it is familiar from Byzantine paintings and

mosaics: a rather full face, with languorous black eyes. A cook in Rimini informed me that no woman there would throw away an eggshell that was still in two cracked halves. The shells must be completely crushed so the "witches can't ride in them." With my own eyes I saw a pig dance there. Its owner let it out at dawn in order to clean the pen, and the pig cavorted about, doing pirouettes and jumping on its hind legs and pawing the air. "Pigs hate filth," the man said. "They like mud because it's cool and good for their sensitive skins, but they hate filth. They are far more intelligent than dogs."

Rimini has all the requisites for a tourist site: the Malatesta Temple, an Augustan arch, avenues of plane trees leading to the beaches; but it also has a secretive air, and life does not spill out into the streets and courtyards as in Rome or in Naples. Its Byzantine history is somehow still evident, just under the surface; like Venice, it still faces East. One is reminded that the Slavs and the Greeks are really close at hand, just over the water. The clouded beaches, the mysterious and moody sea, the windy salt marshes, the rocky slopes with rock houses — all the backgrounds of Fellini's films are here. Even the closing sequence of *La Dolce Vita*, with late party guests going home as the fishermen are pulling up a monstrous fish in the gray light, looks more like the Adriatic than it does like the Tyrrhenian near Rome, where it was filmed.

Fellini's father, a wholesaler in wines, coffee, and groceries, traveled frequently in northern Italy. The rags-to-riches aspect of the Fellini myth is a journalistic invention: his family was always comfortably well off and educated. His mother and his married sister, Maddalena, live in Rimini still. His younger brother, Riccardo, is an actor-director who lives in Rome and has just made his first important feature film. Fellini's mother looks much younger than her almost seventy years and has a face which in repose might pass for one of Theodora's ladies-in-waiting in the mosaics at Ravenna. She is not the usual sullen and suspicious Italian mama. She is handsome and humorous, with a wide smile and a speck of mischief in her black eyes.

"Federico has always loved comic things and crazy unexpected things," she told me. "When he was young, we quickly realized there was no hope of getting him to school when the circus was in town. And he'd sit through a variety show from the first matinee until closing. Finally I just gave up."

"When Federico was in his teens," chimed in Maddalena, who is a copy of her mother, "he never slept. He'd go out walking after supper and walk God knows how many kilometers to some fishermen's bar or a workmen's tavern and sit

there drinking wine and talking. Or he'd go to the railroad station and wait all night to see the train come in and the mailbags unloaded."

"He always liked to draw caricatures," remarked his mother. "And he was very clever at it."



Sandra Milo and Giulietta Masina in *Giulietta of the Spirits*

But mischievous too — some of them were very naughty, they were so sharp. I had to hide them! He always hated pompous people."

"Once Federico and Riccardo rented a little shop in town," said Maddalena, "and sold caricatures and comic drawings."

When questioned about his films, Signora Fellini said, "Oh, I've enjoyed them all; they are full of jokes and references which sometimes only his family can see. $8\frac{1}{2}$ was the saddest. It made me cry when the son says to the ghost of his father, 'Please don't go; let's talk — we've never really had a talk.' Because, you see, Federico and I have never had a talk. He's played tricks on me, and he's always made me laugh — we're good friends — but I don't feel I really know him."

"He never sat still long enough," Maddalena said with a laugh.

DURING the war years, when the syndicated comic strips from America could no longer reach Italy, Fellini worked for a house in Milan which

invented new series of adventures for such heroes as Mickey Mouse and Dick Tracy, and he drew hundreds of these cheerfully pirated strips for the Italian newspapers. After the war he went to Rome; he lived there by drawing on-the-spot caricatures in cafés along the Via Veneto. Fellini still draws constantly, doodling faces and figures while he listens to sound-track takes or sketching his conceptions of characters to help him in casting a film. He has worked in vaudeville, too, writing skits and songs for one of those small troupes that do two-a-day tours of the provincial cinemas. In that period he made the acquaintance of composer Nino Rota, who has written the music for all of Fellini's films. He also worked at this time with actor Aldo Fabrizi. Fellini's first film was as codirector of *Lights of Variety*, which deals with such a traveling vaudeville troupe and has a cast including Aldo Fabrizi, Edoardo de Filippo, and Giulietta Masina. His second film was *The White Sheik*, which deals with the hero of a photographic "true romance" comic strip and a young girl from the country who is enamored of him. All his experiences give nuance and detail to every film. In *8½* the hero's mistress, Carla (Sandra Milo), talked mostly in comic-stripese, and the hero spoke back to her in this same highly special dialect, full of "Wow! . . . Zowie! . . . Arf! . . . Whammo!"

There are private jokes and visual puns in every one of Fellini's films. In *8½* all the old people who are guests in the luxury hotel at the spa were real inmates of a Roman old folks' home. They were given for the film new hearing aids, dental care, whatever they required — and were permitted to take home with them afterward the finery they wore on the set. On the other hand, all the employees of the hotel were titled aristocrats from the *Almanach de Gotha*. The concierge was played by Prince Volkonsky; the lady violinist in the open-air café was the Princess of Sanseverina. It had nothing to do with the film itself, but it had a lot to do with Fellini's sense of turning things topsy-turvy, his sense of a looking-glass world. The priests in *8½* were played mostly by old women, while in *Giulietta of the Spirits* a whole bevy of young nuns is played by boys Fellini selected from the beach at Fregene. Why? "Because they walk more like nuns than nuns do," says Fellini.

Bookshelves in a scene contain books by Fellini's friends; stagehands and electricians are pushed into bit parts. Each film has one costume or chair or object or musical theme from the preceding one. A thousand details not visible to the general public, like embroidery on Victorian underwear, yet making possible some new discovery on each viewing of his films. One legend would have it that Fellini works without a script and represents a modern triumph for the ancient Vene-

tian tradition of *commedia dell'arte* improvisation. Yet the original scripts for most of his films have been published, and one glance shows that the final film is very close to the original scheme on paper. In a short note introducing the first script of *Giulietta* which he sent to the producer, Fellini wrote:

As is my habit, working slowly but surely in the labor of preparation, I reserve the right to revise, sharpen, change or substitute scenes, characters, to enrich situations, to determine the rhythm of the film, the dialogue, to create a climate sometimes comic, sometimes anguished, sometimes astonished.

I should like to point out that the film must be a complete "stylistic reconstruction" of reality, in order to obtain a special and evocative atmosphere; that the characters must be "rendered" in such a way as to achieve a neat and unequivocal precision.

The first thing one notices when Fellini is working is the non-Italian lack of confusion. Two hundred actors and technicians can be on the set, and yet there is only a murmur; everybody is working on his piece of the huge scheme. One doesn't even see the camera at first: it is small and flexible and has nothing to do with Hollywood monsters. On one occasion Fellini got the female stars of *8½* in a tizzy by telling them that "a famous South American star" was coming the next day to work in the film. Her name was said to be Dolly Grandi, and in a cast already full of well-known players happy even in small roles, there was considerable resentment for this unknown lady. When she arrived "she" was nothing but a "big dolly," a hoisting mechanism rented from an American studio for certain shots at the end of the film, where the camera had to rise above a dancing crowd.

Fellini loves tracking shots and quick switches of viewpoint within a single sequence. In *8½* one famous single shot contains seven separate scenes — not to provide a treatise on virtuosity, but to maintain the nervous rhythm Fellini prefers. He howls for silence or shouts with impatience when something has gone wrong or someone hasn't understood, but for the most part he is very mild on set, smiling, greeting every single person upon arrival and at the end of the day. He knows *all* his coworkers by name, a staggering rarity among film directors. There is no such thing as an "extra" in one of his films. Every single person has an identity and usually has a close-up or a bit of action. He is not the Svengali-type of director at all; he draws out from the actor something which is of the actor. He will indicate movements and say something like "speak slowly" or "presto!" What he really seeks is only suggested casually before the second or third take: "Wriggle like a happy fish," or "You are hungry for your supper."

He is thought malicious in making actors play without foreknowledge of their part or their lines, but since the baffling sense of destiny is one of his points, that slight uneasiness in the actor, an *unknown*, adds immeasurably to the effect. He prefers a hard, even cruel, photography to that which enhances.

FELLINI's work is often said to be autobiographical. "Even if I set out to make a film about a file of sole, it would turn out to be about me" is his way of putting it. But he also says, "All art is autobiographical; the pearl is the oyster's autobiography." Then, too: "There is absolutely nothing autobiographical about my films, if you mean flat reporting and dull stony facts." Another time: "I never deal with emotions I have not experienced."

Still, *I Vitelloni* does recount the lives of young men in a coastal town like Rimini, bored and unoccupied and dreaming of the big city. This was to have been followed by *Moraldo in Città* (Moraldo is the youth who escapes to Rome at the end of *I Vitelloni*), which was never made, although some of the material was incorporated into *La Dolce Vita*, with its hero the successful and disillusioned journalist. *8½* follows in the canon, and originally the hero was to have been a writer. The present

Giulietta stands a little aside, although the effect of a strict religious education is one of its themes. It is a kind of concerto for Giulietta Masina, and a proof of the actress's artistry. Until now she has played waifs and street girls.

It is impossible to speak of Fellini's films without speaking of his designer and friend, Count Piero Gherardi. "Piero and I have a kind of second-sight relationship," Fellini explains. "Even before a film has taken complete form in my head he has understood what it's about and comes up with ideas and sketches that clarify things for me." *La Dolce Vita*, *8½*, and *Giulietta of the Spirits* are all Gherardi's work. He re-created the Via Veneto in the studio for *La Dolce Vita*, and nothing is more revealing than to stroll down the real street with a photograph of the set of it in one's hand. Omissions and exaggerations and meaningful choice — and there is the essence of Gherardi's art.

For Fellini, cinema is neither art nor is it new. "Cinema is an old whore," he mutters, "like circus and variety, who knows how to give many kinds of pleasure. Oh, they've been trying to wash her face and make her respectable, but it can't be done. They've brought her in off the street and propped her up in the parlor with a thick volume of philosophy in one hand and an *Introduction to Freud* in the other; but she's still an old whore. Once a whore always a whore. Besides, you can't teach old fleas new dogs."



Fellini with a clown



LADY BIRD'S BEAUTY BILL

ELIZABETH BRENNER DREW, Washington writer on government affairs, examines the highway cleanup and beautification bill to ascertain the real winners in this struggle, as she did in the September ATLANTIC with the cigarette-labeling controversy.

BEAUTY cannot be a remote and just occasional pleasure. We must bring it into the daily lives of all our people," Lyndon Johnson told the White House Conference on Natural Beauty last May, "and none of it is going to be easy."

The President is a realist, and his perceptions into the machinations of the American political system are unmatched; but even he, it seems, underestimated the difficulty of legislating beauty. The test case was the bill Mr. Johnson proposed to Congress in May to war against ugliness by extending federal controls over the proliferating billboards along the nation's major highways, cleaning up or clearing out roadside junkyards, and requiring that certain proportions of the funds which the federal government hands out to the states to build highways be used to make the roads more pleasant to drive along and to construct new scenic roadways. Mr. Johnson's proposals were in no sense the work of wild-eyed conservationists bent on chopping down every pillar and post twixt man and tree. In the spirit of consensus politics, they had been worked over in two years of negotiation between the billboard interests and the Department of Commerce, parent agency of the Bureau of Public Roads. Yet as the highway beautification bill moved through Congress, it was diluted in some parts and mangled in others; and not until there had been considerable bloodletting, and the full commitment of the powers of the White House, did a bill of only

wan beauty finally reach the President's desk. By that time there were many in and out of the Administration who were wondering whether the game had been worth the candle, and the organized beauty lovers whom the President had hoped to engage in his effort had long since abandoned him.

The bill that the President signed into law will impose certain controls over billboards along 265,000 of the some 3.5 million miles of U.S. roads. On the controlled roads, no billboards will be allowed within 660 feet of the right-of-way along the road, but signs will still be permitted on those parts of the road which run through "industrial and commercial" areas. The designation of such areas will be largely in the hands of state and local governments, the great majority of which have looked on billboards with a benign eye. Thus billboards will come down in some areas, but the areas of greatest billboard clutter are likely to remain so, and new areas could be designated industrial or commercial—and opened to billboards—in perpetuity. State decisions to designate exempt areas must be "in agreement with" the Secretary of Commerce; but Secretary John Connor has emphasized that in "few, if any, instances" would the department overrule the states.

Some advertisers will simply put up larger billboards just beyond the 660-foot boundary; some will set up more signs on the roads which are not covered by the new law. The Secretary of Com-

Drawing by Osborn.

merce was authorized to issue regulations on "size, space and lighting" — in agreement with the states — for the exempt areas (but not signs on the premises of the places they are advertising); but Congress demanded that the regulations be "consistent with customary use." No billboards at all will have to come down for five years at least, and probably for much longer if the issue becomes as entangled in the courts as is expected; at that point, the federal treasury will compensate not only the billboard owners for their trouble but also each and every farmer who has been renting out roadside plots for billboards that now must come down. Federal officials have estimated that all this will cost \$180 million (three fourths provided by the federal government, one fourth by the states), but concede that they have no idea how many billboards will have to come down, what the courts will find to be "just compensation," and what the ultimate cost will be.

Junkyards and automobile graveyards along these same 265,000 miles will have to be either screened off with fences and shrubbery or removed. (Officials are the first to admit that this is a temporary expedient, pending solution of the larger problem of how to dispose of all types of surplus scrap that is piling up.) As in the billboard section, the junkyards in "industrial and commercial" areas are excused from having to pretty up or pack off, and more junkyards may settle in these areas. The federal government and the states will pay the full cost of screening or moving the junkyards. Finally, the bill authorizes funds from the federal treasury (rather than allocating money already set aside for highways, as the President asked) to cover the cost of landscaping roadsides and building scenic turnouts and recreation areas. Congress permitted these funds to be used for the kind of landscaping the states were supposed to be doing already along the right-of-way.

THE highway beautification proposals were part of a wide-ranging program to improve the American environment outlined by the President early in the year in a special Message to Congress on Natural Beauty. Some of the proposals, like the ones to combat pollution of various sorts, had been around for years, and some were new. The remarkable feature of the President's program was its "packaging." Take difficult problems like water pollution and air pollution and billboards and junkyards and pesticides and cracker-box developments and mining scars and honky-tonk seashores and put them all together, and say that the issue is beauty, and who can come out for making our country uglier? In this case, at least, a rose by any other

name would not have the same political clout. It also provided Mrs. Johnson with a program to which she could devote her considerable energy and brains, a program suitable for a woman's interest and, presumably, less likely than some to embroil the First Lady in unseemly controversy.

To give the beautification program a proper launching, President Johnson in May sponsored a special White House conference. But the White House Conference on Natural Beauty was no bed of roses. "It was a kind of shambles," said one participant. Many went away mad. There was widespread disappointment that the conference talked about how nice it would be to have posies by the roadside, and pretty buildings instead of ugly buildings, but avoided such harder questions as how to keep highway departments and the Bureau of Roads from paving their way through parks. The blame for this denouement was not laid on the President, but on the staff of Laurance Rockefeller, Mrs. Johnson's trusted lieutenant in the battle for beauty and chairman of the conference. Mr. Rockefeller's dedication to conservation remained unquestioned, but his staff, it was said, lacked the savvy to deal with politics of beauty.

The conference started out with no more eager participants than the representatives of the garden clubs and citizens' roadside councils throughout the country who had for years been waging lonely battles against billboard interests and highway departments, and who now found that their cause was all the rage. They did not claim to have invented beauty, but they did feel that they had earned a leadership role. This Mr. Rockefeller's staff seems not to have understood. Furthermore, when the panel on roadside beauty convened, the roadside beauty people were appalled to find the enemy in their midst — Phillip Tocker, chairman of the Outdoor Advertising Association. Mr. Tocker's home is in Waco, Texas, which, he reportedly likes to point out, is "not far from the Pedernales River."

"I tried to tell them this was the camel's nose in the tent," says Mrs. Cyril Fox, the able and experienced chairman of the Pennsylvania Roadside Council, "but they said they had Tocker there to smoke him out." Mrs. Fox and her colleagues thought otherwise. As the conference opened, Tocker happily told his fellow panel members that he had "an agreeable surprise" for them — that the Outdoor Advertising Association pledged its "enthusiastic and aggressive support of legislation . . . in furtherance of President Johnson's beautification program" — as long as industrial and commercial areas were exempt from billboard controls. This, thought Mrs. Fox and her colleagues, was where they had come in forty years ago.

Next, the roadside beauty panelists received a

draft proposal of their report, drawn up in advance of the conference by the staff (a standard procedure for the brief conferences), and found that it proposed just the exemptions Mr. Tocker had suggested. Their hastily revised report stated that the majority of the panelists felt that *no* off-premise advertising should be permitted anywhere along the interstate or primary road system. Later that afternoon, when all the conferees were gathered in the East Room to witness the final presentation of the panels' reports to the President, Mrs. Fox and her colleagues were appalled to hear the original staff report, not their own hard-line one, being read to the President. Whether an honest mistake or hanky-panky was involved they never knew. But the last straw came when in his immediate speech of reply Mr. Johnson announced that his highway beauty bill had already been drawn up and would be sent to Congress the following day — a bill to eliminate billboards from interstate and primary highways "*except in those areas of commercial and industrial use.*" (Emphasis added.) Concluding that the fix was in, the roadside beauty lovers shrugged their shoulders, put on their hats, and went home. From that time on they were unable to muster enthusiasm for the President's bill.

Mr. Johnson's advisers had been persuaded that only a bill containing these exemptions could get through Congress, and they therefore accepted Tocker's reservations. However, the evidence is that in exchange for the exemptions, the Administration expected far more cooperation, or less opposition, from major outdoor advertising companies than it ultimately got.

"I could have told them those boys are not to be trusted," says Mrs. Fox. For she at least was aware of the fact that for over a year the billboard industry was reportedly raising a \$60 million war chest to fight federal billboard legislation. The Outdoor Advertising Association had been urging its members to get themselves on local planning and zoning boards, and their wives to infiltrate garden clubs. It instructed them to offer free billboard space for good causes (Easter Seals, *et al*) "to spotlight the public-spirited cooperation of your medium." And it is widely acknowledged that the billboard companies are in a position to offer political candidates — local and national — not only campaign funds but election-time billboard space, free or at a discount. "Let's face it," one congressman remarked; "it is a rare congressman who is not pressed for campaign contributions, and the billboard people can help you, or hurt you, at a critical time." As for the effect of the exemptions in the face of such pressures, in its comments on the President's bill the American Society of Planning Officials' newsletter said, "We foresee the makings of a lively market in billboard sites."

In previous years Congress had enacted laws giving the states a small bonus if they instituted billboard controls along the interstate system, which was, and still is, being constructed with 90 percent of the funds coming from the federal government. President Johnson proposed extending billboard controls to the entire interstate system, plus the system of older primary roads which connect the major cities (for whose construction the government contributes 50 percent). Instead of getting a bonus, the state would lose its federal highway funds if it failed to institute controls. Then the President offered the exemptions that outraged the beauty groups — exemptions for areas *zoned* industrial or commercial or "*used predominantly* for industrial or commercial purposes," with the proviso that the latter were to be "determined in accordance with national standards to be established by the Secretary." Otherwise, there would be nothing to prevent local officials from issuing wholesale exemptions.

Whereas the President's bill had already surrendered too much as far as the roadside councils and garden clubs were concerned, the billboard interests wanted to keep the Secretary of Commerce out of the decisions on what areas would be exempt, and to win compensation for all affected billboard owners. The Administration had already compromised on the compensation issue by promising some compensation in states which said they could not use their police powers to get rid of offending billboards. Because the President's bill was to bring under control the 225,000-mile system of primary roads, which had formerly been exempt and were littered with hitherto legitimate billboards, the billboard industry argued that compensation was critical (even if given five more years' use of the billboards). The roadside councils, on the other hand, had battled for and won court decisions holding that states had a right to use police powers to remove signs, and that landowners had no inherent right to sell advertising on their property. To them, any federal concession that compensation was in order was a dangerous step backward. "Highway robbery," they called it.

THE billboard section was the most controversial of the President's proposals. However, his requests that some junkyards be decorated or moved, that states use 3 percent of their federal road funds to landscape highways, and that they divert one third of the federal funds that would ordinarily be used to build secondary roads for the building of special scenic roads instead all came under heavy fire from the hefty road-building lobbies. In the end these proposals looked as if they had been hit by a

truck. Indeed, they were. For the President proposed that the money to pay for beautifying federally aided roads come from the same pot (the Highway Trust Fund) as the money to build them. But to take the money from the trust fund would mean either that fewer roads would be built, and this the construction industry and state highway associations would not tolerate, or that the pot would have to be replenished by raising the "user taxes" — on gasoline, tires, and trucks — that make up the fund. At the same time, it had become clear that construction of the interstate highway system would miss its 1972 deadline by at least two or three years and that it was running up a whopping \$3 billion deficit of its own in the trust fund. The trucking industry, which bears the brunt of the road taxes, is well represented in Washington by the American Trucking Association, widely known for its generosity with campaign contributions. The truckers are crazy about federal road-building programs; they just don't want to be specially charged for them. Congress is never enthusiastic about raising user taxes. Therefore the lawmakers were quick to declare the trust fund off limits for the President's beauty program. If the people were crying out for prettier highways, let them pay for them. This meant that the President would be obliged to ask Congress to appropriate funds for the beauty program each year. "All the President got was a hunting license for the money to do the job," said one distressed conservationist.

MEANWHILE, county officials and highway contractors rose up as one in wrath at the President's proposal to divert money from building regular secondary roads — usually referred to as "farm-to-market" roads — to the building of scenic highways. The decisions on where to build secondary roads and to whom to award the contracts are made by county commissioners and they jealously guard this valuable authority. To them the President's proposal smacked of frightening federal intrusion into the decisions on how to allocate federal funds. For congressmen, county political organizations can be of great help back home in the districts, so when the National Association of Counties and its members start shouting, they are heard in Washington. The provision for scenic highways was, in effect, dead on arrival in Congress.

Those who stand for asphalt over beauty or for "sacred property rights," which the billboard interests proclaim, were fortunate in the congressional committees who were to review their case. The Roads subcommittees of the Senate and House Public Works committees are "mostly a pick-and-shovel crowd," said a qualified observer

of the House committee. "Most of these men would pave the whole United States if you let them," said a close observer of the Senate group.

The committees greeted the President's highway beautification bill with what could best be described as a yawn, but they did call hearings. During the hearings everyone was for beauty, and few witnesses failed to express their "support for the objectives of the President's program." It was just that the American Road Builders Association (contractors, suppliers, engineers) thought that the whole thing needed more study; the American Association of Highway Officials' spokesman felt that "the lives of people would be saved by speeding up the present [construction] program, which I think is more important than trying to do much about beautification at the present time"; the Associated General Contractors ("all Americans first, contractors second") worried that if the money came from the trust fund, "the end result will be fewer miles of needed highways"; the American Petroleum Institute was concerned that the motorist would lose his "freedom of choice" — his right "to informational signs so that he can select the products and services of his own choosing." Mr. Tocker felt that if the Secretary of Commerce had nothing whatever to say about exempted areas, it would "minimize administrative problems and . . . provide reasonable flexibility."

Spokesmen of the Holiday Inns of America, Inc., amused the Senate group by showing how it could get around the regulations by building bigger billboards beyond the 660-foot boundary, or might even consider sending a helicopter down the highway at rush hour with a streamer saying "Follow me." A man from the Ohio Valley Advertising Corporation brought slides to show the Senate committee "how artistic poster design and well-maintained standard panels can create warmth and color in an otherwise drab commercial area." Sensitive junkyard men pointed out the usefulness to society of their salvaging operations ("we stand with our heads high"). Hotel owners, motel owners, drugstore owners paraded before the committees to testify that the bill would put them out of business. And all this had its effect. "When hundreds of little businessmen say that they are going to be hurt, the Democrats listen," said someone who sat through the hearings.

The committees might have let the whole matter drop for this year, but suddenly, in late August, the word came from the White House that the highway beauty bill was one of the ones the President wanted this year, that he had to have this one, it was reported, "for Lady Bird."

Under the White House pressure, the Senate subcommittee rushed the bill to the Senate within days. But the lawmakers had overestimated how

much watering-down the Administration would tolerate. Just before the bill came to the Senate floor, Administration aides drew up a series of amendments, and Jennings Randolph (Democrat, West Virginia), subcommittee chairman, found himself in the embarrassing position of asking the Senate to make changes in his committee's work. White House aides roamed the corridors, urging amendments and seeking votes. High officials, including Mrs. Johnson, got on the telephone.

After considerable huffing and puffing, the Senate narrowly adopted what the Administration felt to be the critical amendment, one which stated that areas which were not zoned commercial and industrial could be exempted from billboard controls only "in agreement with" the Secretary of Commerce.

Other White House floor amendments further weakened the bill in an effort to keep it alive, and then an unenthusiastic House Public Works Committee was persuaded by the Administration to report out a bill substantially the same as the Senate-approved measure. But the Administration tactic of bleeding the bill in the Senate did not, as some had hoped, make the House any more sympathetic to the enfeebled patient. Now the opposition had gathered its greatest strength and momentum, and proponents of the measure were hard to find. Most garden clubs and beautification councils, upset at the further concessions that had been made and caught unprepared for the last-minute push for a bill this year, would have nothing to do with it. Administration pleas for help were turned down. "Why should I help them; it's a lousy bill," said one longtime billboard battler. How much help these groups could have actually provided is subject to dispute. They lacked the funds, the expert-staffed Washington offices, and in large part, the political sophistication of the opposition. But their value lay in what one congressional aide calls their "wonderfully pesty quality." "Congressmen are afraid of swarms of ladies in flowery hats descending on them," he said. "The ladies were on their necks in earlier billboard fights, and it made a real difference."

There was no such disarray among the professionals on the other side. Moreover, congressmen were in their restive end-of-session mood; they wanted to go home.

In the final days before the House vote, the Administration went all out to turn the tide. A White-House-prepared memorandum explaining exactly what was in the bill convinced many congressmen that they were being fed false information by the opposition. There was a strong effort to drum up supporting telegrams from state officials. On the day of the vote, not only were several White House aides dispatched to the Hill, but also repre-

sentatives of just about any Cabinet department with chips left to cash against the adjourning congressmen. But as responsible as anything for the fact that the bill survived the House without substantial gutting was that the House deliberations turned from a substantive fight into a partisan one, and in this case the outnumbered Republicans didn't have a chance. The bill was brought up on a Thursday afternoon, with a presumption that the amending and voting would take place on Friday. But when the Democratic leadership found that it would suffer from substantial absences on Friday, a day on which the House rarely meets, they decided to push on for a final vote that night. This despite the fact that that evening members were all set to attend a Chinese Embassy reception for Madame Chiang Kai-shek and a White House "Salute to Congress," and wives in party finery were fuming in the galleries. Republicans out to kill or weaken the bill made the mistake of reacting with delaying tactics, cries of "rubber stamp," charges that the Democrats were afraid to go to the White House without this gift to Lady Bird. They offered facetious amendments — install Lady Bird instead of the Commerce Secretary in charge of the law, one proposed — and they impugned the motives of Democratic leaders. If they had tried, the GOP could not have succeeded better in getting the collective Democratic back up, and thus winning new support for the bill. Only two more weakening amendments were accepted, and then the bill passed easily. A few days later the Senate approved the House-amended measure and sent it to the President for his signature.

In sum, the story of the highway beautification bill could well be subtitled "a failure in consensus politics." There can be no consensus when the other guys don't believe in consensus. For one side the legislation threatened material losses, and knowing what it did not want, this side was united, imaginative, and untiring. For the other side, it represented only a partial improvement in the environment, and potential support even of the half loaf was undercut by dissension, confusion, and disinterest. The result was that President Johnson, his wife, and his aides had to mount a huge campaign to get Congress to remove a few billboards, screen a few junkyards, and put some money aside for a bit of natural beauty along the highways.

Even under the watered-down bill some will suffer losses and will need government help in readjusting, but forced readjustments are an inevitable part of improvement. "The highway beauty bill is the acid test," said one congressman who was for it. "Do we want to improve our environment or let it keep getting more garish and sordid?"

That is a good question.

BOOKS and MEN *This is the first of two essays in which Alfred Kazin defines the twin powers of stimulus and interpretation that one looks for in the great critics of any age. Mr. Kazin has recently published in book form, under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint, the illuminating second part of his biographical narrative, STARTING OUT IN THE THIRTIES.*

THE USEFUL CRITIC

by ALFRED KAZIN

THIRTY years ago, when I began practicing this peculiar trade of criticism, I had the good fortune to fall in love with an unfashionable subject, American literature. I say "fall in love with," not "specialize in," for it never occurred to me to devote myself exclusively to this literature. There was not enough to it, yet what there was would still have been too much for me even if I had had the patience to give up everything else for it. I certainly did not want to do that. I was under no illusion that American literature was more significant than English or French or Russian literature, or that it could be understood in itself apart from English its mother tongue, English its mother literature, its connections with German literature at the beginning of the nineteenth century and with French and Russian literature at the end of it. To devote oneself exclusively to American literature would have seemed to me a confession of mediocrity. And in any event, literature, or at least some of the literature of Western man, was practically all the culture I had, and it composed for me, in T. S. Eliot's phrase, a simultaneous order. It included such writers as America never had — all the great dramatists; great novelists of manners who were also among the most profound interpreters of human nature, like Tolstoy; great poets of the sensuous life, like Villon, Shakespeare himself, Goethe, and Baudelaire; great philosophic and critical spirits who were knife blades opening up the imagination: Montaigne, Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot, Nietzsche.

So it was not in fond illusion that American writing was food enough for the mind that I settled down to practice some criticism of it. I fell in love with it because in a sense this literature was mine, by which I mean that I felt part of it and at home with it; because I reacted with intellectual affection



to the tone of certain American writers — I was charmed and stimulated and satisfied by certain American books because I felt that I really understood them. I felt, as the French have learned to say about certain moral problems, *authentic* in my critical reactions to certain American writers. I seemed to know what they were talking about; I thought I recognized what they were aiming at; I liked the voices in which they spoke. I was at home with certain texts: I responded with intellectual kinship and pleasure. I knew the modulations of their language; I could picture landscapes I hadn't seen for myself. And very important indeed, I shared much of their belief in the ideal freedom and power of the self, in the political and social visions of radical democracy. It was as if I started from the same human base and was accompanying them to the same imaginative goal.

Photograph by Inge Moroth.

Yet behind all these friendly and interested reactions was the fact that my judgment was real to me, too real to distrust. I felt free to like what I liked, not to like what I didn't like, and to support my critical reactions by formulating aesthetic reasons. In a way it was easier thirty years ago to feel this arbitrary confidence in one's critical judgment, for American literature was still in the making, and the best writers and critics rather condescended to it. If you settled down to it with any passion, you realized that you were eccentric and were making claims for writers that no really distinguished mind would look at for a moment. In those days the fashionable approval now attached to Henry James was by no means shared by everyone; criticism was still a matter of individual knowledge, responsibility, and taste, not a way of introducing students to literature, and people still thought that they could learn more about life from a good story than from the most brilliant exegesis of the story. So I was left, in delicious isolation, to read books that no one else had looked at in years, to have reactions that were wild but which I didn't know enough to tame — to be, without shame, what in those days was considered the absolute second choice and consolation prize: a critic.

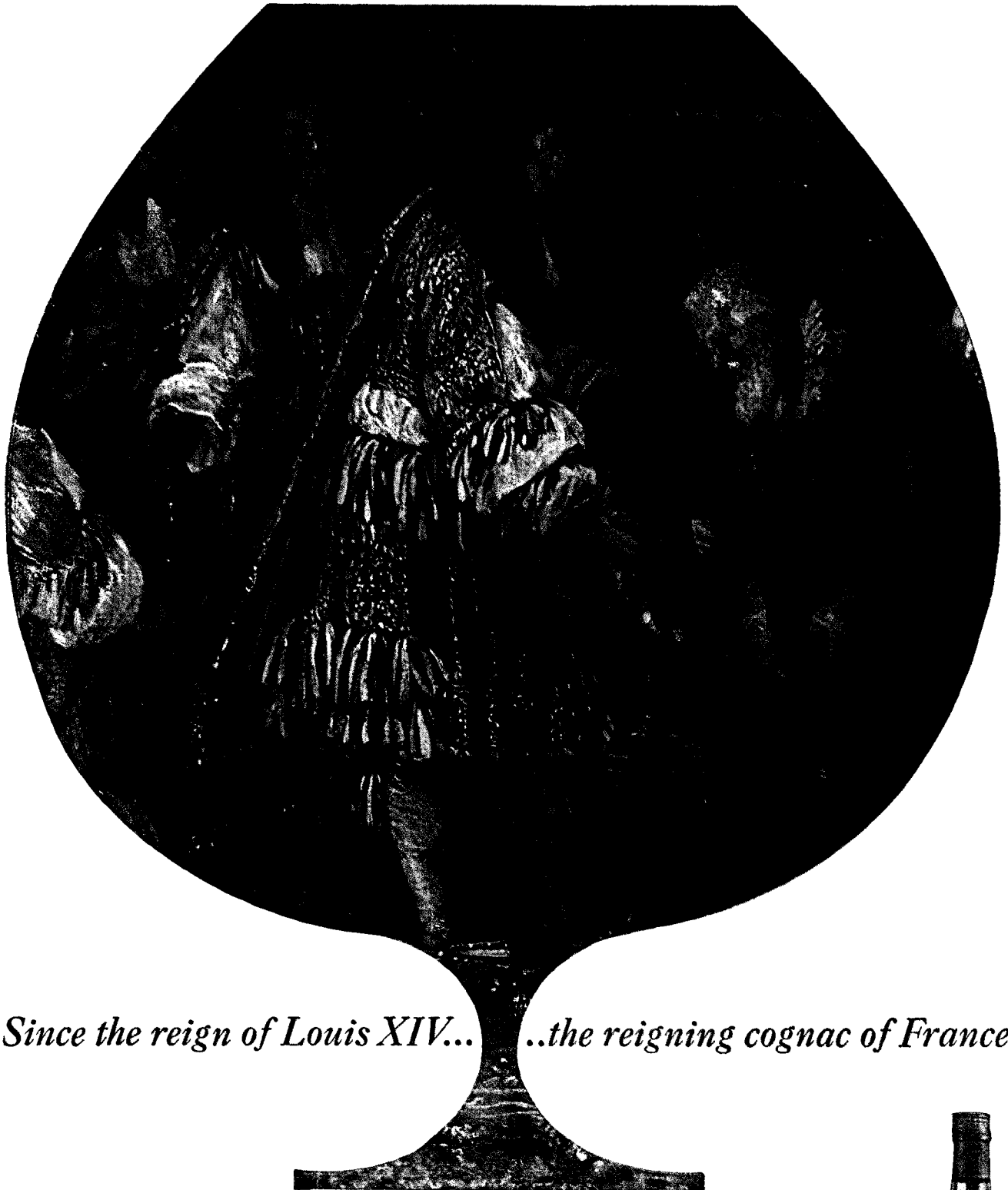
"Criticism" is just a word, but critics are very real if their opinions are real to themselves. A critic lives in a buzz of culture and in a vast exchange of opinion like everyone else; being a critic, dedicated to opinion, he often sets too much store by other people's opinions. If you tell him that *King Lear* is an unbelievable play, full of rant and uncontrolled emotions, he will not ignore you, as a poet would, but will, in his own mind at least, figure out what it is in *King Lear* that would allow a presumably good head to say such a thing. A critic deals in considerations about art, not in life as drama, not in the psychic situation that an imaginative writer sees everywhere he goes. A critic is more naturally considerate of opinions than a novelist, for his world is made up of opinions. For him literature is not himself seeking to put the widest possible amount of experience into dramatic consciousness; it is literature, many literatures, many writers, books, forms, styles, traditions — all of which add to the burden on him of other people's opinions, for he draws his sustenance from opinions; he takes off from them. No critic is ever one by himself; criticism takes place in society, it is a dialogue with the past and one's contemporaries. The circle of examples and traditions and opinions draws tighter and tighter around the critic trying to add something useful and honest to the many libraries that have put him into being.

Nevertheless, a critic is someone whose reactions to a work of art are so real as to be binding on him-

self and meaningful to others, who will use, not imitate, the learning and insight of other people. The critic is someone whose reactions are so authentic to himself as to become, above all else, *interesting* for others because illuminating of their own unconscious experience in the presence of art. By reactions I mean the ability to take pleasure in what is good, to recognize in the concrete instance the classical truth of those aesthetic laws that are so few and incontrovertible, yet meaningful only in the practice of art and in profound critical response to art. What is "personal" is what is most deeply experienced by the whole person of the critic. Taste cannot be, and should not be made, so "objective" that opinions become simply right or wrong. The value of a particular work in criticism never depends on the critic's *position* alone. In our day critical fashion tyrannizes over many innocent minds. But it does not follow that a book attacking Henry James derives any necessary merit from opposition to the vast herd of sophisticates who now think that James is the last word in the English novel, which in their experience he may well be. A good critic can uphold any reasonable opinion, if only he will *hold* it and engage himself with the work of art that inspired him to it. Jean-Paul Sartre may not convince us in his essays on Dos Passos and Faulkner that the first is so bold in technique as to be the greatest twentieth-century novelist, and that Faulkner is so traditionalist in his thinking as to kill the future for his characters. But Sartre grapples with *U.S.A.* and *The Sound and the Fury* with an understanding and conviction that make his own critical thinking in these essays an experience to us — Dos Passos and Faulkner have already been great experiences to Sartre.

What counts is that the critic should be really involved with a work: that he should follow the track of his curiosity into it just as long and as passionately as may be necessary. This follows from what I call being-at-home-with-a-text, from feeling in one's bones that one knows what the work is about, that one knows the tone of voice in which the writer speaks, that one is present, oneself is all present, at every stage. Criticism exists, after all, because the critic has an intense and meaningful experience of a work. And if he doesn't, why pretend that he does? Why bother, if what one is doing is not intensely real to oneself?

THIS is the first condition, not of "criticism" but of being a critic. When I read Shakespeare, I am dazzled by the speed and force of his mind. But I also know when I read him that there is something fundamental about Shakespeare that I simply do not understand. I do not mean that Shakespeare's



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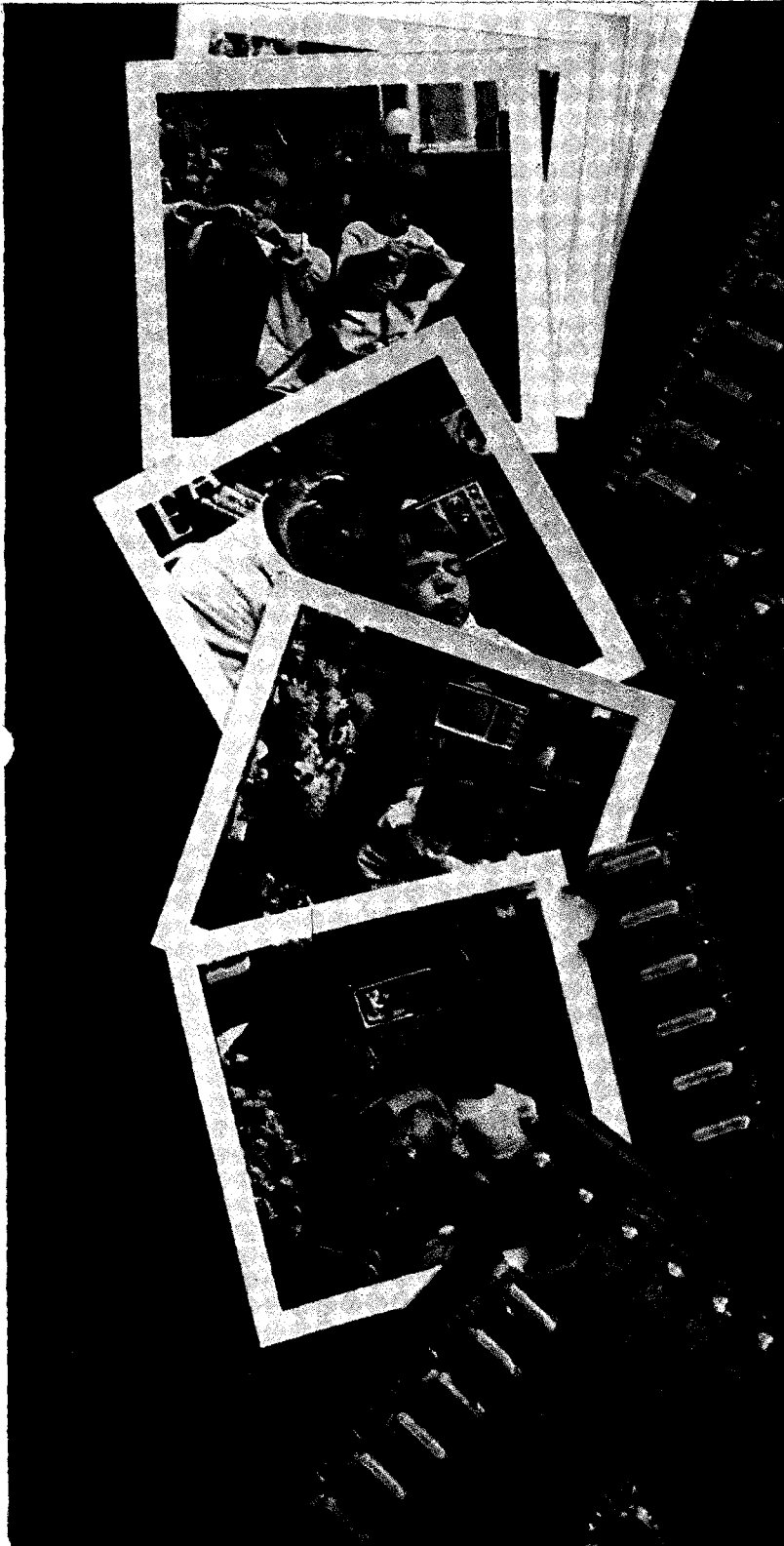


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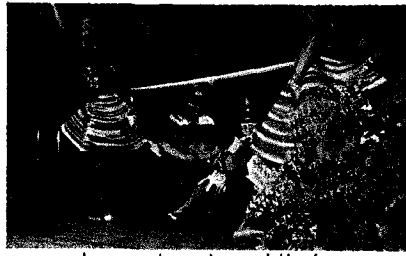
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characters use expressions that have to be explained. Historical matter can be learned. But even if I were a better scholar, I would not feel that I understood Shakespeare for myself — which is all the fun and all the use of being a critic. Many people have written brilliantly around Shakespeare without convincing me that they understand him for themselves. Most readers are in fact uneasy with Shakespeare, which is why the silly snobbish question of who wrote his plays for him rages in every generation. Shakespeare is the unknown man whom even the greatest critics, like Dr. Johnson and Goethe, have redrawn in the character most suitable to themselves. Perhaps only John Keats, because he was a virtuoso of language like Shakespeare, saw him whole; in the famous letter of October 27, 1818, he wrote in clairvoyant excitement that “the poetical Character . . . is not itself — it has no self — it is everything and nothing. . . . It has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogen. . . . A Poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence; because he has no Identity — he is continually infor[m]ing and filling some other Body. . . .”

These orphic revelations make a dependable guide to the subtle and mischievous imagination that bars our full understanding. Keats, at least, mastered Shakespeare’s protean mind; because in his own way he duplicates Shakespeare’s sense for language, he is confident that his own reaction of wild delight is also a path to new knowledge. Keats does not preach Shakespeare the romantic, Shakespeare the monarchist, Shakespeare the cynic, as so many other critics have done. It is not Shakespeare’s *opinions* that impress Keats; it is his pure poetic intelligence that in turn becomes each character it can create and takes its force from each dramatic event. Shakespeare discovered Keats to himself. The Shakespeare text, which is a chore to students and an intellectual maze to scholars, was to Keats a release, of the kind that Herman Melville was later to find in Nathaniel Hawthorne: “For genius, all over the world, stands hand in hand with genius, and one shock of recognition runs the whole circle round.”

Keats *knew* Shakespeare as only one great poet knows another, can imitate him without really knowing the other’s language. To know, not just to know about, is the highest aim of criticism, and depends on sensibility intellectually cultivated, on the most urgent instinct for aesthetic achievements and distinctions. Of course, one great writer talking about another can be subjective and may well seem tendentious to a later generation. But the condition of being-at-home-with-a-text that I am setting forth here as crucial to criticism, the reality compelling response, is important because it risks being fallible. To be a critic, nothing else is so important as the

ability to stand one’s ground alone. This gets more important as criticism gets more standardized and institutionalized, as the critic gets more absorbed in criticism itself. The more abstractions we deal with, the more we look for proof, and, since this is not possible in literature, for confirmation from other persons.

Criticism, however, is a branch of literature, not of science. Like any other form of literary expression, criticism can satisfy nothing but our sense of imaginative truth; its judgments operate only within our inner sense, and depend on our taste and culture. Critical statements are not binding on everyone, as are proofs of scientific truth. Keats on Shakespeare and Melville on Hawthorne are operating within a realm that most people have never heard of, and which does not touch on their lives in the slightest. Literature operates significantly only on exceptional individuals who are socially fortunate enough to afford the luxury of pleasing their imaginations. Criticism operates on even a smaller number. If Keats’s reaction to Shakespeare seems more “personal” than a scientist’s findings can ever be, that is because literature exists only in the realm of minds, and takes its sanction from laws of art that are understood only in relation to the human mind.

Keats is one of the few writers on Shakespeare who help me to read *him* and not just to read about him. Shakespeare is entirely real to Keats, and so Keats makes Shakespeare less unreal to me. That is what I look for in a critic — his use to me; I can use critics whose general point of view is outrageous to me, but who in specific matters have this capacity for making a writer real and a text real. A useful critic is someone who has already begun to use a text in a significant personal way, who is not in doubt about his fundamental reaction, who is not arbitrary but convinced, in his reading of Shakespeare or Dos Passos, that he knows what there is to know. Of course this is not enough for the ages; only the greatest critics survive, for as Johnson said, they raise opinion to knowledge. These are the lawgivers of art, and there are very few of them — far fewer, it turns out, than there are original minds in science. But opinion in criticism, if held at a level deep enough to become interesting, can vivify our sense of what writing is all about and may even excite us to write in new ways. If I ever make an anthology of criticism, it will be called *The Useful Critic*, and will feature only writings that have helped me.

It would come from all sources, and would be an odd mixture indeed. The conversation of Johnson. A line about Vladimir Nabokov in a letter by Isaac Babel. The art criticism of Baudelaire, the music criticism of Nietzsche. A few lines from Whitman’s diary on Emerson’s essential genius as a

"critic or diagnoser." Emerson on "The Poet," because this rhapsody is the most eloquent and uncompromising revelation of the artist as hero who stands behind his prophetic writings. William James delighting in Emerson, William James talking back to Henry Adams. Melville's magnificent praise of his as yet unmet friend in "Hawthorne and His Mosses," because it shows in every free and flowing line of praise how Hawthorne's insistence on becoming a storyteller in Calvinist New England could help another genius to recognize himself. Henry James's preface to *The Portrait of a Lady*, not because it reveals the "laws" of any novels but James's own, but because James's art is founded on the celebration of civilized beauty with which this preface begins.

Among twentieth-century critics in English my anthology would include (poets make my favorite critics: they have the most intense personal consciousness of art) Eliot on Pascal, D. H. Lawrence on Hardy, Auden on A. E. Housman, Randall Jarrell on Frost, Conrad Aiken on Faulkner, Wallace Stevens for his general reflections on intellectual nobility, Robert Penn Warren on Conrad. It would include V. S. Pritchett, because he is a genius at truly *literary* journalism, and for any of dozens of appreciations of the English and European novel, but especially for his notes on the comic novel; Edmund Wilson, for so many illuminations of different literatures, but especially for the notes on American style in *Patriotic Gore*; Mal-

colm Cowley, for the introduction to Faulkner in the Viking Portable Library; Newton Arvin, for his book on Melville; Richard Chase, for his last, superbly illuminating book on the American novel.

This list could go on, just as personally, to include A. C. Bradley, whom in my unfashionable way I still deeply admire on Shakespeare; Erich Auerbach, the great German refugee scholar, whose *Mimesis*, on the portrayal of reality in Western literature, is the most useful contemporary work in criticism that I own, because I can never turn to Auerbach on Homer or Montaigne or even Shakespeare without being enlightened in the deepest and most active kind of way. My anthology would include Erich Heller, for his moving intellectual sympathies with Nietzsche, Rilke, Thomas Mann; Frank Kermode, for his remarkable double gifts as a scholar and interpreter of Romanticism; Harold Rosenberg, for his observations on modern poetry; Joseph Frank, for his insight into spatial form — Indeed I could go on, yet oddly, the list would not include many academic voices whose brilliant authority has never instructed or even provoked me. What I ask of a critic is that he can usefully show the impact on his own consciousness of another's artistic power. If the critic cannot suggest to others the power of art in his own life, he cannot say anything useful or even humane in its interest. He will scrawl, however learnedly, arbitrary comments on the text.

WINTER REFLECTIONS by Richard Moore

Through this smooth new snow-made world
flaps the jackdaw
on big black blanket wings
looking,

appears on the field's black branch,
shakes down snow,
humps to a dot, and is gone
there.

Through this frail white silence
black flows the stream
trickling,

into which clumps of snow, pushed, fall
and in lucid darkness become
ghosts.

A SOFT TOUCH



BY ELIZABETH R. CHOATE

In her country place on the outskirts of Danvers, Massachusetts, Elizabeth R. Choate has been hostess to a number of stray animals, some of which, like The Man Who Came to Dinner, stay on for quite a time.

IN THE days before welfare became a matter of national concern, our New England towns provided food and lodging, which usually consisted of bread, milk, and beans, for one night to itinerants. The shelter in small communities was a shack known as the Tramp House. During the day a handout at kitchen doors was not uncommon, and I have been told that the more generous homes bore some mystic sign, such as an unobtrusive pile of stones at the entrance or a faintly scratched symbol on the gate, to direct the kings of the road. I am inclined to think that the animals of Putnamville have put their soft-touch mark on mine, for all sorts of dogs keep turning up at my house.

My husband Bob's hair had a peculiar way of standing straight up when he was surprised. Therefore, one morning as I was broiling his breakfast bacon, I saw that something had dis-

turbed him, for his usually well-groomed hair was upright. He seemed upset when he said, "Will you please go and look at the thing on the front step." I found a huge old hound, comfortably ensconced, who had appeared from nowhere. I invited her into the house, where she settled down in the hall, seemingly forever. I called her Granny because she was white around the muzzle, outrageously fat, and there was no doubt that she had mothered dozens of puppies during her long life. I was most hospitable to Granny, who howled companionably when I talked to her. But suddenly, like a bird of passage, she departed as mysteriously as she came. Another time, a young beagle jumped over my terrace wall, bashing down a bed of heliotrope as he landed. He made an instant nuisance of himself by scratching up all the doors in the house, but what was worse, he didn't know the difference between inside and out, and while I like beagles, his behavior infuriated me. Although I advertised this paragon urgently in all the local papers, he was never claimed. And at last, with the help of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, he was given to a stable; the only place for the likes of him.

My daughter Elizabeth, knowing very well that I make all animals welcome at my door, came to

Photograph by Laelia Goehr from FACES by V. Sackville-West. Courtesy of Doubleday & Company, Inc.

call one hot afternoon last summer bringing with her a stray she found wandering at my gate. I did not blame Elizabeth for taking pity on this bewildered creature; however, I was not particularly keen about having a big wet dog, covered with black mud, fling itself full length on the beige carpet in my living room. Elizabeth, who is completely mushy-hearted in her own way, then went home to her immaculate house, reasonably amused at having saddled me with this problem and certain that I would be sympathetic toward it.

Hours later, when my visitor had rested, I discovered that she lacked any name or license tag on her collar. The condition of her teeth told me that she was young, while one look at her stomach disclosed the scar from an operation. It was also evident that she was somebody's gentle pet. She was a black and white collie, almost purebred but not quite. Her eyes were a little too large, and her skull and muzzle wider than those of her elite cousins of the show-ring. Nevertheless, she displayed the grace and elegance which are outstanding traits of the collie breed.

That evening I called the authorities, but no one seemed to be worried about losing her, and I was faced with the choice of keeping her in my house or turning an unlicensed dog over to the pound, where I knew that by law she could be destroyed if unclaimed within ten days. After looking into her troubled eyes and searching my conscience, I decided she could stay with me until her owner was located. She ate some supper with ladylike delicacy and stretched out with a groan of fatigue on a mattress in my well-used front hall; then I retired, fervently hoping that the peace of the night would not be rent by homesick yowls. In the morning I rather dreaded what her deportment might have been, but was greeted only by a low whimper and a tentatively waving tail. I let her outside, thinking that she might now orient herself and go home, but to my dismay she chose to lie quietly on the stoep. What to do, but ask her in for breakfast?

As time went by, she proved to be sensible and unassuming. She clung to me like a limpet, showing the protective instinct which shepherds have bred into their dogs for more than two centuries. She did not quarrel with my Sealyhams, attending strictly to her own business, as all working dogs should. Plainly she belonged in a family where there were children, from the affectionate greeting she extended to those who visited my house. When anyone came to the front door, her ears pricked up, with a spark of hope lighting her eyes, and she assumed the alert look so attractive in collies. But this fleeting expression soon died as she realized the person she was expecting had not come. Day by day she tore my heart, and in spite

of her good manners, I knew that in a quiet way she was just marking time until she was reunited with her family. I spent my evenings telephoning every dog officer for miles around, but the only lost collie on record was an unfortunate tan male.

By now, Lassie — for my grandson told me decisively that *must* be her name — slept in my room on a blanket, moving only when I spoke to her in the dawn; then she came softly to my bedside with a dainty morning kiss. Lassie was in perfect health, but in my judgment she was too fat and lacked muscle tone. Besides, no one had bothered to groom her since winter, and her heavy undercoat lay in dense mats. Accordingly, I combed out a bushel of the old hair and saw to it that she was fed a high-protein diet with plenty of fresh meat. Shortly her coat assumed a new sheen, and her physical condition improved.

A big dog needs plenty of exercise, and as Lassie barely left the house during the day, I formed the habit of taking her for a long walk at the edge of evening. One of my pastures is planted to bird's-foot trefoil, a drought-resistant member of the alfalfa family. When it blooms, the field turns into a soft yellow carpet, much enjoyed by the bees, who make celestial honey from the nectar. Here the black and white dog presented a graceful sight as she raced across the green and yellow background, and I could not help fancying that she might well be running over the borderland of her ancestors. Lassie and I always proceeded from this pasture down a wood lane to the nearby swamp, where an astonishing thing has taken place. Some years ago I sent to England for seed of the water forget-me-not, *myosotis palustris semper florens*, to sow in a little brook which flows into the swamp; now the plants have spread their pale blue mist downstream, covering nearly an acre. Big clumps of royal fern contribute formal accents, while the foliage of the lowly skunk cabbage and jack-in-the-pulpit provide a bold contrast to the otherwise delicate flora.

Much as I love this swamp, it is headquarters for mosquitoes, of which there was a particularly ferocious crop last year. These did not bother Lassie, and if any succeeded in penetrating her thick coat, she brushed them off as she crashed through bushes or wallowed in the brown ooze of the bog. Needless to say, this was not true in my case, and when the sun set, these man-eaters convened in swarms to feast upon me with such voracity that in spite of every repellent, there were times when I thought only a transfusion could restore my bloodstream to normal after our walks. In truth, I often tore up the hill to the sanctuary of my house in a fury of irritation, with Lassie bounding on ahead, she having no conception of why I chose to finish our tour with what was to

her such a delightful sprint. I continued subjecting myself to this torture because I hated to deny Lassie the one pleasure she enjoyed so much. My heart sank as she made endless trips to the door long before our appointed time to set forth, but how was I to say, "No, I am covered with itchy bites, and I cannot take you walking tonight."

The first time I took Lassie out with me in the car I was surprised to have this otherwise docile dog behave badly. She tramped over the seats whining, panting, and barking in a frenzy of excitement, until it finally dawned on me that she supposed I was taking her home. That night she ate no supper and appeared to be so utterly downcast that I thought it kinder from then on to leave her behind. Thereafter her spirits revived.

The days went by with no sign of Lassie's owner, and being already endowed with a kennel of more than thirty Sealyhams, I was appalled by the sheer lunacy of keeping her permanently. Therefore, I began canvassing my reliable friends who might be trusted to shelter a waif, but nobody was exactly in a position to take on another dog. They were already saturated with pets or going on vacation. In spite of my arguments that here was the perfect dog, young, spayed, housebroken, and fond of children, my friends turned a deaf ear, and Lassie stayed on with me.

One fine day the telephone rang, and my neighbor the dog officer said, "I think I know who owns that collie." He gave me a local number to call, where a delighted lady assured me that she would be at my home immediately. And in ten minutes she drove up with three small children. Before they had time to get out of the car, Lassie went wild: I thought she would wriggle out of her skin as she threw herself yelping into the arms of her family. A great reunion took place in the hall; the oldest child, a girl of about ten, kept repeating, "Lucky, darling Lucky, where have you been?" Then the others began to cry, their mother cried, and I cried to see how happy they were, for there are no tears in the world more beautiful than the tears of joy. The lady told me that they had owned Lucky since she was a tiny puppy, and her daughter became really ill when she learned Lucky was missing. In fact, she cried so much that it had been necessary to give her a sedative to calm her down. Presently they all drove off without a backward glance, headed for the town hall to buy Lucky her missing license. I stood at the door watching them go away with the hollow feeling that no matter how fortunate the outcome, I would miss my gentle visitor. As I turned back into the hall it seemed emptier than it had ever been before, and I realized that there would be no quiet companion to sit beside me in the evenings, no more twilight walks, no long nose rest-

ing on my knee, and no shadow to follow my every move. It was then that I knew I had done it again and given my heart to a dog.

The explanation of how Lucky was lost proved to be a strange combination of circumstances. Her family were in the process of moving to my town from out of state, and before settling in their new home, they went to a camp in Maine, leaving Lucky in the care of some friends whose son took her fishing with him at the reservoir across the street from my gate. Here she must have become confused and failed to follow the boy's bicycle, but instead wandered about not knowing where home actually was. At this point, Elizabeth stepped into the picture.

Later in the summer I made an abortive attempt to keep in touch with Lucky, suspecting that her family might go back to Maine over the Labor Day holiday and leave her stranded again, but when I offered to keep her for a few days I got a chilly reception to my hospitality, together with the impression that her family believed that I was quite fond enough of her already. I have never heard from them again.

UNWILLING TO WAKE

by PETER DAVISON

While the dove grieved,
Buried in morning
I guarded myself from day,
Blanketed, yawning.

What nightmares unmanned me
While I lay sleeping!
Hundreds of sins have pressed
Out of my keeping.

In the sharp light, lying
Stagnant, aching,
I count the cost of my
Terrible waking

While the dove's litany,
Coaxing, warning,
Brings me to book on this
Condemned morning.

SPOOFING AND SCHTIK

"I trust ya', Honey — but cut the cards"

Advertising experts look to the future and find — a new breed of sophisticates that will not be so easy to convince.

They're coming. The new generation of young adults. Wise, hip, skeptical — unlike any audience businesses and advertisers have ever known before. A new breed of sophisticates who have been deluged by advertising since they were 3. Bred to new wisdom at television's knee. Able to "tune out" automatically at the first sign of advertising puffery. Promising advertisers no problem so great as that of sophisticated disbelief.

Purveyors of the advertising scene see this coming. The simplest social analysis of the highly educated, worldly American society now emerging indicates it.

This is an almost-full-page ad in the New York Times, May 11 and June 16.

And what is the ad for? *Good Housekeeping* and its Consumers' Guaranty Seal. The ad closes with "Seeing it in Good Housekeeping is believing."

The basic flattery of the customer is familiar, but the *kind* of flattery is new. Advertising, TV commercials, movies are trying to outwit disbelief by including it in the sell.

Are those who no longer "believe" the advertising they hear and see really "a new breed of sophisticates," part of "the highly educated, worldly American society now emerging"? If disbelief were the result of knowledge, every New York cabdriver would be an educated man. What this generation was bred to at television's knee was not wisdom but cynicism: it is an indication of how self-important

PAULINE Kael

Author, lecturer, and an authority on films, Pauline Kael has been manager of an art cinema and has worked on experimental films. Her collection of criticism, I LOST IT AT THE MOVIES, was published last spring by Atlantic-Little, Brown. Here she tackles the gimmicks used in the communications media to attract the new generation.

and self-congratulatory advertising men have become that they equate the cynical indifference of those wised up to *their* methods with wisdom.

Our society is disastrously utilitarian. We can no longer distinguish the ad from the entertainment, the front cover of the national magazine, in which an actor poses to plug his film, from the back cover, in which an actor sells cigarettes and indirectly also plugs a film. Television shows with groups of celebrities are a series of plugs (for books, records, nightclub appearances, movies) interrupted by commercials. Movies are constructed with product tie-ins worked into their structure: mattresses, stoves, toothpaste, airlines, whiskey, all with their brand names shining. The companies so advertised in turn feature the movie in *their* ads. Even without product tie-ins, modern-dress movies look just like ads and sell the advertising way of life. This is one of the reasons why our movies seem so slickly unreal: they look like the TV commercials that nobody "believes."

The acceleration in the standardization of mass culture since the end of World War II means that we are all hit by the same commodities, personal-

ities, ideas, forces, fashions at the same time, and hit increasingly hard. If you drive across the country you'll find the same movies playing in every town and city, *Fanny Hill* and *Candy* on sale in every drugstore, pop and op in the bank and shop. At roadside restaurants you'll hear the same semi-parodistic songs coming out of jukeboxes; at a motel in the middle of nowhere you'll see the same TV shows, the same commercials you saw at home. The motel itself may be an exact reproduction of other motels, and you'll drive past supermarkets and housing developments that you could swear you'd already passed. The people in the small towns smell, look, read, react like the people in the big cities; there are no sticks anymore.

Only "schtik" — the fraudulent uniqueness that sells when real individuality or difference is risky. Schtik is the special bit, the magic gimmick that makes the old look new, the stale seem fresh; it is what will "grab" the public. It is the desperate hope of an easy solution when the sellers cannot predict what the public, satiated increasingly fast, will buy.

What stories will seem believable, what themes will involve modern audiences, what will interest people? The problem that the "purveyors of the advertising scene" analyze is also being double-faced by the slick magazines and by Hollywood. Like the *Mademoiselle* editor explaining why a piece of Jean Harlow fiction was being printed, "We thought it would be sort of campy and fun," they clutch at any little schtik.

They're afraid they can't do the same old stuff anymore — not straight, anyway — so they do it "tongue-in-cheek." They pretend they're superior to it. There is a story told about Tennessee Williams at the opening of *The Rose Tattoo*. When a stagehand said in consternation, "Why, Mr. Williams, they're laughing," Williams is supposed to have replied, "If they laugh, it's a comedy." People all over the country were bored with or laughing at advertising, commercials, magazines, movies, so the purveyors found a face-saving device. Now advertising kids advertising, TV commercials kid TV commercials, movies kid movies. They go "way-out," become "send-ups"; they nudge us that what they're doing is just a "put-on." It's as embarrassed and halfhearted a strategy as that of the fat man who makes himself a buffoon so you can't make more fun of him than he has already.

Spoofing has become the safety net for those who are unsure of their footing. Unlike satire, spoofing has no serious objectives: it doesn't attack anything that anyone could take seriously; it has no cleansing power. It's just a technique of ingratiation: the spoof apologizes for its existence, assures us that it is harmless, that it isn't aiming for beauty or

expressiveness or meaning or even relevance. To many in the advertising business and to those young artists who often seem to be in the same business, it is a way of life — or, rather, a time killer on the way to the grave.

Still, the purveyors are full of anxieties. In screening rooms, the publicity men and critics can be heard asking nervously, "Will audiences outside the big cities get the joke?" Is it perhaps that they're uncertain whether *they* get it either? What is the point? Who is being put-on? Way-out where? Send-up what?

We're sending ourselves up. We are reaching the point at which the purveyors don't care about anything but how to sell and the buyers buy because they don't give a damn. When there is no respect on either side, commerce is a dirty word.

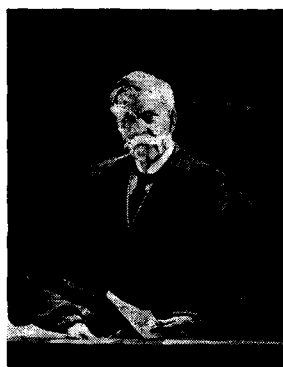
But not all the new generation is buying. Many of them don't just "tune out" automatically at the first sign of advertising puffery" because they know there's no place to tune in again. They're surrounded by selling, and they tune out, period. They want some meaning, some honesty, some deeper experience, and they try to find them in romantic ideas of rejection and revolution based on their moral revulsion from the situation in the South, in folk music, in underground movies, in narcotics.

Even the worst underground movies — the most chaotic, confused, and boring, the most amateurish — may still look more "real," more "sincere" than industrial products like *The Sandpiper* or *Harlow*, which you can't believe, or gigantic spoofs like *The Great Race*, which you're not supposed to believe. But though the desire, the need, the clamor, among college students particularly, for underground movies grows out of important kinds of rejection, the underground movement is infected by what the students are trying to escape.

The underground cinema is largely a fabrication of publicity: the students are "put-on" by *Film Culture* and the *Village Voice*, and then they're fobbed off with parodies of Maria Montez movies, Andy Warhol spoofs of experimentation, and underground variants of exploitation films. And if these films often spoof old movies, new big movies are already an imitation of the underground. *What's New, Pussycat?* has the kind of jokes associated with underground movies; *The Knack* is already a fashionable, professionally "youthful" treatment of underground attitudes.

A movie that looks amateurish is not necessarily an answer to commercialism — it may be an innocent or a very shrewd form of commercialism; and commercial movies can all too easily imitate the amateurish look. Thus far, underground movies are too easy an answer: they're an illusory solution to a real problem — a commercialized society that nobody believes in.

Francis Biddle



THE FRIENDSHIP OF HOLMES AND BRANDEIS

A member of a famous Philadelphia clan and a graduate of the Harvard Law School, Francis Biddle served as a law clerk to Mr. Justice Holmes between 1911 and 1912, long before he moved into national prominence as the Attorney General of the United States (1941–1945). As a young man and in his maturity, he was well placed to observe the friendship between those two great judges Brandeis and Holmes.

WHEN BRANDEIS came to the Supreme Court in 1916, he was fifteen years younger than Justice Holmes, and they were on the bench together until the older man retired in 1932, after thirty years in Washington, at the age of ninety-one. Holmes had served on the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts for twenty years, so that for fifty years of his mature life he had heard arguments and decided cases. Brandeis told me that Holmes stayed on the Court too long; toward the end he wasn't up to the work, and the Chief Justice had to spare him all he could. Brandeis retired at eighty-three, and had been on the Court for twenty-three years. Before that he had engaged in an active, varied, and very large and lucrative practice, constantly in court and appearing before state and national public-service commissions, representing corporate, community, and labor interests. He had been special counsel for the people in proceedings involving the constitutionality of the Oregon and Illinois women's ten-hour laws, the Ohio nine-hour law, the California eight-hour law, and the Oregon minimum-wage law; and he had been active for interests opposing the monopoly of transportation in New England by the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. The titles of his two books, *Other People's Money* and *The Curse of Bigness*, bespeak his point of view.

The two men were close friends, usually allied in
Justice Holmes by E. F. Comins, Justice Brandeis by Charles Fox.

their dissents, talking the same language in the deepest sense, growing nearer to one another each year. Yet in background and outlook, and largely in approach to their judgments, they were strikingly different.

Before he became a judge, Holmes practiced in Boston for a dozen years with modest success. He taught at the Harvard Law School briefly, edited the twelfth edition of Kent's commentaries expanded into four volumes, and finally published *The Common Law*, his famous book, which was republished in 1962 as a companion to Professor Mark Howe's second volume of his comprehensive biography of the Justice. *The Common Law* is a tough book, tough for the lawyer as well as the layman, but very quotable. His approach — historical, eclectic, practical, and prophetic of his decisions on the two courts — is stated in the first few sentences. "To accomplish the task [of presenting a general view of the common law]," he wrote, "other tools are needed besides logic. . . . The life of the law has not been logic: it has been experience. The felt necessities of the time, the prevalent moral and political theories . . . even the prejudices which judges share with their fellow men, have had a good deal more to do than the syllogism in determining the rules by which men should be governed. The law embodies the story of a nation's development through many centuries. . . .

In order to know what it is, we must know what it has been, and what it tends to become. . . . The substance of the law at any given time pretty nearly corresponds, so far as it goes, with what is then understood to be convenient. . . . The law is always approaching, and never reaching, consistency.”

A few months after the book was published, Holmes was appointed to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

Brandeis, the son of a Jewish merchant, was born in Louisville, Kentucky, four years before the Civil War began. Holmes was New England Boston to the core, fought through the Civil War, and was wounded at Ball’s Bluff, at Antietam, and at the second battle near Fredericksburg. Both men graduated from the Harvard Law School, and knew each other in Boston, where Brandeis practiced, though not intimately until Brandeis joined the Court in 1916. Their friendship began immediately, and grew stronger over the years until Holmes died in 1935.

I KNEW Justice Holmes first as his secretary (as the position was then called) in 1911–1912 for a year in Washington, and then intermittently over the following years. Whenever something took me to Washington, I went to see him. On one of those occasions, the celebration of his eightieth birthday, Mrs. Holmes had asked his former secretaries (there were thirty-one in all, of which I was the sixth) to a surprise dinner at 1720 Eye Street. She got him toggled up in tails and all; and the secretaries came through the kitchen, so that when he walked downstairs into the dining room and the folding doors opened, there they were. “Ghosts!” he muttered, and then, more audibly, “Well, I’ll be damned!” Three years later when I was again in Washington at the same time of year, I sent him a bunch of roses, saying on my card that it was not hard for me to remember his birthday, as my son, Edmund Randolph, was eighty years younger. To Randolph the Justice wrote:

My dear Boy: Your charming nosegay speaks to me of the future. Some day you may like to remember an old man who spoke to you of the past. My grandmother died when I was fighting in the battle before Richmond in 1862. I remember her well and she remembered moving out of Boston when the British troops came in at the beginning of the Revolution. Later in London I talked with a man who had been a school mate of Lord Byron and a friend of Charles Lamb. This will mean nothing to you now, but if you remember it someday it will carry you back a good way. Meantime I thank you and hope that we may meet.

The letter shows, charmingly, his sense of history that was so much a part of him, that came largely

from his Civil War years, and that made him feel vividly and continuously that he was a part of his country, of the country he loved the way Virginians loved their state. When he died, he left his modest fortune to the United States.

Justice Brandeis I saw only a few times. Once or twice he asked me to one of his Sunday evenings, where he and Mrs. Brandeis dispensed a frugal fare, unrelieved by alcoholic refreshment, in the California Apartments in Washington — the plainest of all apartments, bare and blank, a little shabby, unadorned by any pictures except a few fading photographs. The Justice would pick out one or two of the guests for talk about their particular work, in his little study off the main living room. He would ask searching questions. When I was chairman of the National Labor Relations Board in 1934–1935, for instance, he wanted to know whether we were developing a body of labor law, and what principles we were building up, such as majority rule for labor unions. His talk was never personal, never gay, not light. He was a dedicated reformer devoted to the improvement of the American industrial structure; patient in waiting for the reforms which he knew would come slowly, with humor rarely touching his outlook.

When he had been on the Court for only two years, Holmes wrote Laski that he had put a quotation from Byron in an opinion “to pain the boys — and the first that reported, Brandeis, shook his head,” so he took it out. I should like to have seen the quotation, but we have no other reference to it. Brandeis, not altogether human in his contacts, was not easily amused but was always courteous to his associates on the bench, even when, as Holmes once put it, they descended to the vernacular.

Brandeis was without any of the flexibility of good talk — I shouldn’t be surprised if he distrusted general conversation without a fixed direction: it got you nowhere. There was nothing of the zealot about him. He was sure of himself, but never overbearing or vain. He was concrete, pragmatic, realistic. He had a mission, but was no mystic. He was surely something of a prophet. He was not a visionary, but held a vision of his country — a country of independent, self-reliant farmers and mechanics, largely as Thomas Jefferson thought of it. As he grew older he came to have the look and the lines of Lincoln, the look of infinite patience, the lines deepened by thought, by pondering.

Catherine Drinker Bowen when she was collecting material for her book about Holmes, *Yankee from Olympus*, asked Justice Brandeis whether he had ever heard Holmes express a philosophic conviction. Brandeis thought for a moment. “Holmes had a conviction,” he answered, “that a

man should be free in a large way. He was a great liberator. He was a great emancipator.” Holmes’s views would have been considered liberal a couple of generations before he expounded them — his belief in Darwin and Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill, in the survival of the fittest and unregulated competition in the marketplace, with which went the free competition of ideas. He cared a lot about free speech; but remembering his war experiences, which were still so much a part of him, he held that in time of war speech aimed at impeding the war effort could rightly be curbed. Speaking for the Court in the *Schenck* case, which arose out of the First World War, he introduced the famous “clear and present danger” test: speech was protected by the Constitution unless the words were of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that they would bring about the evils that Congress had a right to prevent. Schenck had been properly convicted, since war did involve that danger. “When a nation is at war,” he wrote, “many things that might be said in time of peace are such a hindrance to its effort that their utterance will not be endured so long as men fight and no court could regard them as protected by any Constitutional right.”

But where war was not involved, as in the *Gillow* case, in which the defendant was convicted for violating a state Criminal Anarchy Act, directed against revolutionary talk advocating the violent destruction of the bourgeoisie, both Holmes and Brandeis dissented from the majority of the judges who had upheld a conviction. Every idea was an incitement, Holmes said. “Eloquence may set fire to reason. But whatever may be thought of the redundant discourse before us it had no chance of starting a present conflagration. If in the long run the beliefs expressed in proletarian dictatorship are destined to be accepted by the dominant forces of the community, the only meaning of free speech is that they should be given their chance and have their way.”

Brandeis was patient and good-natured, but he was not a compromiser. In a letter to Robert W. Bruere written in 1922 he laid down his creed: Never accept evil in business as inevitable; refuse to tolerate any immoral practice (for example, espionage); do not pin too much faith on legislation, for remedial institutions are likely to fall under the control of the enemy and to become instruments of oppression. He believed in the ancient divergence between right and wrong but was not interested in discussing it theoretically. But Holmes was. Morals, basically conceived, he often said, were but the expression of individual taste. He accepted the ordinary decencies — courage, thrift, moderation, honesty, freedom of thought — because they were part of him. But they were not

eternal verities. He therefore disliked natural law, which implied ultimate principles in a world which was never ultimate and had misled so many judges into falling back on easy moralistic generalities. He commented to Pollock on a book of Morris Cohen’s that the author did not lightly yield to popular superstitions — “though he made me shudder and wonder by saying that he believes in Natural Rights — I trust that it was but a *façon de parler*.”

With a life dedicated to reform it was inevitable that Brandeis’ views should have found their way into his opinions. They had little style, but they were direct and ungarnished, true expressions of his temperament, and sometimes a little didactic. In sharp contrast to those of Holmes, Brandeis’ opinions sometimes read like briefs, with headings and footnotes. Early in their work together Holmes told Brandeis that he was letting partisanship disturb his attitude. He was frank with him because he valued him and thought he brought admirable qualifications to his work.

And Holmes thought Brandeis’ opinions were unnecessarily long-winded. In one case Brandeis wrote “a long essay” on the development of the employer’s liability, and Holmes told him that it was out of place and irrelevant to the only question — whether Congress had dealt with the matter so far as to exclude state action. Six years later Holmes remarked a bit sarcastically to Pollock that Brandeis had written a good dissent, “showing a profound study of the art of bread-making, to uphold the constitutionality of a state law fixing the weight of loaves, against all but me.”

Holmes sent around one opinion in which Brandeis took “three pages to say what should have been said in a sentence,” but which Brandeis thought “ought to be put in solemn form because of its importance.” With the same kind of funny twist, Holmes reports to Laski that he had done his opinion for the week; the case scared him, but came out “easy and short,” and Brandeis, “who was the other way,” said he’d agree “if I cut off its tail — so it is shorter still.” Four years later Holmes was still complaining that Brandeis put in “a lot of facts which no one but he could accumulate and which overawe me, even if I doubt the form.”

ALL his life Brandeis wanted to inform and to convince. Believing in the power of reason to persuade — and he was extraordinarily convincing himself — he thought that man could be taught to control his fate. He knew that “responsibility is the great developer of men,” and therefore insisted in rate cases that the courts must consider the effect of their decisions on the officials who administered

the rates — they must not be emasculated by ultimate responsibility being transferred to the courts. Holmes, on the other hand, doubted the ability of man, an irrational creature, to improve his lot, but thought he had the right to try. Professor Paul Freund of Harvard, who was Justice Brandeis' law clerk in 1934–1935, remembers an example of his zeal to educate. He said about one of his opinions, which had gone through several revisions, that it was now convincing, "but what can we do to make it more instructive?"

Freund recalls another incident which throws light on the sharply contrasted temperaments of the two judges. When Brandeis, toward the end of his service on the Court, was approaching his eightieth birthday, his former secretaries planned a visit in his honor, doubtless having heard of the ebullient spree his brother judge had so much enjoyed on a similar occasion fifteen years before. Word came back to them that, far more than their visit, Justice Brandeis would welcome a message from each of the group telling of the public service in which he had engaged. Freund adds that when he found that more than half of his law clerks were engaged in teaching, he said with satisfaction, "Now I have a majority."

Holmes disliked those whom he called "children of the upward and onward," do-gooders and reformers who were constantly aiming to make the world better. What in the Civil War he had come to loathe in the Abolitionists showed, he believed, in a more extreme form in the Communists and in some Catholics, and in drys apropos of the Eighteenth Amendment — he detested a man "who knows that he knows." This did not prevent him from becoming fond of some of the do-gooders — Felix Frankfurter, Walter Lippmann, Harold Laski, for instance. Perhaps one reason he found the reformers boring was they were always quoting facts at him. Facts were good only as pegs for generalizations, or to establish a philosophy. He wished he had a stable in which to store facts for use at need. Brandeis, with his insatiable appetite for facts, was always trying to make him study factory reports. "Talking with Brandeis yesterday," Holmes wrote Laski, "he drove a harpoon into my midriff by saying that it would be for the good of my soul to devote my next leisure to the study of some domain of fact — suggesting the textile industry, which, after reading many reports etc., I could make living to myself by a visit to Lawrence. . . . I hate facts." Holmes supposed it would be good for him to get into actualities touching spindles, immigration, God knows what, but he would rather meditate on the initial push and the following spin — and he quotes Theocritus, but in Greek: "Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love."

He did manage to get through a hundred pages of the Interchurch Report on the Steel Strike, as a sacrifice to Brandeis, which did not "charm" him — it had "a clerical smack, like clergymen trying to appear men of the world." Even young Harold Laski, to whom he exposed these slight irritations, kept urging him to read "Webb on this and that — and Clothing Workers of Chicago. My boy I mean to enjoy myself if I can — to get an unexpurgated Pepys . . . but if you think I am going to bother myself again before I die about social improvement or read any of those stinking upward and onwarkers — you err." It was very unlikely that even Brandeis would make him learned on the textile workers of New England. Brandeis was a great help, but "the way in which that cuss is loaded with facts on all manner of subjects leaves me gawping." And the facts came out on their walks together, even when the tops of the elms began to thicken with swelling buds and the spring was drawing near.

But Brandeis could be considerate, Holmes wrote. They sat on a June day in 1925 in Farragut Square and had a pleasant farewell talk, Court having adjourned, "while a cat bird played the mocking bird overhead. In consideration of my age and moral infirmities he absolved me from facts for the vacation, and allowed me my customary sport with ideas." Yet Holmes knew, as he had said in an address at the Boston University law school many years before, that the man of the future was the man of statistics and the master of economics.

I think they were lonely men, Brandeis perhaps always, for he did not indulge in the casual pleasure of friends and the ordinary distractions of dining out, of theater, of the lighter, gayer, jesting sides of life (which Holmes loved); and Holmes was desolate after Mrs. Holmes died in 1929, when he was eighty-eight, at the end of a companionship of sixty years that "made life poetry."

THE two Justices missed each other in the long summer vacation. After they had been together on the Court for less than two years, Holmes remarked that Brandeis always left him feeling happier about the world. In September of 1921, Brandeis told Laski that he was eager to be at work with Holmes again — their companionship had been the "crown of his life"; and a few years later, when the Court was sitting, Laski reported to Holmes that Brandeis had written that he "does not know what he would do without you there." And Holmes reciprocated, writing Laski from Beverly Farms: "Brandeis is a great comfort in the winter, but he is not here."

Once they drove over to Georgetown and home by a circumbendibus around the cathedral to see the white and pink dogwood and wisteria that

lined the road — fleeting sights, but superlative while they lasted. Brandeis, Holmes found, was a great solace; he was wonderfully pleasant and had the loveliness characteristic of the better class of Jews, though many disliked him. And old Holmes, suspicious of his own mild outburst of emotion, added in his letter to Laski: He “always gives me a glow, even though I am not sure he wouldn’t burn me at a slow fire if it were in the interest of some very possibly disinterested aim.” Holmes knew Brandeis’ will, which was iron, and the singleness of his converting spirit.

In 1931, when they had worked together for fifteen years on the Court, from which Holmes was to resign the next year, he wrote Laski that tomorrow would be Brandeis’ seventy-fifth birthday and the papers would be full of him. “I have owed him much in the way of encouragement,” he added. Then: “He doesn’t seem even to want it.” Holmes looked for encouragement, from those who counted.

Holmes, although he disliked the traditional *Holmes Dissenting* — “they were giving their views on law, not fighting with another cock” — thought dissent was a “fine sport, as one is freer and more personal than when one is speaking for others as well as for oneself.” The brethren were a sure cure for a swelled head.

Since they were so often together in dissent, not infrequently against all the other Justices, it has been suggested that Brandeis influenced Holmes’s thinking. He probably did, but I doubt whether the influence effected any fundamental changes; rather, they touched matters of approach, of emphasis, of scope. Chief Justice Taft, however, believed that Brandeis had the older man in his pocket. In 1928 he wrote about Holmes to Henry L. Stimson: “I am very fond of the old gentleman, but he is so completely under the control of Brother Brandeis that it gives to Brandeis two votes instead of one.” And Taft considered Brandeis a leader of the new school of constitutional construction, which tended to encourage “socialist raids upon property rights.”

Holmes knew that he was being criticized, sometimes violently, for joining Brandeis in so many dissents. He received an anonymous letter, in the form of an ejaculation, that spoke of “a jurist of supreme position and attainments and of illustrious family . . . under the hypnotic control of a shrewder fellow-jurist whose every underlying line of action is to the end of world-control by his race of atheism, free-love and anarchy.” Holmes wrote to Laski, a short time before the Taft letter, that he was glad to have Brandeis dissent in a particular case as it showed that there was no pre-established harmony between them. But three months later, forgetting his concern, the old Justice was pleased to announce that there seemed to be a pre-estab-

lished harmony. But after all, he was then eighty-eight.

They had mild jokes together. Two weeks before Christmas in 1928 Brandeis looked in on Holmes and said he came to see how the leisure class lived.

The two men spent a good deal of their leisure together, and both enjoyed walking, like so many men of their generation, sometimes through the Botanical Garden at the foot of the Capitol, or the Smithsonian grounds. Brandeis would wax eloquent on the evils of the organization of society, though he would never go as far as Laski and didn’t agree that the present social order was morally and economically rotten. Holmes believed in *laissez-faire*, and that much of the modern reform was based on the fallacy of thinking in terms of ownership instead of in terms of consumption. But when he repeated these oversimplified economic theories, which were based on *aperçus* rather than on reading, Brandeis told him that his views were superficial and didn’t deal with the real evil, which was a question of power. He added that Holmes hadn’t seen and knew nothing about the evils that one who had been much in affairs had seen and known. “He bullies me a little on that from time to time,” Holmes added in his letter to Laski, a remark that underscores the intimacy of the two men.

Yet with all his limitations of experience in the rough-and-tumble life of the industrial world, Holmes realized the underlying inequalities between management and labor. As a young lawyer not long out of the law school, he ventured to express this view, contrary to the comfortably accepted myth prevalent at the time, that the interests of both sides were identical. “The tacit assumption,” he wrote in 1873 in the *American Law Review*, “of the solidarity of the interests of society is very common, but seems to us false. . . . In the last resort a man rightly prefers his own interest to that of his neighbors.”

In some ways the thinking of the two men was turned to the past, and they were both conservative. Holmes was a nineteenth-century liberal, not a liberal in the modern sense. Politically, he was the more conservative of the two. He would have voted for Coolidge in 1924, he said, if he had had a vote. He didn’t expect anything astonishing from him, but he did not want anything very astonishing. He was “far from sympathising with Croly’s [Herbert Croly, the editor of the *New Republic*] ratiocinatory warnings to do something — God knows what — pretty quick or look out.” The Justice’s political preference seems curious when we remember that John W. Davis was Coolidge’s Democratic opponent — Davis, who as solicitor general had argued so many cases before the Court, and who too was a conservative. Holmes thought him able and full

of charm, and that he made "beautiful arguments — but I don't feel sure that I haven't had glimpses of a weaker side." Holmes, a New England Republican, may have distrusted charm, particularly in a Democrat. But Brandeis went further back; he was a Jeffersonian Democrat who dreaded and hated corporate bigness, advocated legislative curbs to cut it down, and would have liked to dismember and destroy it had that been possible. There Holmes was much more a man of his day, admiring power and achievement, taking for granted as inevitable and even desirable the growth and pervasiveness of corporate power.

He detested the Sherman Antitrust Act, the effect of which, he notes, Brandeis had come to doubt. Holmes giped at the act whenever he got a chance. In the "Hardwood" case a group of hardwood manufacturers had been established to exchange information about sales, production, and prices. The Court held this was an illegal conspiracy to restrain trade. Holmes's dissent gently derided their conclusion. "I should have supposed," he wrote, "that the Sherman Act did not set itself up against knowledge." On occasion he could use stronger language. In my brief life of Justice Holmes I commented on some of his economic theories. John W. Davis when he read it wrote me that after argument in an antitrust case, he walked away from the Court with the Justice. "Mr. Solicitor," asked Holmes, "how many more of these economic policy cases have you got?" "Quite a basketful," Davis answered airily. "Well," said the Justice, "bring 'em on and we'll decide 'em. Of course I know, and every other sensible man knows, that the Sherman law is damned nonsense, but if my country wants to go to hell, I am here to

help it." Holmes liked to repeat that the Sherman law was based on the doctrine that everyone must compete, but no one must win the competition.

Brandeis, on the contrary, mourned the pervasively industrial America that had grown up after the Civil War. "Half a century ago," he wrote, "nearly every American boy could look forward to becoming independent as a farmer or mechanic, in business or professional life. . . . Today most American boys have reason to believe that throughout life they will work in some capacity as employees of others." The dominant American ideal, Richard Hofstadter has noted, has been fixed on bygone institutions. Brandeis shared that ideal, and his words might as well have been spoken by Bryan, LaFollette, or Woodrow Wilson.

Brandeis was a statesman, Holmes a philosopher. The one was interested in the particular and the immediate; the other, with a more restrained and uninvolved approach, wanted to follow the long-felt desires of the community, without interference with them wherever possible. Both realized, as Tocqueville long ago suggested, that important political questions in the United States are sooner or later resolved into judicial questions. Both were devoted to the great Court on which they served. Holmes was patrician, erect, responsive to what was gay or mischievous. Brandeis was reserved, dedicated, ascetic. Holmes will endure for his incomparable style, not only in his writing but in his person, his bearing, his standards. Brandeis will be remembered for his consecration to his country, and his belief in what he deeply felt was the American way of democratic living. This belief still largely permeates our standards, even if now only a myth.

DECEMBER NIGHT

BY W. S. MERWIN

The cold slope is standing in darkness
But the south of the trees is dry to the touch

The heavy limbs climb into the moonlight bearing feathers
I came to watch these
White plants older at night
The oldest
Come first to the ruins

And I hear magpies kept awake by the moon
The water flows through its
Own fingers without end

Tonight once more
I find a single prayer and it is not for men



SAHARA HOLIDAY

THE ATLANTIC EXTRA by Agnes Newton Keith

A Californian who has followed her forester husband to the far corners of the earth, Agnes Newton Keith went as a bride to North Borneo, where she wrote the Atlantic Prize book LAND BELOW THE WIND. There in Sandakan she and her infant son, George, and her husband, Harry, were captured by the Japanese, and after three and a half years of prison camp she wrote her next great book, THREE CAME HOME. For the past decade the Keiths have been working for the United Nations in Libya, and what follows is an excerpt from Mrs. Keith's new book, CHILDREN OF ALLAH, to be published by Atlantic-Little, Brown in February.

WE HAD discussed the Sahara trip often enough, but something always got in the way. This time it was the approach of Ramadan, the great Muslim fast.

"But we *must* go!" says Badreddin earnestly, "we must! Only," he adds, nodding his head emphatically, "we must be back home again before Ramadan commences!" He looks exactly now as I imagine a desert sheikh might, his strong Semitic features glowing with enthusiasm in his dark, handsome face. Yet he is an extremely gentle and civilized young man, one of the best educated Libyans, and a member of the Tripolitania Forest Department.

Hammet, Harry's right-hand man, agrees about getting back before Ramadan. He also nods his head energetically, saying in a shocked tone, "We couldn't travel all day in the desert without food or water!" He looks horrified at the mere thought, and hastily lights himself another cigarette from his gold lighter, thinking no doubt of the month-long daylight abstention from cigarettes.

"Could we travel on the desert at night, then?" I ask. "You can eat after dark."

"Certainly not!" says Harry shortly. "It's too cold, you couldn't see the country, and everybody gets bad-tempered in Ramadan anyway. And the

oasis people will all be having their own feasts, and they won't welcome non-Muslim outsiders.

Ramadan is a shifting feast, or possible famine, which lasts for one lunar month of twenty-nine days and thirteen hours. Its observance by strict daytime fasting includes abstinence from food, drink (including water), and smoking from sunup to sundown, and it is one of the five pillars of Islam. To keep this ritual of abstinence is the rule for all good Muslims throughout the Arab world, although they keep it with varying degrees of strictness. It is always a period of strain, for daytime work is performed on empty stomachs, while the pursuit of pleasure goes on all night with eating and tea drinking, card playing, and exchange of family visits until the sun rises. Just before dawn the last meal is served, and neither food nor drink may be taken again until the sun goes down.

Libya is one of the strictest of all Islamic countries. This kingdom is orthodox Islam by government edict, by respected precept, and by personal example of its aesthetic monarch, King Idris, who is also its religious leader. Young Arabs from other Islamic countries who come here to work soon find they are keeping Ramadan more strictly than ever before in their lives. Libyan public opinion may not be openly defied — although, as I have some-

times heard Libyans say laughingly, one Muslim alone may be quite liberal, but two together are always orthodox!

"So now we shall plan our trip for March," says Badreddin triumphantly. "Agreed?"

"Good," says Harry. "We will take the plant presses and collect specimens of flora all the way."

Hammet nods amiably, but without enthusiasm. He wouldn't be left behind for anything, but he would prefer a different goal than a Tuareg mud village on an old Sahara slave track on the southwest boundary of Libya! Now, if we were going to drive to Cairo —

"I've always wanted to go to the Sahara Desert!" I say to Badreddin, suddenly realizing that I have.

"Not Sahara Desert!" says Harry. "That's redundant. Sahara *is* desert in Arabic, eh Badreddin?"

Badreddin smilingly agrees. "And as four fifths of our country *is* Sahara," Badreddin adds, "it is time for Hammet and me to discover it!"

Hammet gives him a glance, half amused, half annoyed, and lights himself another cigarette, the bejeweled face of his gold wristwatch gleaming brightly as he smokes. He'll be with us when the time comes, he knows — and so do we.

"So now we make plans," says Badreddin. "What Land Rovers can we take?"

"Any that still run!" says Harry.

"I shall drive the best Land Rover for my father," says Hammet firmly.

"Is number fifty-seven still running?" asks Badreddin anxiously, beginning to fear shortage of transport.

Badreddin is a very large young man in every way, and one who inspires confidence. At twenty-five years he is sure of himself and filled with enjoyment of life. He often wears a quizzical, amused expression on his face when he listens to us discuss Libya, and he doesn't hesitate to tell us our mistakes. He is observant and learns quickly. He never questions his Islamic faith and is certain of the virtue of the things in which he believes, and unashamed to fight for his ideals of decency and right living. He is not naïve or easily fooled, but he is without cynicism. He is an outstanding character, and gives me great faith in the future of Libya.

Badreddin's father was one of the very limited hierarchy of old-time Libyan teachers, at a time in Libya when education was almost a crime. That Badreddin should achieve an excellent education regardless of obstacles was, I think, inevitable from his early upbringing. He was one of four Libyans who qualified a few years ago for a two-year FAO scholarship to study at Cyprus Forestry College, where he won top scholastic honors. When he returned to Libya he joined the provincial forest department.

Badreddin and Hammet are unlike each other in character, except for hot tempers, but fortunately they never get angry at the same things. Hammet's dominating personality, which reminds people that he descends from the Karamanli Pashas, is seldom in abeyance, but when he talks in a manner that Badreddin calls "big nose," Badreddin laughs at him and calls him "effendi-effendi," a sort of superlative of gentleman, and they both laugh. Their characters almost complement each other; perhaps for this reason they remain firm friends.

Both so sure of themselves, and both so different — yet both types are necessary here: one sophisticated and worldly who hurries to meet new ways; the other steeped in the Islamic past.

Hammet has now been working with Harry for a year, and although he has had no professional training, he is proving very helpful. He knows all the people of importance, and between his wife and himself he is related to most of them, a deciding factor in the Arab world. As the government failed to designate any local counterpart for Harry to work with, Harry is trying to transfer to Hammet some knowledge of administrative training, and enough interest in the forestry program to keep it alive when he leaves. Hammet now speaks English well enough to express himself.

When I talk with Hammet and Badreddin and Suleiman and Salem and others like them, I find it almost impossible to believe that Libyan education was practically nonexistent until 1951, the year of Libyan independence. These young men have had one advantage above the majority of Libyans: they represent a very small privileged class, which means that they are of the limited few who have not had to support themselves from infancy.

Hammet, Badreddin, Harry, and I were the early nucleus of the desert trip, which soon included Gerry Van Hoorn, an attractive young Dutch expert in hides and skins, the most eligible bachelor in the FAO Mission — and the most efficient at remaining so. He was thoughtful, he was kind, he was just what women like; it was impossible not to love him, and impossible, it seemed, to get beyond that. Accompanying Gerry in his Land Rover will be Assad, his young Libyan assistant and an excellent driver.

MARCH comes; we are six now, with two Land Rovers "still running," as Harry says. It is inadvisable for one vehicle to travel alone in the desert. Three of us are Europeans and foreigners to Libya, and three are Libyan Muslims, but we are all equally strange to the Sahara, the Libyans being sightseers there as much as we. Only they speak the language.

I had read enough about past desert explorations to know that our insignificant little trip would represent nothing in the line of an accomplishment. With go-anywhere trucks, the desert is becoming a tourist item, although it still swallows some, and others turn back. The nomad on his camel is no longer surprised by blue jeans — he may even be using a pair for his underwear — and the little Arab urchin in the oasis may be dressed in a U.S. gift flour sack. The days when Rosita Forbes had to disguise her sex to travel to Kufra by camel are vanishing. Freya Stark, the intrepid Arabian chronicler, is no longer a woman alone in an Arab world. T. E. Lawrence would turn pale at the liberties taken with his overwhelmingly masculine kingdom. These simple facts one cannot alter.

The only thing that is important about this trip is that no one — not we, nor the Libyans, nor anyone else — can possibly know and understand Libya by sitting in a sidewalk café in Tripoli or Benghazi, or even in the gilded desert capital city of Sebha. The important thing about this trip is that we went.

Our traveling preparations were varied. I packed food for Harry, Gerry, and me, on the basis of a non-Muslim diet, which included smoked sausage, salami, pork and beans, coffee and whiskey, tinned corned beef and stew; I packed another diet for the Muslims with sardines, tuna, cheese, spaghetti, salmon, tinned cake, pudding, tea, and lots of sugar. We hoped to get oasis bread as we traveled.

Additions to the menu turned up on the day of departure, with Assad bringing a huge bag of greens and a bag of special bread, while Hammet and Badreddin had eggs, tomatoes, beans, onions, oranges, potatoes, green peas, and more sugar — not all of which items travel well in the bottom of a Land Rover!

For washing and cooking, I brought along a disreputable old galvanized bucket, two ancient cooking pots, one medium size and the other very large, in which to cook spaghetti, and a large metal colander to drain spaghetti. This colander immediately became Harry's relentless enemy because it had two obtruding handles and never fitted anyplace. Harry threw it away several times, only to have it retrieved by the following Rover and surreptitiously returned to me. Finally one handle came off, the body bent into an ellipse, and then it fitted nicely into the bucket and was acclaimed a success.

We all had bedding rolls and camp cots, and we also had with us numerous large containers full of water, which we hoped to be able to refill at wells as we went along. And perhaps the most vital to ensure our return, we carried a full load of spare parts for the Land Rovers.

As the distance you could travel in a vehicle in

the desert was largely determined by the amount of gasoline you could carry to bring you home again (these were the days before oil company gasoline dumps), we had an extra gas tank installed and were carrying two hundred liters. We knew we would be able to refill our tanks at Sebha, the Fezzan capital, and possibly again farther south, and we hoped to reach the southern Libyan border. We started out with Hammet driving one Land Rover, with Harry and me in the front seat and luggage jammed tightly in back, and Gerry driving his Land Rover with Badreddin and Assad.

For centuries in the past, Tripoli was the principal Mediterranean marketplace for black slaves, as a result of its location at the northern seaboard tip of slave-trade caravan routes which crossed Africa south to north and southeast to north from the countries of Nigeria and Sudan. We were planning to follow in reverse one of these old caravan routes, going from Tripoli east to el Buerat, where the sands of the Sirtic Desert meet the sea, and then south through the Sirtic Desert, passing through Hun and Sokna, old caravan stops, then through Sebha, and southwest to Ghat on the Libyan-Algerian border. This caravan route continues south through Air in French West Africa to Kano in Nigeria, but Ghat was as far as we expected to go, as the business of our expedition was primarily Libyan flora, not African caravan routes.

Ghat we knew by our reading was one of the oldest caravan stops in existence, built centuries ago, probably by the slaves of the Tuareg, who are themselves the original caravan people who transported chained African slaves in stumbling, starving thousands over the cruel sands and lived on the profits. The most romantic and bloodcurdling stories of the Sahara are those told about these white-blooded Aryan desert people, the Tuareg. Fantastic tales of glory and foolhardiness bathe them in a mist of romance, through which the tall veiled men parade with impressive majesty, so that today when you look at a Tuareg, the cloak of the past hangs almost as clearly on his shoulders as does the long draped indigo cotton garment which sweeps the desert floor.

WE LEFT Tripoli late in the afternoon, as we planned to travel one hundred forty miles east along the coast over a good Italian-built road to Misurata, where we would sleep in a little Italian hotel. We would get off to an early start the following morning for the first desert stretch. At Misurata we joined two other Land Rovers and their four occupants: Peter, an English FAO agronomist; Elham Talaat, an Egyptian FAO assistant agronomist; and Aminta and Carlo, driver-mechanics, both Italian.



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The following morning we left at eight, as everybody had different ideas about what was an early start, Harry's being six and Hammet's being nine. So far, we had traveled east along the Tunisian highway, which parallels the coast. Now we continued sixty miles farther in this direction to el Buerat on the edge of the Sirtic Desert. Here we stopped again at the little signboard arrow pointing across an open sandy plain with the simple words scratched on it, TO THE SAHARA. There is always something audacious in the sight of this little hand-made shingle standing boldly beside the best highway in the country and confidently directing traffic to take off across an open stretch of desert.

We follow the arrow, and now the road consists only of occasional stone cairns piled up to suggest the desirable direction, and this marked path becomes worse than the plain and develops into a corduroy track, progress along which is comparable with driving on the sleepers of a railroad track. Corduroy, if consistent, is best driven fast, and three Land Rovers diagnosed this piece as being fifty-mile corduroy and set off at this speed, their drivers shouting advice to us as they passed.

Stung to action, we tried fifty and found it better; instead of banging up and down, we vibrated violently. We were just congratulating ourselves in chattering syllables when we struck a three-foot-wide sand pit. There was a noise like passing the sound barrier, and perhaps we did! Anyway, the luggage shot up in the air, and the pots, pans, colander, blankets, pillows, and Hammet's suitcase shot forward on top of us, and we came to a halt.

But no necks are broken, and the wheels still turn, so we continue. Each time, just as we work up to a good speed and relax, we strike another sand pit. My neck seems to me to be snapping perilously, but I remind myself that I have read that the human body can stand as much as a mechanized vehicle can. Fortunately, I do not know at the moment that we have already cracked the Land Rover's steering arm!

Meanwhile, I see between sand pits that we are passing scattered bits of scenery, historic Roman monuments, crenellated Turkish ramparts, great seas of dusty gravel, occasional lakes of pale lilac matthiola, and long drifts of sand. There is a ghibli rising, and the air is full of dust. Although we call ghiblis sandstorms, they carry dust more than sand, according to Ralph Bagnold, who, in *Physics of Blown Sand and Desert Dunes*, says that sand seldom rises above six feet and is too heavy to stay long in suspension without great velocity.

Now, with the dry visible yellow wind on my face, with the desiccated sand plain stretching before me, with vegetation in chalky outlines, I am convinced at last of the reality of the Sahara. Three-foot-high rivers of windblown sand are flow-

ing about the car. After miles of swimming upstream through a wind-borne landscape, we come to Bu Ngem, where an abandoned Italian fort perches strategically on top of a sandy hill.

It seems a good idea to take refuge from the ghibli inside the fort while we eat lunch. We find the mud-walled fortification occupied by laborers, who tell us they are working on the road — probably digging those sand pits! Anyway, they are very courteous and sweep up one corner for us to use, for which we give them fifteen cents. Then Hammet starts to boil water for tea, and we get out the food.

Meanwhile, I am looking for a distant secluded corner. I find a place in full blast of the ghibli but out of sight of man, and have just unzipped my slacks when a small Arab boy hustles around the corner, dragging behind him a baby gazelle. He jumps into a sales talk on how much I need that baby gazelle, and please give him some money for it. But I wasn't in the mood at that moment for gazelles, or small boys!

I return to our corner of the fort, and we eat a fly-menaced lunch of sardines and bread, with a choice of coffee or tea. While I am now beginning to revel in the drama of the ghibli, in the opening-up before us of the Sahara and the escape from Tripoli life, I see that our Libyan friends are distressed by the fly-covered sardines, the sand-sprinkled bread, and the intense heat. As we are all still strange to each other as travel companions, conversation continues on a high and impersonal level.

We are under way again by three. We lose the ghibli as we approach the shadow of the tall cliffs of the Jebel Uaddan, but the road continues to be corduroy, and often we leave it to bowl along the gravel plain in false security, until at top speed we strike a dry wadi bed, which almost breaks our necks; then we return to the corduroy and vibrate on it until the plain seems preferable, and so on. I was to learn later that this strip of corduroy before reaching Hun was not the worst in the run, but no other stretch ever bothered me so much again. It was a day devoted entirely to shaking up the liver and loosening the womb, and when both were still with me by nightfall, I called the day a success.

ABOUT six thirty we see a dark strip on the horizon which turns into a fringe of dusty palm trees. We lose this glimpse of the oasis temporarily to twist through a series of outlying sand dunes until we find signs saying, STAY ON THE ROAD. THIS AREA IS HEAVILY MINED! But where *is* the road? Presumably we are on it, as we aren't being blown up. The Sirtic Desert was a battlefield in World War II, and Hun itself was intermittently used by both sides as a military airstrip. Even today a boy guarding his

sheep, a woman fetching water, a man looking for firewood may be blown up.

Suddenly we emerge from the dunes, almost in the shade of the dusty date palms, and find ourselves about to enter a bright, white, clean-looking little village, which is Hun. Already I can feel the dust less heavy on me, my throat less parched, and the struggles of the day retreating. We find the government rest house, unload our food and liquid gas stoves on the veranda, and take the bedding rolls inside. Four of us set up our camp cots in one room, and six in the other.

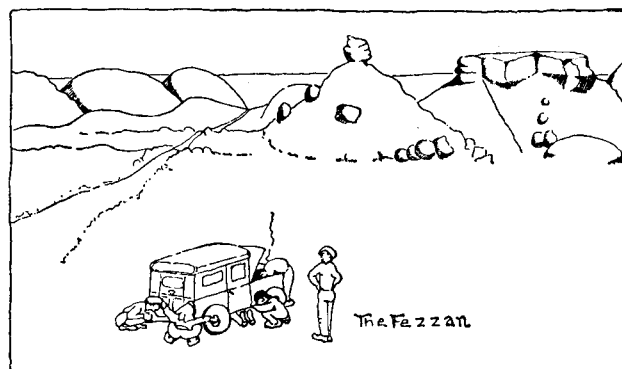
Now that we have stopped for the night, the drivers devote themselves to the vehicles, much as a good rider devotes himself to his horse, while the passengers breathe down their necks giving unwanted advice. We have had two blowouts, and Carlo is helping Hammet patch the tires, preliminary to putting inner tubes in. Aminta goes over every possible nut and bolt in his Land Rover, tightening it. I don't see how any vehicle can stand such shaking. It is eight o'clock, and the last daylight is fading before the men are able to leave the vehicles.

It would be gratifying to say that meanwhile I had cooked a fine spaghetti dinner for all of us, but the fact is that I could not get that damn fancy gas stove to burn, and no one paid attention to my shouts for help, so I gave up (rather easily, perhaps) and sat down and drank gin, which made me, at least, feel amiable. The rest were tired and cross and picked on each other, except for Gerry, who is never out of sorts, and Carlo, who is a cheerful, handsome Italian boy filled with tireless energy.

In the end, Carlo boldly took over the stove and operated on it with a reckless hand and apparent success, for suddenly blue flames shot verandahigh. In no time at all my caldron of water was bubbling and ready to cook the spaghetti, and Carlo and Aminta prepared a marvelous pasta meal in the best Italian tradition. Meanwhile, I located the lime juice for our Muslim travelers, and the whiskey for those who favor it, while Hammet built a fire of twigs to boil the tiny blue teakettle. Very shortly the morale of all was greatly improved.

THERE are only two facts about the Fezzan that people never try to dispute: it is the southern province of the United Kingdom of Libya, and it is desert. Except for these two things, the area may be correctly described in apparently contradictory terms, according to the temperament of the narrator. You can say that the nomad never settles because he has no home to settle in, or that he has no home because he doesn't wish to settle. You can suggest that if he had a house he would only use it to

shelter his livestock (which he does) because he knows no better life; or you can understand that four walls about him anyplace will stifle him; or you can refer to pastoral facts and find that he shifts habitations from the need to follow dwindling desert resources. In the desert the narrow path between sufficiency and starvation, between survival and extinction, is often indistinguishable except by the result. Here, reality is a mirage and truth is nebulous.



Next morning, our first stop is the government experiment date farm just outside Hun. This is run by the government under management of the FAO date expert, Jef Dowson, who spends much of his time here. He has done wonders with the date palm cultivation in this area, and is enthusiastic in plans for the future. Jef himself looks more like an Egyptian famine than any of the Arabs who are working with him; desert life is harder on Europeans than on those who are born to it, perhaps because they work harder. Jef speaks excellent Arabic. He loves date culture passionately — perfectly adjusted to the desert, I guess!

A few miles from Hun we come to Sokna, also famous in slave-trade history. Sokna exists where it does because of the wells in the oasis, which for centuries have brought caravans here to call. The village is completely enclosed by a high white limestone wall, finished on top in a distinctive crenellated design all around the wall. The same design had been repeated in the Ghadames walls, also on the slave route.

We stop at a well just outside the village to watch while water is drawn up by man and camel power exactly as it has been done for centuries. The camel, with the water container, which hangs inside the well, attached to him at the end of a long rope that passes over a pulley above the reservoir, stands close to the surface opening apparently supervising, while the container is submerged and filled by a series of expert man-made jerks. Then at a signal from the man, the camel, with a supercilious look, ambles away from the well, thus drawing the container to the top.

There is a magnificent *Acacia nilotica* growing beside the well, and in its shade I sit down to sketch. This is the first *Acacia nilotica* I have noticed since leaving the Sirtic Desert. Upon inquiry, we learn there are a number growing in Sokna, planted here by the local people for the acacia's economic value; the pods are used in tanning hides, and have for centuries been used for trade and barter. Gerry as a tanning expert is interested in this.

Peter has led in everything so far, setting speeds, calling halts, telling people to hurry, slowing them down, saying let's eat or let's not eat, contributing the last word on everything; after all, he is an Expert. The problem is that he is accompanied by Experts Talaat, Van Hoorn, and Keith, who have their own Expert ideas on matters. How fortunate that I know nothing.

After leaving Sokna, those who think they know desert travel best take the lead. This means that Peter and Aminta in their Rovers are in front, breasted by Hammet, who can't bear to be second, breasted by Gerry, who thinks there must be an emergency someplace! Neck and neck, the chariots race over a sand and gravel plain where the marked path is corduroy and the unmarked one is gutted by dry wadis, until Harry suggests to Hammet to drop back in second place.

"But my father," says Hammet, unwillingly slowing, "you are the leader! You should be first."

"Damn it all, I want to see the country!" says Harry. "Slow down."

Behind us is the beige, gold, and bisque of sand-dune country, with its friendly fringes of oasis palms backed dimly by the shape of Jebel Uaddan. Before us opens a very different landscape shadowed by long forbidding dark humps of mountains which change to purple and black as we approach and look as if molten lava had been poured over them, as indeed it probably has been in ages past. For this is the forerunner of Jebel Soda, the Black Mountain, a volcanic massif once entirely lava-covered, now weathering slowly down to plains.

The track on which we travel is striped in distinct and varying colors according to the different geological strata we are crossing. I could never have imagined anything like it! Here is the pale, shiny lime green of gypsum, here a yellow strip of sandstone, now the rusty red of iron, now the chalk white of lime, the black and purple of basalt, and sometimes a sand drift of salmon pink blown up from the Red Desert — fantastic and incredible.

As we go southward, the coal-black humps become angular and geometrical in shape, rising up sheer and straight from the plain, examples of hard strata which have survived erosion. Lesser brown humps lie among them like giant ant hills which have had buckets of coal tossed over them.

We have been warned to watch for *Maerua*

crassifolia in Wadi Tengesir, a dry wadi which descends from Jebel Soda and runs north into the flood plain approaching Sokna. *Maerua* is almost the only tree which still survives in the Jebel Soda region, probably because it does not burn well enough to be cut and carried away for firewood. All the other trees, such as *Acacia tortilis* and its variety *raddiana*, have been destroyed, from Hun to Sebha, for firewood, just during this century.

Badreddin, in the leading Rover, spots the first *Maerua*, a tree about twenty feet high with smooth white bark and dark-green foliage which grows in a dense, full crown and makes a beautiful display against the bare black mountains.

Now large lustrous black boulders lie all around us, weathered from the lava mass and still weathering into black rocks, black stones, black gravel, and ultimately, black sand. The track is marked by single boulders pried out of chocolate sandstone and standing upright like a parade of penguins, with one black side, one brown. Under their guidance we are being swallowed into a world of dark shapes.

We stop at Wishka, on the divide, which Hammet says is the last place we will find water until we reach Sebha. There is an artesian well here, and we water the motors, fill our bottles, and take long cool drinks. The water is clear and sweet, quite different from the brackish water in the oases below. We are high, about 2500 feet, the approximate level of Jebel Soda Plateau. Yesterday sand, sky, and air were all one medium; today blackness and brilliance alternate. Up here, filled with cool fresh air and sweet cold water, we are truly gripped by the holiday spirit, and Hammet and Badreddin are fooling about like teen-agers, a circumstance I could never imagine taking place in Tripoli!

ONE distorted wind-bent, sand-bitten tree stands alone on the steely sunstruck plateau before us. For as far as we can see in any direction, there is no other vertical object visible except this one desiccated tree, and it is the only sign of almost-green for several hours.

The midday sun is blinding, but the wind is cool and fresh up here where the weathering rock dust is too heavy to be lifted in the current. The basalt tableland, sheeted over with glittering gravel, gives off a blackish sheen except where the clear blue waters of mirages swell and ripple over it in soundless, shifting floods. We park the Land Rovers, and as we start toward the tree on foot, the shimmering pale-blue mirage lakes seem to break before us and pour away, then close in silently again behind. In all this phantasmic, unreal scene, the mirages alone seem real.

Arrived at the tree, Harry says in respectful tones, "This must be the tree the Tuareg talk about. The *Maerua crassifolia* is the only tree besides the *Acacia raddiana* that will grow on top of this plateau."

"How did it get here?" demands Badreddin. "By windblown seeds?"

"Who knows how this one came," says cautious Harry. "It's rare, but it's native."

"Perhaps the seed was spilled from a caravan in the old slave-trade days," I suggest hopefully.

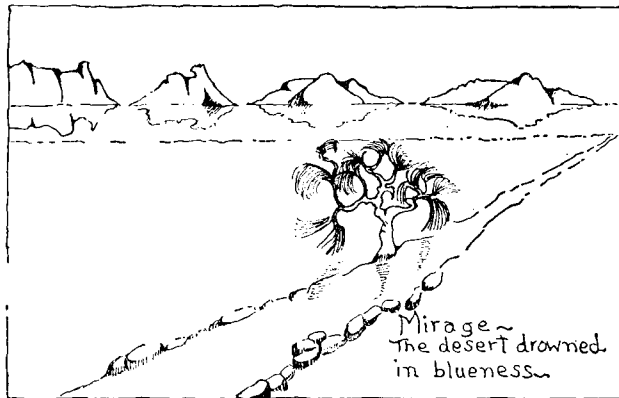
"Why should it be?" says Harry.

"Why shouldn't it be? They spilled plenty of human seed along the way!"

"How old is it?" asks Hammet.

"I can't say," says Harry, who never makes a guess.

Anyway, it is a tree, although compared to the *Maeruae* we found in Wadi Tengsir, with their rich bottle-green crowns, it is a sapless, fleshless, bloodless, almost colorless relic, a victim of hunger and thirst — but still it lives! Now the investigation begins, the measuring as well as marveling. The men photograph it, circle scientifically around it, search for seeds on and near it, scrutinize the trunk, branches, leaves, and bark, which is white as a bone. At last we turn away, and the blue ripples of mirages retreat before us, then close in



again behind, leaving the thirsty specter growing in a lake. Someone looks back and says, "And it's really only a miserable, scruffy little thing!"

And this is the real truth of the desert. A miserable, scruffy little thing may be a miraculous sight in a long day's travel, a thing of pure beauty, a proof of fertility, a sign of God, and a promise to man. Yet undeniably it may still be only a miserable, scruffy little thing. In the desert, of all places, beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

There is no permanent human settlement anywhere in the Jebel Soda. The massif sometimes receives up to an inch of rainfall in years when there is none at all on the desert floor. In such a year nomad herdsmen drive their livestock up to

graze. What they graze on I can't imagine, as we haven't seen a glint of green, except the *Maerua*, which was scarcely green, or a spear of grass in six hours of travel.

What agony this stretch of the journey must have been for the slaves driven over it in barefoot herds in caravan days! Yoked neck to neck, naked men, women carrying babies, crying, sickly children, with their black skins gray with dust and broken with sores, stumbled on bleeding feet over the sharp rocks, lurching and almost falling, held upright only by the wooden yoke which tied them to their neighbors. Each night the ill and the dead were cut loose from their places between those who had survived, and were left behind in the wilderness to perish. Today, mounds of human bones and camel skeletons are still found along all these routes, and not all of these are centuries old, for the trade lasted well into the twentieth century. Slave traders used to estimate to lose 80 percent of every human cargo and still make a good profit.

It is a long way to come from the inferno of those days to the carefree wonder of sailing through mirages in a Land Rover. My former concept of a mirage as a neat little pastel picture, possibly upside down, projected into the middle of a sandy yellow desert is all wrong. Instead, I am projected into the mirage, which itself dominates the landscape, absorbs it and drowns it, and me with it, to such an extent that it seems that *I* may be imaginary, or an optical illusion, but the mirages are real. Sometimes as we drive, the road is only a slim peninsula surrounded by sea, and sometimes it narrows to a thin strip of blue tape which unrolls as we go and rolls up after us. And thus lost in light waves and tricked by sight, I am momentarily existing in a painless medium, when suddenly the leading Land Rover comes to an abrupt stop. We breast it and shout, "What's the matter?"

Peter gives the answer with sweet reasonableness: "Matter is it's three o'clock. Let's eat!"

AFTER bread and tinned tuna, we continue across the steely surface, now pursued by a new set of mirages with yellow sand dunes floating in them like custard on pudding. We know by the maps that sand is not within view from here, and the mirage dunes must be promises of what is still beyond our sight. After another hour of travel, the dunes begin to solidify, while the mirage waters withdraw to the horizon with the lessening intensity of the four o'clock sun. Soon the sharp outline of the gravel plateau softens to an undulating one caused by the stealthy appearance on our right of a long line of symmetrical, saffron-colored dunes. These creep up as we travel until they predominate over the

blackness of gravel, and suddenly all about us there lies the beige of sand.

There are high dunes and low ones, sand drifts and sand shadows, and smooth, rippling yellow sand is coated thickly over all the landscape, with one exception. This is a hard brown sandstone peak looming ahead of us which in weathering seems to have taken the shape of a sharp-featured face; it is known as Garibaldi's Head. We have crossed the border now into the Fezzan.

We stop here to photograph, Hammet and Badreddin with mad enthusiasm photographing us all against Garibaldi's Head, and getting us to photograph them against every available landscape oddity. I nag Harry into taking a couple of snaps with me in them (it *is* the Sahara!), but he would much prefer a tree.

The color about us is marvelous, the sky still Madonna-blue, the sand golden against chocolate hills. "Oh, isn't it beautiful!" I say to Peter.

He answers me rebukingly, "Our ideas of beauty differ."

I realize then that the color green is missing, and Peter has the English love of a green countryside, and a pastoral one. "But I love the emptiness of it, the barrenness — it's uncluttered," I say.

"But you wouldn't want to live here?" Hammet asks with horror.

"In the desert? I'd like to try it, anyway. Would you?"

Both Hammet and Badreddin shudder. "No, no, in sha' Allah! No, no!"

Harry finds three naked spears of grass, *Aristida plumosa*, nearby, and then we leave, but not before deciding to change the name of Garibaldi's Head to Pasha's Head in Hammet's honor, as he is probably the first one to visit it.

Pasha's Head rises from the foot of the pass which we now descend to reach an undulating valley floor, crisscrossed in the distance by small choppy blue waves which prove to be hills. These are the sand hills and dune masses of Ramla Zelaf, turned a glorious cornflower blue in the lessening light. After the austerity of Jebel Soda, the scene before us has a pleasant pastoral quality, in which the rippling sands look like ripe wheat fields, and the blue hills might easily be abloom with lupine.

However, the way proves far from pastoral, and for two hours we crisscross sand and stony desert, with the road frequently blocked by long golden dunes of migratory habits around which we must drive, or try to. We have just passed Peter, who is really our best driver, stuck in a dune, when as we slow for the turn our car settles softly down into the sand. For a moment Hammet churns up the sand in a last four-wheel effort to get out; then he switches off the motor, and we all jump down.

Shall we try it again, with a lightened load and

two of us pushing? Or try the second step first (as each failure digs the car in deeper), and scour the surroundings for dried vegetation to place in front of the wheels to give them traction? The third step of untying the long sand tracks we try to avoid because of the time needed to attach them securely again to the vehicle.

At this moment Gerry and Assad whiz past, waving. They apparently see our trouble, find a hard spot ahead to stop their car, and return on foot to help. Now, with all of us pushing, the car pulls free — just as Peter's car passes, once more in the lead! It's a game with the drivers, and no one can afford to feel superior — although each one does.

Just before seven o'clock we near new Sebha, the provincial capital of Fezzan. Unlike those of genuine oasis villages, the approach to Sebha is not heralded by sight of a welcome strip of dusty palms, which to the traveler mean water, for modern Sebha does not owe its existence to the vital fact of water, or to any vital fact. It is a synthetic town built to the dream specifications of a provincial capital, and it houses imported government personnel, plus experts, foreigners, and weekend visitors who usually come by air.

The one interesting architectural feature of Sebha is visible immediately: the old Italian fort on a nearby hill, called Forte Regina Elena by the Italians, which fell to the French forces in World War II and became Fort Leclerc. Under the French post-war administration of this area, Fort Leclerc was occupied by the Foreign Legion troops, principally of German nationality. When by agreement with Libya the French evacuated the Fezzan in 1956, they removed all pipes, plumbing fixtures, and fittings from Fort Leclerc before turning it over to the Libyan military forces, who now occupy it. This fact is uppermost in my mind as I look up at its looming mass and try to visualize the problem of carrying water in buckets up that hill.

Harry and I are fortunate in getting a room at the little New Sebha Hotel, with a comfortable-looking double bed and an adjoining bath, but no water in the pipes. Our proprietor sends in several buckets of water, with which we sponge off the top film of sand. My hairline and scalp are still salmon-colored, and though I brush vigorously, my dark hair stays gingery and stiff. I scoop sand out of my ears, scrape it out of my nails, put on a clean but sandy shirt, as red dust has penetrated my valise, and hurry to the hotel bar, where our entire party has met for iced drinks and a hot meal. Very soon I am forced to admit that the synthesis of Sebha out of sand and cash is serving to make me very comfortable!

The next morning the men devote to overhauling the Land Rovers, and we find that ours and another

one have broken steering rods, which must be replaced with new ones from the load of spare parts with which we travel. So far, our car has had four punctures, and three new inner tubes are completely demolished. It is quoted that after every eight thousand desert miles, all the spare parts of a desert truck need replacement, but we seem to be reaching this goal too fast with Sebha only eight hundred miles from Tripoli.

As I have no mechanical advice to give, I am free this morning to go with Marianne Lapper to visit the Fezzani families of some of her students. Marianne is a UNESCO education expert who teaches adult education in old Sebha, called Sebha Gedic, the original Sebha oasis. To go from the capital city of Sebha to old Sebha requires only five minutes travel, but it is five centuries removed in time. Old Sebha is as obviously impoverished as the Sebha capital is pretentious and improvident.

Marianne Lapper, a slender, blond, blue-eyed young German woman of keen intelligence and great sensitivity, is completely dedicated to her work. She and I met first by chance in the British military hospital in Tripoli, where she was under treatment for dysentery and I for an infected kidney. We found ourselves so sympathetic in outlook that I think we both enjoyed our stay in the hospital. Marianne is a talented Orientalist and linguist, and speaks Libyan Arabic fluently. She is also "Dr." Lapper, but everyone in the Fezzan calls her Marianne, including the local policemen. They do it in such a respectful yet affectionate manner that "Marianne" spoken thus becomes a veritable honorific, and one soon forgets both "Lapper" and "Dr."

We park the car in blinding sunshine, just outside the old mud city wall, and pass through a narrow doorway to enter the city. Inside, it is dark and cool, for the street is really a covered passageway with the upper floors of dwellings meeting together above the street. We follow this alley in dusk, and I trip in several ruts as the sloping path climbs, turns two corners, and stops before a closed door. We knock; voices answer from above, and Marianne replies in Arabic; and then we open the door and enter.

In contrast with the dark passage outside, the interior of the house seems bursting with hot white sunlight, which pours down on us from the open sky two stories above. This is the first southern oasis house I have entered, and knowing that they are built without windows in order that no man may see the women inside, I was not prepared for the flood of brightness. Steps lead to a second story above us and then continue upward to the roof.

The house is built of mud blocks, with construction beams of palm trunks, the only available desert wood. There is no furniture of any sort, only a woven reed mat rolled up against the wall, and several homemade pottery cooking pots standing near on the earth floor.

Three women are waiting to greet us; in a house of this simplicity, personalities dominate surroundings, and these women are like flames of desert life.

Two of them are middle-aged; one has an oval face with aquiline features and blue eyes, and the other has a broad, round face with brilliant black shoe-button eyes. The old lady, their mother, remains seated on the smooth earth floor. Her face is heavily lined with both sorrow and laughter, and her eyes sparkle with wicked humor, and malice, too, I think. They all have tan skins but are certainly not Negroid, although the word Fezzani usually introduces a person of black African blood. As in most Libyan homes and all oasis ones, several generations of a family live together.

They greet me with the Muslim welcome, a handshake followed by a kiss on the back of one's own hand. They welcome Marianne, however, as a sister, as one of themselves, as one who enters their house by right of mutual trust and deep affection. In fact, they express a feeling for her which if I had not seen it I would not have imagined could ever exist between Libyan women and any foreigner. I was deeply impressed by the honesty, strength, and simplicity of this relationship. I had heard from Marianne, when we were in the hospital together, of some of the difficulties of her first year in the Fezzan, and it seemed to me that in the relationship I saw today her reward was being won.

Before we leave, Marianne asks permission to take me to the rooftop, from which we can survey all the other rooftops of Sebha Gedic. This is banned territory for men, as all household roofs are strictly for women — the rooftop is woman's only freedom.

After taking proper good-bye formalities, we leave the household, I very much impressed by the apparent brightness and gaiety of these women who live their lives behind closed doors, in a life that to me would be unbearable. As we close the door after us, Marianne calls my attention to the fact that it is made from split sections of the trunk of a palm tree which have been joined together to make a very attractive door.

We visit several other friends of Marianne's and find one who is very ill with a liver complaint, and is, as we visit, receiving a massage from a friend for her malady. Marianne tells me that this patient went first to local Arab doctors and made no improvement, then to a French doctor, still without apparent benefit; then she returned to a local

Arab doctor again. He has just finished giving her a course of treatment which consists of burning her flesh with a white-hot iron, as a result of which her ribs and back are covered with long scars. This treatment, the patient tells Marianne, is giving her some relief! It occurs to none of them that her illness may be beyond cure.

As it is midday now, we start back along the covered passageway, walking slowly and talking.

"Is there much illness in old Sebha?" I ask, my eyes still filled with the sight of those long raw red scars caused by cautery.

"Well, what you saw today was probably the result of a lifetime of bad diet. Certainly, undernourishment and trachoma are the greatest problem, although, of course, social diseases have further-reaching effects through the children. No one can possibly estimate how widespread these diseases are, except to say that there is an overwhelming amount, more than any report would dare to say. As to trachoma, among the fifty girls that I have at school, forty-nine of them had trachoma. All have been treated through the school, and most have been cured."

"About what age do the local girls marry?"

"Anytime after eleven years of age — and from then on they are usually perpetually pregnant. Some of them have never menstruated; they were married and presumably became pregnant just before they would have had a first period."

"Can't somebody try to teach them family planning, or birth control?"

"Agnes dear! You are talking centuries and centuries ahead of us here! In any case, the women don't wish to escape pregnancy, because as long as a woman continues to get pregnant, her husband has less excuse to take another wife. Also, children are very much wanted here and receive a great deal of affection — even if they can't be fed properly. But a tremendous number of children die before they are four years old. That, I suppose, holds down the population."

"What do the children eat?"

"Dates. Especially the black Fezzanis. The lucky ones may have goat's milk, but many of the oasis children after stopping with mother's milk eat nothing but dates up to the time they are nine or ten years old. To them, food *is* dates."

"I remember a little Fezzani boy," I recall then, "who came up from the desert to live with some friends of ours in Tripoli. He actually refused to eat at all for days, until they finally got him some Fezzani dates. He wouldn't touch the sticky Tripoli things they sell in packets."

"The Fezzan people could never exist without date palms," says Marianne. "Nothing is wasted; even the stone is ground up and fed to livestock. All these local mud houses here are roofed with date

palm fronds plastered with mud. Sayed Umar Sha'aban, the father of one of my pupils, set out the other day on a journey of several weeks to guide a camel party across the Rebiana Sand Sea to Kufra. I asked his wife what he took to eat. She said his pockets were stuffed with Fezzan dates, and he had a sack of them tied at his waist, and he had a little packet of tea, and a full water bag, and that is all that he took. Think of crossing one of the worst stretches of the Sahara like that!

"I don't mean," Marianne continued, "that all the oasis people use nothing but dates. Some of the farmers grow barley, wheat, millet, onions, and tomatoes. Many of them make bazin from barley flour; they knead it into dough and eat it uncooked, and it's nourishing. Some even make wheat flour into pasta, like spaghetti — but those things are eaten sometimes; dates are always used."

"What about their sheep and camels?"

"Sheep here are *never* slaughtered for food! They're only used for wool. Camel — well, most people can't afford *any* meat of any sort. Sometimes a very old camel may get slaughtered, if he's too old to plow and too weak to carry! People don't use money here: they don't have it. A family income averages about twenty dollars a year."

We pass through the gate in the old city wall now and step outside into the sunshine, into a different world. The shadowed one we have left was welcoming and friendly, but not, I knew, a world for me — only for the women of a Muslim world. That world has its own strength and power, which reside in its very exclusion, its walls and closed doors, its secret thoughts and unexplored minds, its faith in old ways and in the following of ancient rites. Here the old order and its followers now survive spiritually with self-respect. Tear down the walls, open the doors, draw in the sunlight, destroy old rites, and bring reason to bear on old faiths — and what would be left to them here? Where and how does Fezzan life offer them any living alternative?

Speaking my thoughts aloud, I ask Marianne, "But could these people survive in a different life? A leap out of darkness into full sunlight is as dangerous as from sun to darkness."

And Marianne answers, "They are already successful in part in handling their incredibly difficult and dreadful desert environment. Their primitive ways meet their primitive needs. They depend only on desert resources. I do not wish to change them; I only hope to teach them to use more completely their own resources."

TO UNDERSTAND the people of the oases one must first visualize the vastness of the desert area in which an oasis stands and the utter isolation of each tiny

group of date palms, vegetation, dwelling places, hidden women, and plodding men, each oasis usually having less than a hundred persons. These spots are like pinpoints on a clean sheet of paper with nothing connecting them to each other, or to anything else. Yet no one point is located by accident; each one is placed exactly where, by necessity, it must be; exactly where, and only where, water may be obtained by digging for it.

For the treasure of the Fezzan is a buried treasure: it is not gold, or salt, for which gold was once traded in equal measure; nor is it the notorious million-dollar African slave trade of days gone by; nor will it even be oil, in the long run of future years. Wealth of the desert lies here in the huge buried layer of water-permeable rock forming a geological basin which underlies the entire circular structural basin of the Fezzan. Under the wind-beaten, desiccated desert of today, this deep, porous layer of sandstone and conglomerate rock has been accumulating water during thousands of years, and while man was busily destroying his resources above soil, nature was busily storing up treasure for him below in this priceless water reservoir. Groundwater is the secret of every grass-blade, barley grain, and date palm which grows in the Fezzan.

Here is a land almost without rain, without even a cloud. In some years, precipitation is completely nonexistent; in others there is only a trace. The average yearly rainfall was estimated to be, throughout a period of the last eight years at Ghat in the southern Fezzan, a half inch; and it is the opinion of a French meteorologist who has just completed a study of this area that rainfall is steadily growing less. With half an inch of rain falling on a parched surface, there can be no runoff or catchment. There exists here only this many-centuried safe deposit of groundwater to make existence possible for man, animal, or plant.

Fezzan oases are located along four narrow areas where the water table comes close to the land surface. In these areas, wells of varying depths which tap the porous underlayer will bring water to the earth's surface. Sometimes water is also found in natural flowing springs. In such an area, very shallow wells of only three or four feet in a dry wadi bottom will often flow freely because they draw water from the wadi floor alluvium, which itself draws water from the underlying sandstone layer. This explains why a wadi may suddenly appear across a desolate gravel plain, looking as green as a green pencil stripe drawn on white paper. Yet if you stop and search, you will find no visible dampness, not even a drop of water or a drink, but vegetation will find it.

There may be only twenty or fifty people living in an oasis, or a hundred, or several hundred, but each oasis is surrounded by an uninhabitable area

which makes it as isolated as an island. Its date palms and inhabitants are constantly enveloped in one of two arduous climates. During part of the year the dwellers swelter and bake in a blinding sun, and are swept by the merciless ghibli, which crosses the Sahara like a yellow tidal wave, sometimes drowning whole villages in seas of sand, and destroying vegetation, camels, and men with all their mortal relics. The ghibli leaves behind it, in poor exchange, new mountains of bone-white sand, fresh pink scallops of shifting dunes, knife-edged crescent-shaped ones, and black granulous plains. During the rest of the year temperatures drop during the night to freezing, veering winds turn cold and damp, the sun is bright but comfortless, and no rain descends.

Physically, the desert people just barely survive, but spiritually they are strong because they are steeped in their own cultural tradition, which has developed from the urgent needs of their lonely lives. Desert necessity is their essence. Until their needs change, their way of life cannot do so. For any outside force to try to alter their ways without changing their desert exigencies would be as destructive as to take fins from a fish and replace them with feet, and then throw it back into the sea.

It is just outside Sebha that I had my solitary experience of being a heroine. I expect I shall never let any of my fellow travelers forget it.

There are some fine Stone Age rock drawings not too far from Sebha, and these Marianne and I went to see early one morning with a young Sebha policeman, presumably to escort us, but really because he wanted to drive the Land Rover. Of course there was no road or trail, but Marianne knew the way. Although the sand was soft in places, the policeman and I shared the driving and had no difficulty in arriving at the slightly mountainous location where the paintings are. I was extremely enthusiastic, as these were the first I had seen on site, although compared with those of Lhoti's book on the Tassili N'Ajjer, the Sebha ones were unspectacular and lacking in variety. Still, anything that one sees oneself on the site is more exciting than a great wonder which one reads about.

Marianne and I decided that Harry and Gerry must come to see the pictures in the afternoon, as we were leaving Sebha the next day. Consequently, we started out just after an early lunch, with Harry and me in one Land Rover and Marianne and Gerry in the other. As our Land Rover had been loaded for the next day's start, it was very heavy, and we soon found that the sand, which in the early morning with the night chill on it had offered a crusty surface and good resistance to our wheels,

was now mushy and soft. Gerry and Marianne in their unloaded Land Rover, with Gerry a more skilled sand driver, were sailing along, while Harry and I bogged down twice and had to dig out, and once used sand tracks.

Since it looked as if our loaded vehicle couldn't make it, I suggested that Harry shift into the other Rover and go with Marianne and Gerry to see the drawings and leave me behind in our Rover to sketch. This was agreed.

"We'll be back in two hours at most," Marianne estimated, "as we are only three quarters of an hour from the gara now."

"Be sure to wait right here," Harry warned me. "Don't try to get smart and drive off anyplace on your own as you'll surely bog down or get lost. And your Rover has the sand tracks."

"Yes, dear. I know you wouldn't like to lose the sand tracks!"

They skimmed off at a terrific rate, which is the only way to keep going on sand, and almost immediately they were lost to sight beyond the long dune on my right. Even their sound vanished like magic, blocked by the sand-dune stretches.

"Suppose *they* get lost!" I thought, feeling suddenly very alone. "Or if the wind rises and covers their tracks from here, how will they find *me* again? And if they don't come in two hours, what do I do?"

Well, it had been my idea. I got out my pencils and paper to sketch, and found nothing to draw but one long dune and another long dune, and another. Anyway, there was *too* much time for sketching; I had gotten used now to being hurried every moment as I sketched, to get back in the car and not delay the others. Finally I gave up and wrote in my diary. Then I went for little walks in all directions, always keeping the car top in sight.

When I stood on top of the dune I could see off in every direction, and there was nothing to see but more dunes. I saw by my watch that it was four o'clock, and the others had been away two and a half hours. I sat in the car and waited another half hour, meanwhile thinking carefully about what Harry had said: Don't drive on your own or you'll bog down or get lost! But *I* had the sand tracks, and if they had bogged down, they would need the tracks.

Three hours now. Something twitched in my fingertips, and the next moment the Rover was moving. "Dear God," I thought, "it isn't getting killed that I'd mind — but just don't let me get stuck!"

I had my plan in mind. I headed in the direction the others had disappeared in, only I mounted the dune and remained on top. I intended to stay on the crest of the dune where the sand was always hardest, and travel its length. Meanwhile I was praying for another longitudinal dune running in

the same direction which would join mine, so I could mount it with a running start from my present dune. Still I saw nothing of the other Rover.

I traveled about half an hour, gaining confidence with every minute as I skimmed the crest of the well-organized dunes, which obligingly laid themselves end to end, almost overlapping. "It's easier than it looks," I thought. And at that moment I saw I was coming to the end of my dune range. "I'll not go down," I determined. "There's sure to be soft sand at the dune base, and I haven't the guts to risk getting stuck. While I'm on top, I can always turn around and go back."

But could I turn around on the narrow crest? Well, I couldn't back up all the way! Before I tried the turn, I stopped the car and decided to progress on foot to the extreme end of the dune for a final look around for the others. I did this, and unbelievably, scarcely crediting my own eyes, wondering if it was a mirage, I looked far down the soft end slope of the dune and saw way below me three very small, very busy sand-digging figures, and a Land Rover bogged in sand up to its springs.

One seldom experiences such a moment! There was I, unstuck, unlost, mobile, and bringing the rescuing sand tracks! Admittedly, it was also nice to meet up with one's companions again.

I gave them a shout. They looked up. They were shocked. They couldn't believe it. Not Agnes! We told her to wait! Then with one mind, they all started crazily waving me back, and shouting, "Stay on top! Stay on top! Don't come down here!"

I thought myself that it was time for them to stop giving me *their* advice. *I* was the one who was mobile.

So we unlashed the sand tracks again; we dug them out this time, and the Rover got going. I went back to my darling, adorable, reliable vehicle and prayed that by God's good grace there would be just space enough for me to turn it around on the crest. There was. Thus the day ended in my only triumph of the trip.

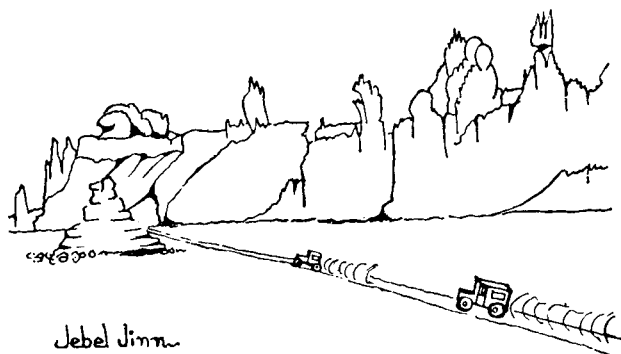
We left Sebha at eight next morning, and I think we were all glad to go. New Sebha is too synthetic to attract devotion. One cannot be loyal to a lightless lamppost, a dry bathtub, a WC without W, a village without villagers, and a soulless city filled with transient inhabitants who count the days till they can leave.

PETER and the three in his two Land Rovers leave for Brak, an oasis north of Sebha, from where they will return to Tripoli. Now we are down to the original six persons and two cars, headed south for Ghat. It is a glorious morning with a brisk, cool breeze and clean, dry air — one of those days

which I didn't know existed when I was describing the arduous climates of the oases!

In my notebook for the pre-Ghat area, I have drawn a sharp-edged outline of dark geometrical shapes, quite unmountainlike, but part of the Hoggar massif. At the bottom is scrawled, "We are rushing madly toward this!" On the next page I have a collection of small round black mushrooms afloat in a bowl of brown gravy, with the note that "these mushrooms are mountains." Then as the sun goes down behind the distant massif, I have noted, "Little brown ant hills (several hundred meters high!) pop up in front of us, quickly turning purple in the lowering sun, except for a shimmer of white calcium on top like drifting snow."

With the sun now lost behind the mountains, the shadowed landscape grows increasingly ghoulish. It is quite fitting that at this moment we should arrive at the foot of the Jebel Jinn, a craggy, tortured, pinnaced mountain which, according to legend, is inhabited by powerful and unpleasant supernatural jinn. Looking at this landscape at sunset, black and ragged against a burning sky, I feel quite willing to leave it undisputed with the jinn.



Rapidly the scene about us turns dark violet, then black, and soon there is nothing to tell us where the road is except when we get off it and suddenly strike a wadi bed — and my neck snaps. It is eight o'clock when we realize that we are traveling smoothly on a real road. Then all in a moment, with no warning of lights ahead, no glow even in the sky, the road twists abruptly, and we are in Ghat. By the starlight we can see white walls running beside the road, and dark shadowed palms, and then, proceeding slowly around another twist, we arrive at the police station. Here we exchange greetings and ask directions, and then with a policeman walking amiably beside us carrying his oil lamp to show the way, we are led to the rest house.

In Ghat, a Tuareg oasis, both men and women are free to come and go as they wish — almost too free for our good repose. All night in the rest house courtyard where we are trying to sleep, we are visited by interested onlookers and spectators who

have come to see the new arrivals. All night, dozing pleasantly, all of us travelers lying together under the great *Zizyphus spina christi* tree, with its white bark shining and its canopy spread over us, I hear cheerful Fezzani voices making us at home with "Lebas, lebas, lebas, Hammet! Lebas, Badreddin! Lebas, friends!"

As Ghat is a Tuareg oasis, or at least one which exists under the Tuareg tradition, the work is all done by either serfs or women, as the men never work. The women are all unveiled. The market ladies are certainly tough-looking babes; it was one of them, it seems, who tried all night to get into Hammet's bed! She couldn't have been much to our elegant friend's taste. Still, it is pleasant to meet with friendly smiles, and natural curiosity without antagonism. It is good to escape from the too great contrasts between Muslim women and Western ones which I find in Tripoli — a contrast which makes the Western woman seem bold and shameless and the Libyan Arab woman slightly ridiculous. Here in Ghat there is a relaxed atmosphere, and the girls neither run and hide nor look embarrassed. And if they behave a bit boldly, this is accepted in their own tradition, and they are only doing what comes naturally. In fact, illicit love affairs among the unmarried women are not a disgrace, as the Tuareg women have a completely individual code of behavior and morals.

Now in the morning, in the glittering white sunlight, the market women sit cross-legged with their food items spread on round trays on the earth floor, and balancing their less breakable wares on their heads. They are dressed in dark draped robes of black or indigo-blue cotton, with bright colored scarfs and baracans floating about their heads. They look decidedly grubby and smell very strong, and I can easily visualize them as washing with the desert sands! Nevertheless, Ghat has a wonderful artesian well and good water supply, and later on I found crowds of women at the public watering place, washing their clothes and themselves with great gusto. Perhaps it was I who smelled strong this morning!

The most objectionable inhabitant of Ghat is the fly. In a desert oasis one never sees a lone fly; instead, one sees a fleshy aura of them surrounding every particle of food and every person. They are furious and frenzied, seldom seem to be airborne, and never travel alone. They mass in solid formations and cluster in large beady bunches like berries. They settle on the sticky mouths of children like blackberry jam, swarm on the watering eyes of infants, and turn small black baby faces iridescent with their shimmering gray wings.

For above all they love babies, and every infant carries a buzzing halo about his head. They stroll on his eyelids, flutter in his lashes, crawl in and

out of his nostrils, cluster in the drip from his nose, and cling to his baby lips. They never desert him; stark naked with all his orifices exposed, he is perfect fly bait, and they go with him wherever he goes, his blackness ashimmer with wings.

The Tuareg aristocrat has three outstanding physical characteristics: he is tall and white-skinned (if you can see his skin) and has straight hair. As most people of Ghat are dark-skinned with kinky hair, they are probably not true Tuareg, but the offspring of slaves still working in the farmlands for the benefit of the aristocrats. The Tuareg themselves scorn all forms of work. They are, by tradition, warriors only.



"Lebas, Hammet, lebas!"

Ghat

Tuareg males are brought up on the saying "Shame enters the family that tills the land!", and the men literally have never worked the land. The women do all the business and handle all the cash. They are also free to love where they wish, although I didn't see much to tempt a man in the market today.

In days past when the Sahara was a battle place for semi-nomad desert tribes, each one battling for survival, the Tuareg was the supreme warrior and was happiest when he was engaged in a bloody brawl. With the coming of comparative peace in the Sahara, once severely enforced by the French Legionnaires with the help of the Chaamba camel legions and now generally accepted, the warrior Tuareg has literally fought himself out of his old, once-respected job and place in desert life, and today the Tuareg men seem to have no valid reason for being. They sit about all day on the desert floor outside the city walls, covered from head to foot in indigo-blue drapes, their faces completely veiled in dark-blue folds of the litham, with the narrowest slit for their piercing black eyes, which are all too frequently dimmed by trachoma.

They never remove their blue garments, and their bodies themselves are permanently dark blue from the effect of perspiration on the indigo dye. They do not remove their veils for sleeping, or even when eating, for by the Tuareg code of etiquette the mouth should never be seen, and to eat visibly is considered an act of indecency. Consequently, they shove their food up under the veil, and suck it down. Reason suggests that these decadent, grubby, unsanitary men are practically worthless in the world of today, but one still cannot escape a gasp of admiration at the sight of a tall, very straight, blue-robed Tuareg sitting like a ramrod on his racing camel.

Harry and Gerry, Badreddin and Hammet have just come from a long discussion with the mudir of Ghat, and the amenokal, the chief of the local Tuareg, about the future of Ghat. The sad fact is that Ghat has no future; her Negro slaves who work the land are dying off, and her young men are leaving because there is no longer a living to be made.

Her prosperity in times past has been derived from the caravan trade which traveled north and south from Kano through Ghat to Tripoli and back to Kano, carrying slaves, gold, ivory, ostrich feathers, and leatherwork and returning with salt and silks. Now the caravan routes have decayed, from the abolition of slave trade and the competition of the Mediterranean sea routes. For in the past it was not the Tuareg or the Arab, but the Negro slave who cultivated the oases and beat back the Sahara.

My companions are also discussing the fact that a small girl has been offered for sale to Hammet to take back with him to Tripoli! The fact that such a suggestion is regularly made to travelers in the desert is a cause of great embarrassment to the Libyan government, which does not countenance the traffic in human beings any more than does any other respectable government. However, it is not always possible to see that the law is respected in every isolated oasis of the Sahara. The law is the responsibility of the state, but its observance is the responsibility of the people.

After a tremendous meal to satisfy our rapacious appetites, we all settle down in the shaded courtyard to snooze. But the biting flies do not permit this, and we are wide awake when the informal afternoon reception begins, as various persons of importance arrive to pay their respects — or possibly for us to pay our respects to them. I am usually in a state of confusion about who is honoring whom, as Arab salutations are so copious and customs of hospitality so lavish that all persons present seem to be honored. As we are six and our visitors are also six and there is no place to sit except our cots, we all settle down on them in close propinquity while Hammet prepares tea.

Gerry's cot has two people on it already, and when the seventh visitor later arrives, a tall, wide, robust policeman who settles down on Gerry's cot, the cot, with a loud splintering noise, collapses on the pavement. Tremendous roars of joy from everyone greet this disaster, and from then on the success of the party is assured. Just why I laughed so hard when this happened and still laugh when I remember the scene, I am not certain, but I suspect that it is because I have now acquired the Eastern habit of laughing at all disasters which do not happen to me. Perhaps hilarity is based on a sensation of relief at one's own escape, more than rejoicing at the bad luck of others.

We all sleep in the courtyard each night to escape, if possible, from the smell of the waterless WC, which has been accumulating its burden since the last slave train came through! It is awkward being in the center of town and having to dash to its outskirts morning and evening. I should prefer to camp outside the town on the desert, but the hospitable police insist that we stay here — and use the modern conveniences. Anyway, this courtyard for me is unforgettable; the *Zizyphus* tree is a spectral white mother in the starlight above us as we lie in our cots each night.

This is our last night here; we are in bed, but no one seems sleepy. Badreddin is talking with Harry.

"Did you know that the people of Ghat are the most individualistic in all Libya?" Badreddin asks.

"I thought you were all that way!"

Badreddin laughs. "Yes, perhaps. But these people never think alike about anything, the policeman says. That is the reason that Ghat is divided into two quarters, the 'yes' quarter, and the 'no' one."

"Is that big policeman himself from Ghat?"

"No, Ghadames. He's a real Tuareg."

"The ancestors of these people in Ghat were certainly black," Harry says.

"I think the original people of Ghat were the Atara; they're black. Only the Tuareg doesn't describe the Negro as black: he calls him blue; and he says that the Hausa is black, the Arabs are white, and the Tuareg are red!"

"What about Jebel Jinn?" Harry asks. "Do the evil spirits ever come down here to Ghat?"

"Oh, yes. But there are holy men in Ghat who can throw out the evil spirits of the jinn!" says Badreddin, laughing.

"Maybe we take one holy man back to Tripoli with us!" suggests Hammet.

"Instead of that little girl!" somebody says.

"Is it still true that the Tuareg won't work?" I ask. "That he thinks it is a disgrace?"

"Oh, yes, my mother. He must save all his strength for love! He is an Expert for love!"

Much laughter.

"Very nice life!" says Hammet.

The next day we are looking back at Ghat in the early morning light, slightly nostalgic but not actually discontent to be on the road again, our hearts filled with mixed pictures of this Sahara oasis. In our memories we can feel the blazing sun and the welcome coolness of shade, and see the jewel-green foliage and the glowing color of sun-drenched skins, the white teeth of laughter in dark faces, the wrinkled visages of "old crones" of thirty years, the round, dusky smoothness of young wives of twelve, the immobility of babies' eyes outlined by metallic-winged flies. We can smell the reek of rotting vegetation and the stink of dirty drains, and hear the silence of the star-strung sky by night, and the splash of falling water.

Hammet did not buy the little girl. But as a parting gesture, just as we were all packed into the Land Rovers, one of the old market ladies came up and tried to sell *me* a slave! All principles of human freedom aside, the last thing I want to be responsible for is introducing any more primitives to twentieth-century civilization.

HAVING come from the extreme southwestern boundary of Libya at Ghat, we laboriously but happily retrace our steps in a northeastern direction. A return trip always has both its sorrows and consolations. I admit to enjoying the privilege of regular baths, hair shampoos, and manicures, and these loom pleasantly ahead as we travel toward Tripoli. Yet I dread being caught up again in the endless round of conventional actions which make up my daily life in Tripoli, but which count for nothing out here under the Sahara stars. I look forward to a swim from the rocks at the Underwater Club, and a mixed drink at the bar — not half as strong as the ones we drink unmixed in the Sahara. Perhaps it is the duality of my life in Libya which makes me enjoy it so much, for it is both basic and gay.

Now I have a bond with the Sahara. Before leaving Tripoli I was reading ethnographic notes by a French historian of the Libyan desert, who wrote of the joy of the desert men in singing their nomadic songs of the seasons, especially of the harvest season, and of the winds of the Sahara. The historian translated some of these singing poems from Arabic into French, and I, translating with my stumbling French, wrote them out for myself in English. They were simple, primal, imaginative, and steeped in the essence of the abject dependence of the nomad on the moods of the Sahara. Who, except a follower of Islam, could accept destruction after destruction as sent by Allah and make a song of it; suffer loss after loss, drought, famine, and sand flood and sing again; celebrate every success of crops, increase of flocks, birth of a child, or vista of beauty as sent to

him by Allah and sing again of Allah's will be done? Job, perhaps. As I read those songs in Tripoli, they seemed far away from me in time as well as in space.

But now I have a bond with the Sahara, and I more clearly hear the voice of the nomad when he sings. When he hymns the brutal force of the Sahara winds, I feel a bond. When he tells his children that the wind of the ghibli leaves nothing living behind it on plain or dune, "not even the fetus in the mother's womb," I recognize his cry. When he tells his children that the wind from the north draws up from the earth the shrubs for his flocks to feed on, and makes women fertile and men virile, while the child in the womb grows strong, I hear his song.

Now, from Ubari we pass through African-inhabited Twish, and then along an oasis strip where a string of tiny places is noted on the map only as "potable water." We are working our way up toward Sebha now, and before we approach it we sight what I remember so well — the vivid pink dunes brought south by the winds of the Hamada el Hamra, the Red Desert, as it weathers its stony red plains. These gaudy dunes have drifted against the jagged black shapes of the distant monsters of Jebel Soda, the Black Mountain.

For a couple of days then the suffocation of Sebha grips us. Marianne has flown to Tripoli, but the men of our party are here to discuss their findings from Ghat and Ubari with the Fezzan ministers and directors. The story is always the same: the oases are dying from loss of young male life. If matters are to be mended, not only must plantations and other projects be begun, but manpower must be inveigled back and young men must be shown a better oasis living.

Can this be done? The oasis mudirs have shaken their heads at us all along the line; the young men won't come back! And if they do not come? Well, a little more time and the oases die.

From Sebha we got to Wishka, the divide, where we drink joyfully once again some fresh, cold, nonsaline water. We cross through the wicked

Jebel Soda, covered as if with scattered fragments of jet and cut steel of celestial origin, the most vicious-looking stretch of the trip, all glittering, angulated black. We come to Hun and buy some dates to take home, but we do not sleep here. Instead we hurry on to have the last night of the trip where we spent the first night.

We had all gone out to see the Libyan desert, Libyans and foreigners together, all equally sight-seers there, with a common Sahara goal. But more than the desert, we had found in its desolate stretches something memorable that we hadn't bargained on — a period of complete, perfect, and unblemished companionship regardless of religion, nationality, or race. This was true for Harry and me, and I know that it was the kind of relationship which had to exist for all of us or it could not exist for any of us. In the desert, we had quickly come to take for granted this miraculous companionship.

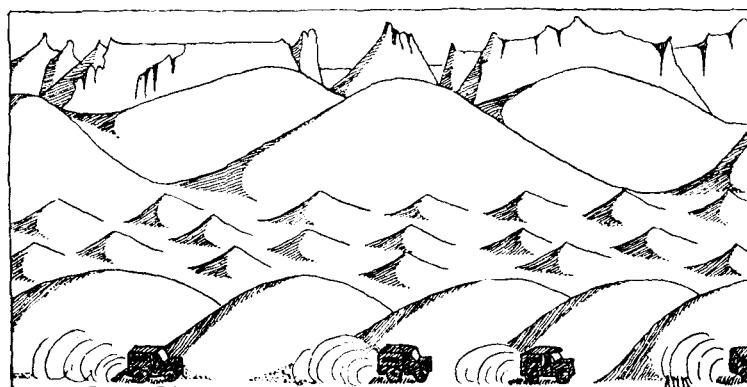
But here tonight in the semicivilization of a small village hotel on the edge of Tripoli, with Ramadan about to divide our group into halves again, we become acutely conscious of the precarious and precious quality of this fragile relationship. Now suddenly we fear that this may slip from us. Now sadly we see that life may never be like this again.

Next day outside our Giorgimpopoli villa, in the glare of the sun and the cool of the sea, our Mohamed welcomes us home with cries of horror at our sand-coated condition and secret envy of our trip. There is a great stack of mail inside, he says: already the world closes in. Gerry and Assad say *salam 'alekum*, and *addio*, and head for home. Hammet is fidgeting to get home for a bath: Harry is anxious to go inside and press his plants. Only Badreddin and I are melancholic, unwilling to end the trip.

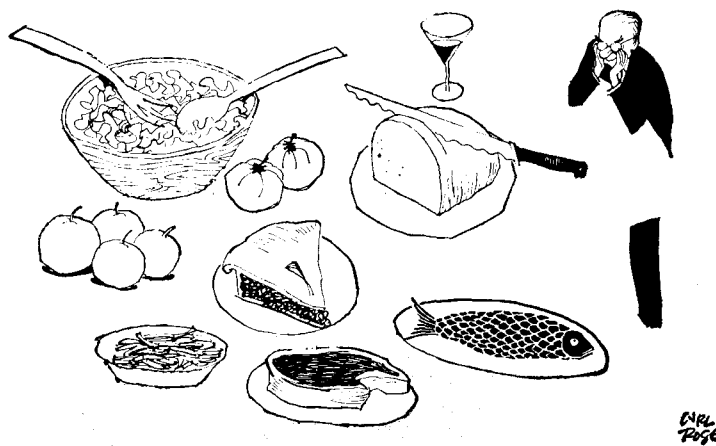
"In Arabic," Badreddin recalls, "Sahara is desert. Shall we go again, you think, my father? In sha' Allah?"

"In sha' Allah! If God wills! In sha' Allah!" Harry says.

Who can say more?



Drawings by the author.



Accent on

VACATION BARGAIN

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

Of all the unsung pleasures of a Canadian vacation, especially in the Maritime Provinces, the least celebrated and the most attractive is the way of living one discovers, or rediscovers. None of the literature for visitors seems to deal with this particular attraction; instead, the leaflets undertake to lure the tourist with a color photo of a kilted piper or a group of Mounties in dress uniform, or with such wonders of nature as tidal bores and reversing falls.

The American visitor reads about these phenomena and drives earnestly up and down the land in search of them, but in simple truth scarcely any of them is worth looking at. The renowned tidal bore, which the visitor is led to believe is an awesome wave rushing in and sweeping all before it, is simply seawater, a few inches deep, moving over broad tidal flats. The kilted piper is probably a high school girl or a man hired by a ferry company to hail the visiting motorists as they disembark. I recall one booklet which included a photograph of a bandstand, unoccupied, in a Halifax park, presumably on the theory that anyone who would be

impressed by watching the tide come in would enjoy equally looking at a wooden bandstand built, like most public structures in the Maritimes, at the wrong time.

The travel leaflets ought to say something instead about the garden vegetables we enjoyed every day during a long late-summer sojourn in Nova Scotia. What was served at noon and evening was picked that morning. Wax beans and green beans had a richness of fresh flavor that nothing in the markets at home provides. Tomatoes were on the very day of their maturity when they appeared. The local apples had that remembered taste of tree-ripened, freshly picked fruit. The homemade bread, as always, produced wonderful toast. These are, of course, absurdly simple elements of what would be called plain country cooking, and most of the food adjectives have been squandered so widely on the precooked-frozen-dinner kind of cuisine that I suppose there is no longer any language to set apart, for instance, the flavor of an apple sauce, freshly made from nippy green apples, or a slice of pie such as a Nova Scotian pastry cook creates. Even so, even if all the adjectives have been pre-empted by General Foods, the meals at some of the small tucked-away resorts on the

peninsula are worth boasting about. The prices deserve mention, too: for our favorite cabin, meals, and no work of any sort to do beyond laying a fire in the fireplace, we paid a total weekly rate for two of \$100.

The Maritimes would do well, incidentally, to spend some money on an up-to-date pollen count at many places during the August-September ragweed season. My own impression is that the incidence of ragweed in Nova Scotia is negligible in comparison with New England, and precise figures showing the differences ought to be impressive. Neither do the leaflets say enough about the summer climate, which, if one waits until the blackfly season is over — usually by mid-July — is surely one of the most agreeable in the world: brilliant sunny days, with everything fairly sparkling in the clean peninsular air, and cool nights calling for a fire and a blanket and sometimes two or three blankets. Not least of virtues to be emphasized is the extraordinary beauty of the natural scene, the seacoast, the lakes, woods, streams, and meadows, the abundance of birds.

Implicit in these affirmatives, it seems to me, is the proposition that the Maritimes are a region where the visitors who settle in somewhere and live the life of the countryside



Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year from all
of us in Jack Daniel's Hollow.



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BY DROP

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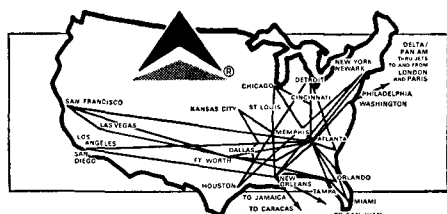
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are much better off than the transients who stay on the move. Meals along the road are chancy; the summer season is short, and there is no reason why a small town in a farming community should be expected to support a first-class restaurant. For a family with young children, these small resorts mean a complete escape from housework, while the children find and invent wonderful projects of their own. I say this after watching a half dozen children last summer who worked hard for three days in changing the course of a small stream that winds through the grounds of our little backwoods hotel. They achieved a pool by means of an earthen dam and an ambitious bend just beyond the pool — all of it simply an exercise in self-entertainment that harmed nothing and seemed to give them immense satisfaction. It was not at all the sort of experience they might have derived from sitting in a fast-moving car all day and sleeping in a different motel every night.

Trend in Toys

BY GEORGE BOWMAN

GEORGE BOWMAN is a former Army officer, a West Point graduate, and a technical writer for an aircraft company in California.

THE DOLLHOUSE OF THE DAMNED

Description: Metal two-story dollhouse, approximately three feet square. It contains seven rooms, thirty-eight separate pieces of plastic furniture, and 110-volt transformer. Built-in kitchen incorporates oven capable of producing heat, refrigerator with real ice, and sink with operative faucets. Kit includes figurines of homeowner and wife. Instructions on box state that house has curse on it. When switch is pressed, house shakes and vibrates because of simulated earthquake, and walls of living room collapse, crushing sofa on which couple is sitting. Price, \$49.95.

Accessories: Dishes, silverware, dog, brick patio, four tiki torches, street, mailbox, first-aid kit, ambulance, model of general hospital emergency room. Total price, \$159.50.



THE LAST MILE

Description: A passageway, open at the top, about one foot wide and eight feet long. Corridor leads to small electric chair, powered by 6-volt battery. Upon actuation of button, a little metal prisoner, accompanied by priest and jailer, slowly walks toward chair. At end of passageway owner of toy places condemned man in position, secures straps and electrodes, and closes toggle switch, sending output of battery through chair. Acrid smoke emanates from prisoner. Price, \$39.50.

Accessories: Six-foot strand of dimming lights; barber kit; direct phone to governor's mansion; individual cells, each with prisoner, to place on either side of passageway (price, \$.75 each); figures representing warden, witnesses, and reporters; phonograph and record producing jumbled sounds and sound effects, such as "I didn't do it, I tell ya!", "You guys shut up!", the Twenty-third Psalm, and tin cups beating against bars of cell doors. Total price, \$89.95.

NERO'S ARENA

Description: Scale replica of the Colosseum, approximately four feet in diameter. Kit comes with twenty-five plastic lions and a hundred kneeling Christians. Depending upon throw of dice, one player, representing lions, disposes of second player's Christians. Second player is able to move Christians around arena and back to GO. Base of arena painted bright red in spots. Price, \$9.95.

Accessories: Six thousand all different degenerate Romans to insert in seats; sound-effects record for cheering throng and roaring lions; numerous parked chariots, horses, gladiators, and trumpeters; model of Mount Vesuvius; and a large



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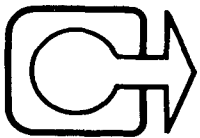
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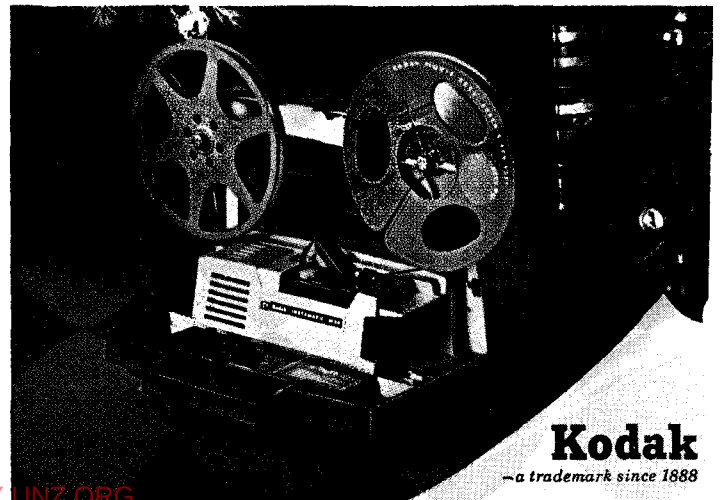
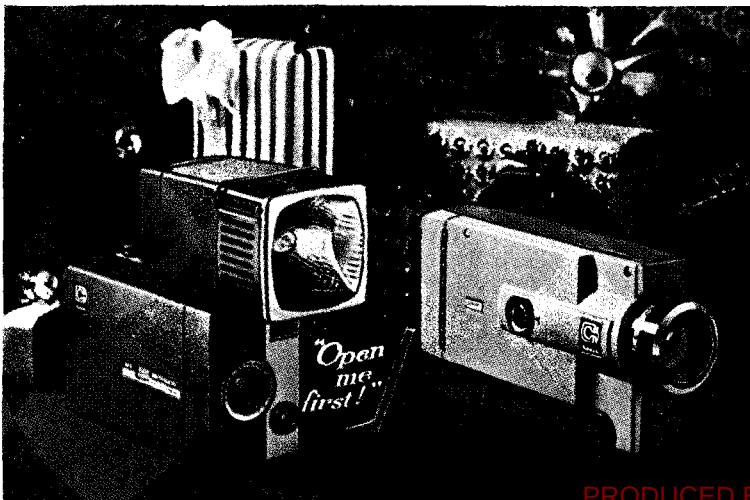
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down-turned thumb. Total price, \$75.00.

UNDERDEVELOPED COUNTRIES GAME

Description: Large flat metal base plate, representing portion of capital city of newly independent country. On plate are inserted cardboard buildings labeled U.S. Embassy, Library, and so on, and other unfinished structures with signs reading U.S. Foreign Aid Project. Buildings contain thin panes of real glass. Tiny American flag may be attached to pole in front of embassy. Entire base plate enclosed by protective asbestos walls. First player, representing nationalist spirit, throws dice and attempts to smash

and burn all objects on base plate. Second player, calling himself UN Peacekeeping Force, tries to prevent this. Price, \$24.50.

Accessories: Spare buildings and flags; fire extinguisher; small plastic figures representing rioting students, paratroopers, UN soldiers, and embassy officials; tanks; barricades; guns; small combustible books for inserting on library shelves; matches; pebbles for breaking windows; ten feet of miniature barbed wire. Total price, \$59.95.

Frankly, I think it's time to return to the footballs, the roller skates, and the Old Maid decks. And it wouldn't be a bad idea to put the batteries back in the flashlights.

Cuidado! el Traffic Cop

BY CELIA DARLINGTON

CELIA DARLINGTON lives in Berkeley, California, where she works for her doctor husband and does free-lance writing on the side.

Mexico City, one of the big cities of the world, is one of the most traffic-snarled. As in all Latin countries, the automobile is driven with fiery enthusiasm, the horn being more important than the brake. Some North American tourists abandon all thought of driving when they reach the outskirts of the city. They either park their cars for the duration of their visit or hire a native chauffeur.

There are plenty of things besides cars to watch out for on Mexican roads. In the country there are burros, horse-drawn wagons, cattle, and chickens. In the city there may be bicycle riders with trays of rolls on their heads, *cargadores* on foot lugging anything from coffins to pianos, couples from the country strolling carelessly through traffic lights, bands of Indians interminably dancing their way on a pilgrimage to Chalma, and boys darting out to offer chewing gum or lottery tickets to passing motorists. You have to watch out for all of them while simultaneously keeping pace with the hurtling torrent of freewheeling cabs and buses.

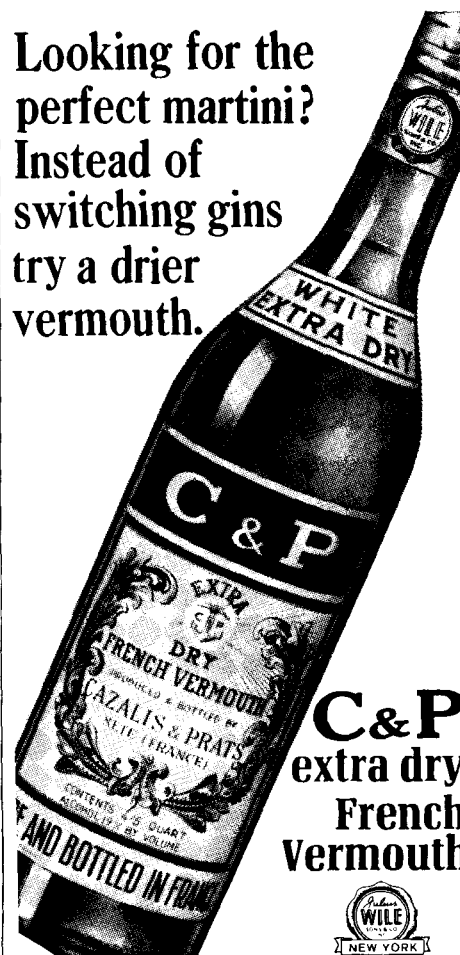
At the same time, honor, as dear to the Latin heart as horsepower,

must be upheld. Watch the determination of two buses racing each other around a narrow curve. See the camaraderie of *turismo* chauffeurs, braking their cars in mid-highway, careless of who may wish to pass, for a brotherly *abrazo*.

Driving in this atmosphere brings out the usual aggressions, freely expressed. Yet drivers must stay within certain limits. The rhythm of the old phrase "Shave and a haircut — bay rum" is a fighting rhythm in Spanish. It means something too insulting to take. If another motorist irritates you, this is not the rhythm to toot upon your horn. Last time we were in Mexico City we heard that a driver had pursued a car which had thus taunted him, cornered his foe in a gas station, and shot him dead.

When you tour Mexico in a car with U.S. license plates, you can get by with small irregularities because you are valued as a visitor. If you're driving a car with Mexican plates, however, you may be stopped by traffic policemen for trivial reasons, or for no reason at all. Your problem is solved by a small financial transaction on the spot (extra on holidays). It's always easier to pay. As our

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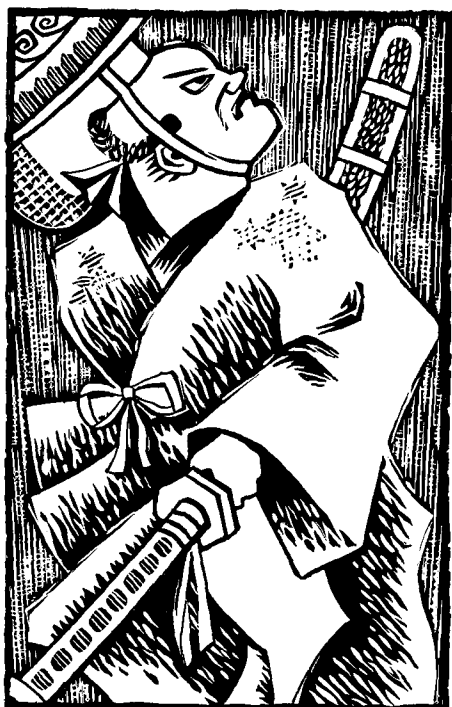


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Mexican friend Arturo pointed out, "The police in Mexico know that nobody's papers can possibly be in perfect order. It's worth a few pesos not to be investigated."

Anyone involved in a real accident may find himself, innocent or guilty, in the lockup indefinitely until all the details are sifted out. This, while



grim, is better than the possible fate of motorists after serious accidents in the more remote parts of the country, where lynchings are not unknown. Fear of retribution is in fact so great that hit-and-run driving is the unfortunate rule in Mexico. Getting away from the scene is what matters.

It comes as a shock to learn that United States traffic customs are as strange to traveling Mexicans as theirs are to us. They are inclined to regard our rules as dictatorial, even fascist. After all, should a sign reading "Stop" mean stop if there's no one around? Isn't that carrying the thing rather far? Arturo toyed with the idea of immigrating to California. He stayed with us while he looked the situation over, and that's how we happened to share his traffic experiences.

It started ominously the first day of his visit, when he parked his car in a space where the meter read "expired." Speaking pretty good English, he had no doubt what this meant. He was amazed to discover, after receiving a ticket, that "expired" did not mean the meter was no longer in use.

The ticket thus acquired looked like a clarion call for appearance in court. Arturo had been coached never to offer financial inducements to U.S. traffic officers, and he carried this logically over to the mails. He was not about to send in \$2. "See, it says I am to appear—" The traffic court came to know him well.

Arturo's second offense was parking "more than eighteen inches from the curb." Foreigner's luck again. Did you ever get a ticket for parking nineteen inches from the curb?

His third offense was going through a stop sign, on a quiet street, without a complete stop. All right. It can happen to anyone. It happened to Arturo several times, and he also received citations for wheels not turned in when his car was parked on a hill, proximity to hydrants, and ignorance of the meaning of colored curbs. And speeding tickets accumulated.

Meantime he had a grandstand view of the American traffic system in operation. A radar trap had been set up on our street. Arturo would have been a natural victim except that the zone where speeders were clocked was up the hill from our house, and he never passed that way. It was outside our door that offenders by the dozens were finally flagged down and ticketed. Arturo watched from the window with fascination.

"And there is absolutely nothing in it for the policeman!" he said.

His final traffic offense was, again, going through a stop sign on a quiet street without coming to a full stop. It happened to be the same sign he had ignored on an earlier occasion. It also happened to be the same policeman, and recognition flashed between them. The officer suggested kindly that Arturo should sign up for driving school.

That did it. Twenty years of dodging buses, bicycles, speeding cabs, burros, cattle, and pedestrians, "and now I should go to school and learn how to drive my car on an empty street?"

Arturo moved back to Mexico, where his driving record is unblemished.

Rage in the Lab

BY R. G. G. PRICE

A regular contributor to PUNCH of light articles and literary criticism, R. G. G. PRICE lives in Sussex and writes for the ATLANTIC on a variety of subjects.

In the Feshbach experiment on the effects of television violence, two groups of students were shown two different films, one of a boxing

match and the other of something more neutral. The group that had watched the boxing came out showing less hostility than the one that had not. I have kept the key fact till last: both groups had been "previously angered." I am not joining in the great debate on how the results should be interpreted. What interests me is the process of angering. If anyone knows how it was done, please leave me in my happy ignorance. There are times when a little guessing cheers the mind.

Probably in the early days of experimental psychology, angering was pretty rough and ready. Some low-grade menial was told to tread on the subjects or drop soup on them or just jeer. It was something he got landed with in the intervals of raising current by pedaling a fixed bicycle or mending the X-ray tube with bobby pins or making coffee. He wouldn't have earned any extra pay for it; the job might have been looked on as a reward: "Sorry, Peters, we can't offer you a raise, but there are twenty-four college girls coming tomorrow for perception experiments, and it's you we have picked to make them fighting mad."

In time, upgrading altered the look of scientific manpower. The all-around sorcerer's apprentice multiplied into hundreds of types of technicians, including infuriators. It would not stop there. Infuriation will have become top-level work by now, entrusted to picked Ph.D.'s, with their own association and journal and ingenious claims for tax concessions. They take ever harder and more complex examinations. For the advanced diploma they have to arouse fury in subjects filled to the brim with tranquilizers.

With the rising standard of statistical precision demanded from experimenters, angering cannot be hit or miss, a matter of casually applied stimuli producing unmeasurable responses. There must be some kind of scale. I wonder what the datum line can be. Human flash points vary widely, and so do reactions to the same provocation. One subject may receive yells of "lousy Commie-lover" with a sad, sweet smile, while another may foam at the mouth and roll on the floor because he is kept waiting in a shop for his change.

The personality of the infuriator must enter into many experiments



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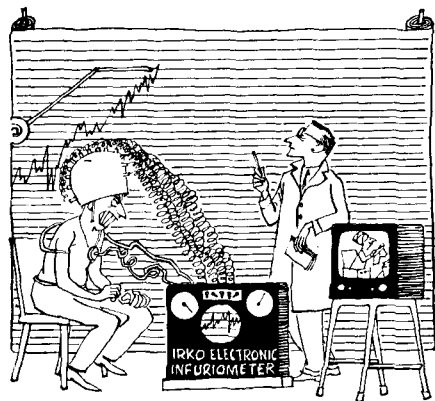
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more closely than the purist statistician would approve. There are men who can start their companions boiling without actually doing anything at all. To get usable figures, some constant of anger productiveness would have to be calculated for each worker in this field. The smaller labs would not be able to employ full-time people, and it would be important to know the visiting infuriator's rating.

Only if angering can be performed mechanically will exact repetition of conditions become possible. Eventually the volunteer will be hooked up to an apparatus which will inflict a series of rigorously standardized provocations. Through the headphones there will come the sounds of a nagging wife, a substandard radio comic, an abusive cop, and a games bore. A plastic elbow will dig the subject in the ribs. Measured quantities of staining liquids will be dribbled over his clothes. The seat will give way.

I wonder how anger was maintained at a constant level during the walk from the lab to the movie in the Feshbach experiment? Perhaps the stalls were kept dark and the aisles were filled with piled coats, packages, and dogs on long leads. Or were the subjects angered in their seats? I had been vaguely



imagining a long file of volunteers slowly shuffling from infuriator to auditorium, but those at the head of the queue might well have found their anger evaporated and turned into boredom. It all sounds much too full of holes. The only safe procedure would be to have each seat fitted with an individual machine; if that sounds a bit expensive, charge it to the space program.

The irascibility of man responds to a far wider range of stimuli than that of animals, so there must be a need for specialist animal infuriators. I suppose you would get some

kind of response by snatching food from guinea pigs, but it would be a pretty elementary, unprofessional approach and no firm basis for a bonus claim. What colors irritate a tortoise? How do drosophilas respond to old Scottish airs played on a saw? What is the most effective way of sneering at a bison? For this kind of work the human operator is likely to be needed for some time to come.

The Feshbach experiment was really concerned with evaluating the cathartic possibilities of television violence by testing the theory that being subjected to it might make the viewer a milder and calmer citizen instead of one anxious to improve on the methods of mayhem demonstrated on the screen. The angering was merely preliminary; but there must be areas of research in which angering is central — sedation pharmacology for one. Products cannot be adequately tested without efficient emotion stimulation, and that ought to mean rage as well as fear.

The people who make tranquilizers are obviously well set to make stimulants. These surely must provide not only energy but fury. Pep pills issued to combat troops are intended to make them fierce as well as just brisk. Standardization — and that means controlled angering — is needed to make sure that soldiers are not merely superhumanly active but that they do not lose all sense of tactical possibilities in a whirling, hate-generated red mist.

There is certainly a place in modern life for the mild infuriant as well as the mild sedative. There are restaurants in which no customer gets served if he looks meek; a pill taken before entering would pay off. Mounting trams in European capitals, the gentle, courteous man is at a disadvantage; a spurt of anger might be just what is needed to change him from a pedestrian to a passenger. There would be a steady sale to the henpecked.

But, of course, all this talk of machines and drugs may be right off beam. It's quite obvious, now that I come to think of it: the volunteers in the Feshbach experiment who had been previously angered before seeing the violent or nonviolent films had been made to sit through — Well, fill in the name of the movie for yourself.

The Neurotic's Notebook

MIGNON McLAUGHLIN

Money is much more exciting than anything it buys.

Creative work is one of life's greatest pleasures, and the only one we will gladly interrupt.

When you lose your money, you find out who your friends are — and they're not the ones you wanted.

The only bravery that matters is the kind that gets you from one moment to the next.

The sophisticate is always haughty when being introduced to a celebrity.

There is one desirable place to be long-winded: in letters back home.

When you let money speak for you, it drowns out anything else you meant to say.

Most of our diversions do not so much delay death as accustom us to it.

A rich suicide consoles us a little, and frightens us a lot.

The time we can often do something wonderful is when we are supposed to be doing something else.

A high salary is the slender thread that many a neurotic ego hangs by.

Women insist upon marriage and then hate it; men are dragged there and then love it.

Of all second-class citizens, neurotics are the only ones who are so by choice.

The first night of your stay in a hospital you are given a heavenly back rub by an angel you never see again.

Love unlocks doors and opens windows that were not even there before.

Cigarettes are all the clock I need; one pack finishes the morning, another the afternoon, a third the night.



How watching movies can extend life

The solitary actor appearing in this film won't win an Academy Award. He'll be awarded something far greater—a longer, healthier, more active life. ■ Our "actor" is a hospital patient. He suffers from fainting spells, chest pains and shortness of breath. ■ Two doctors are in the audience. One, a cardiovascular surgeon. The other, a radiologist—a physician specially trained in the medical use of x-ray. ■ Through the use of x-ray motion pictures (cinéfluorography) the radiologist is able to record and study the intricate actions of a patient's heart; able to

accurately diagnose the trouble—in this case, a leaky heart valve. ■ By restudying the x-ray movies and consulting together, the radiologist and surgeon were able to confirm a malfunctioning heart and pave the way for a successful operation. ■ In this instance, it can truly be said that movies—and the "actors"

who appear in them—are getting better. Thanks, in part, to General Electric—a Company that cares, and continues to care, by providing the medical profession with the finest and most advanced equipment for use in x-ray diagnosis.



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LE HIGH-LIFE IN GUADELOUPE

BY JAMES EGAN

Guadeloupe, after having dozed through the jet-borne Caribbean boom of recent years, has now awakened to the value of the tourist dollar, and has built some of the fanciest resort facilities in the West Indies. These are planted in a setting of prodigal mountain scenery, rain forests, white beaches, and opalescent waters — the whole wrapped in an ambience peculiarly French.

Guadeloupe has been French since 1635, with a few brief spells of British rule in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Lying midway in the Antilles chain between the Virgin Islands and Trinidad, the island, shaped like a butterfly's wings, is actually two islands joined by a narrow strip of land. The western wing is called Basse-Terre, an old seafaring term for the land below the wind; the eastern wing is called Grande-Terre. The names have nothing to do with topography; Basse-Terre is rugged and rears up through tropical jungles to a still-active 4800-foot volcano, La Soufrière; Grande-Terre rolls gently in sugarcane and savanna.

The politics of the island are confusing, like all French politics. In municipal elections held while I was there, I counted more than a dozen local parties; my favorite was one in

the town Petit-Bourg, called Union pour la Rénovation de Petit-Bourg. It won handily against the Entente Démocratique. As one transplanted Frenchman told me, "Here we vote more for the personality than for the party. We have whites, blacks, mulattoes, and East Indians, and although we have our differences, they are not profound."

It was a soft tropic evening in winter when my wife and I landed at the big jet airport near Pointe-à-Pitre, Guadeloupe's bustling commercial capital, less than five hours flying time from New York. A forty-five-minute ride over an excellent *route nationale* brought us to the Fort Royal Hotel on the northwest coast of Basse-Terre. The long, low, modern hotel, standing out on a bluff between two curved beaches, blazes with lights at night. Inside, a staircase made for grand entrances sweeps down from the lobby to the dining room; an orchestra plays nightly for dancing; a bilingual M.C., who doubles as *coiffeur*, runs horse racing games. Before and after dinner, the shiny bar is well filled.

Rooms in the Fort Royal's main building are glass-walled and slickly furnished in palisander pieces from France. For the guest with Robinson Crusoe tastes, there are conical

cottages at the remote end of the west beach. Each is a single circular room with bath; but air conditioning, a nearby free-form swimming pool, and a big American breakfast tray keep the guest from feeling like a castaway. Moreover, the daily buffet lunch, served by the pool under a loggia draped with bougainvillea, runs to cold salmon mayonnaise, heaping platters of fowl and cold meats, enormous French sausages, popeyed shrimp in their shells, spears of palm heart, cold braised celery, a wicked lineup of patisseries, and bowls of tropical fruits. Fortunately, one can work it all off on the hotel tennis court, water skiing, or piloting a Sailfish. A nine-hole golf course is scheduled to open this coming season. Rates at the Fort Royal in season for a double room and bath are \$27 to \$29 a person, Modified American Plan; out of season, \$16 to \$18; service and taxes included.

In the Fort Royal's boutique I fell into conversation with the shop's owner, a lively bright-eyed woman from Southeast Asia. She had been a *couturière*, she told me, for the elegant ladies of Guadeloupe, and she supplied a somewhat foreshortened view of the island's social structure, seen from the top. "This is not a poor island," she said. "There are many rich families here, very rich. They are the *békés*, the white planters. They own the sugar and rum factories, and now they have the representation for foreign industries here — the agencies for Peugeot, Mercedes. There is always much entertaining. The women go to five or six cocktail parties a week, and they must have a different dress for each. It must also be different from all the other dresses at the party, so of course they have it made to order." She sighed. "But now it is so difficult to get seamstresses that I must also sell ready-to-wear from Nice and Cannes."

The next day we looked in on the holdings of a *béké* family at Deshaies, a fishing village near the Fort Royal. "Rocailles de Guy Blandin," the entrance sign said; the rock gardens proved to be an entire mountaintop, where M. Blandin, a former banana planter, grows acres of anthurium for export to France. The flat, waxy, heart-shaped flower, actually a leaf, with a protruding tongue is usually red or pink, but M. Blandin has developed hundreds of other varieties.

**"Is old Mexican saying:
He who receives Kahlúa in holiday
gift pack has good fortune;
He who gives Kahlúa in holiday
gift pack is smart cookie."**

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"Regard this giant," he said, pointing to a scarlet and green monster a foot across; others were pure white, peach, even brown. M. Blandin is a passionate horticulturist in a climate that encourages his passion. He grows more than sixty varieties of hibiscus; his red foxtails are ten times the size of those in our temperate gardens. A stocky man in his fifties, with a square Breton face and piercing blue eyes, M. Blandin spoke rapid-fire French, curiously accented. I asked him what part of France he came from. "My family has been in Guadeloupe two hundred years," he replied. "We are Creole." Had he been to the States? "Oh, yes, in passing to visit my son at the university in Montreal. He has a degree from Cambridge, and now he does graduate work in finance. He likes business and money and all that."

"Will he come back here to Guadeloupe?" I asked.

"My son doesn't like flowers. He wants to be a banker." M. Blandin smiled. "But he is still young. Perhaps he will change his mind."

Another day we made an excursion around the perimeter of Basse-Terre with a French photographer, Francis Sanglerat, and his pleasantly tinted Guadeloupean model, Claudie. M. Sanglerat, a lean scar-faced man who looks like an amiable Humphrey Bogart, had lived in Guadeloupe for some fifteen years. Yet he is a true Parisian, born in Montmartre, "*le coeur de Paris*," he said. Claudie had lived on the island all her eighteen years; only her photogenic face, on Sanglerat's postcards, travels around the world.

We headed down the precipitous west coast, where heavily wooded mountains run to the sea, and palm-fringed beaches rim the coves. Guadeloupe is legitimately billed as the Emerald Isle of the French West Indies. Along its roads grow a profusion of banana and breadfruit trees, mango and papaya trees, tall hedges called *sang-dragon*. Claudie gathered stalks of wild sugarcane, peeled them, and chewed them up at the rate of a yard an hour.

In every little town stand the symbols of authority: the gendarmerie, the green bronze statue of *La République*, and the church. Adjoining the church is usually a cemetery, as elaborate as those one sees in the French Pyrenees, with the

same ornate family tombs decorated with intricately beaded wire wreaths and improbable artificial flowers. The tombs are above ground; one is vaguely Chinese with a pagoda roof, another is Persian; but perhaps the most astonishing are resort-modern, hygienically tiled in black and white, like bathrooms, with glass-brick windows and wrought-iron gates. Inside one of these we saw a painted plaster statue, presumably of the head of the family. The figure, with arms outstretched, wore a neat black suit and striped shirt and tie, all lovingly painted on. The eyes were blue and bulging, the hair blond. "Famille Egerton," the plaque said. Were they descendants of some Brit-



ish sailor who landed here a hundred and fifty years ago?

Lunch on the road in Guadeloupe is likely to be an adventure in French provincial cooking. We stopped at a modest hotel and restaurant called the Rocroi, much like those in the south of France. We ate outdoors on a terrace overlooking the sea, flanked by a small zoo occupied by a raccoon — said to be the only wild animal in Guadeloupe besides the mongoose — and a noisy collection of doves and parakeets. The proprietor was from the Midi, and the fare was richly Provençal: spiced-up hors d'oeuvres and black blood sausage; *l'aïoli* — mayonnaise heavily laced with garlic and served with cold boiled vegetables; thin lamb chops; salad; cheeses, including an oddity called *Caprice de Dieu*; and homemade sherbet. M. Sanglerat put away most of a carafe of red wine. Claudie managed with a Dubonnet, red wine, and a Pepsi Cola. She did well by the sherbet too, a great island favorite. "On Sunday afternoons at four o'clock," said our escort, "all the ladies take three or four glasses of sherbet made with the vanilla or coconut of the

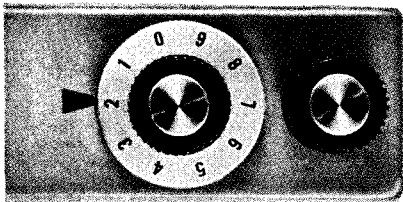
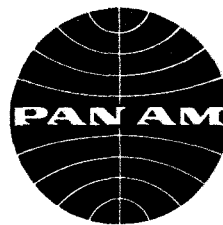
island. Then they groan and say, 'I will lose my line!'"

A few miles beyond the Rocroi we came to the city of Basse-Terre, Guadeloupe's political capital, small and somnolent. We drove up through the flowering suburb of Saint-Claude, where the French prefect lives in an elegant old wooden house, then followed a narrow switchback that ascends to the volcano, La Soufrière. As we climbed, we plunged into a rain forest. The mountains of Basse-Terre intercept the moisture-laden trade winds, which dump enough rain on the island to feed some eighty rivers. The dripping forest is laced with parasitic vines and tropical ferns; mahogany trees up to six feet in diameter lie uprooted by past hurricanes.

"The temperature here drops one degree centigrade each hundred meters one mounts," said M. Sanglerat. Claudie shivered in her thin dress and chewed up several more inches of sugarcane. Still some distance from the summit, the road ended. A smell of sulfur filled the air. A chill fog closed in. Did we want to mount farther on foot? Two damp, bedraggled French youths in shorts stumbled down a lava path, their feet black with cinders. They had climbed to the edge of the bubbling crater, they said, and the wind was *très fort*; it had blown them over en route. The weather changes hourly on La Soufrière; this wasn't the moment for the ascent. We drove back down through the rain forest to the sun, pausing on the way to eat *framboises de La Soufrière* — big red watery raspberries — and once to chop out of the jungle undergrowth a flaming orange and yellow bird-of-paradise flower which rose on a six-foot stalk.

The last stop on our Basse-Terre expedition was at Trois Rivières, to examine some pre-Columbian Carib rock inscriptions half hidden along the banks of a pretty little stream. The inscriptions are badly worn, but small boys stand ready, for a fee, to dash a bucket of water on the rocks to bring out the scratches. In Guadeloupe the marks of the past are almost everywhere obscured; the tropics rapidly swallow up crumbling forts and ruins. Now an ambitious tourist office is beginning restoration, and the old Fort Fleur d'Épée, for one, has recently been turned into an attractive museum.

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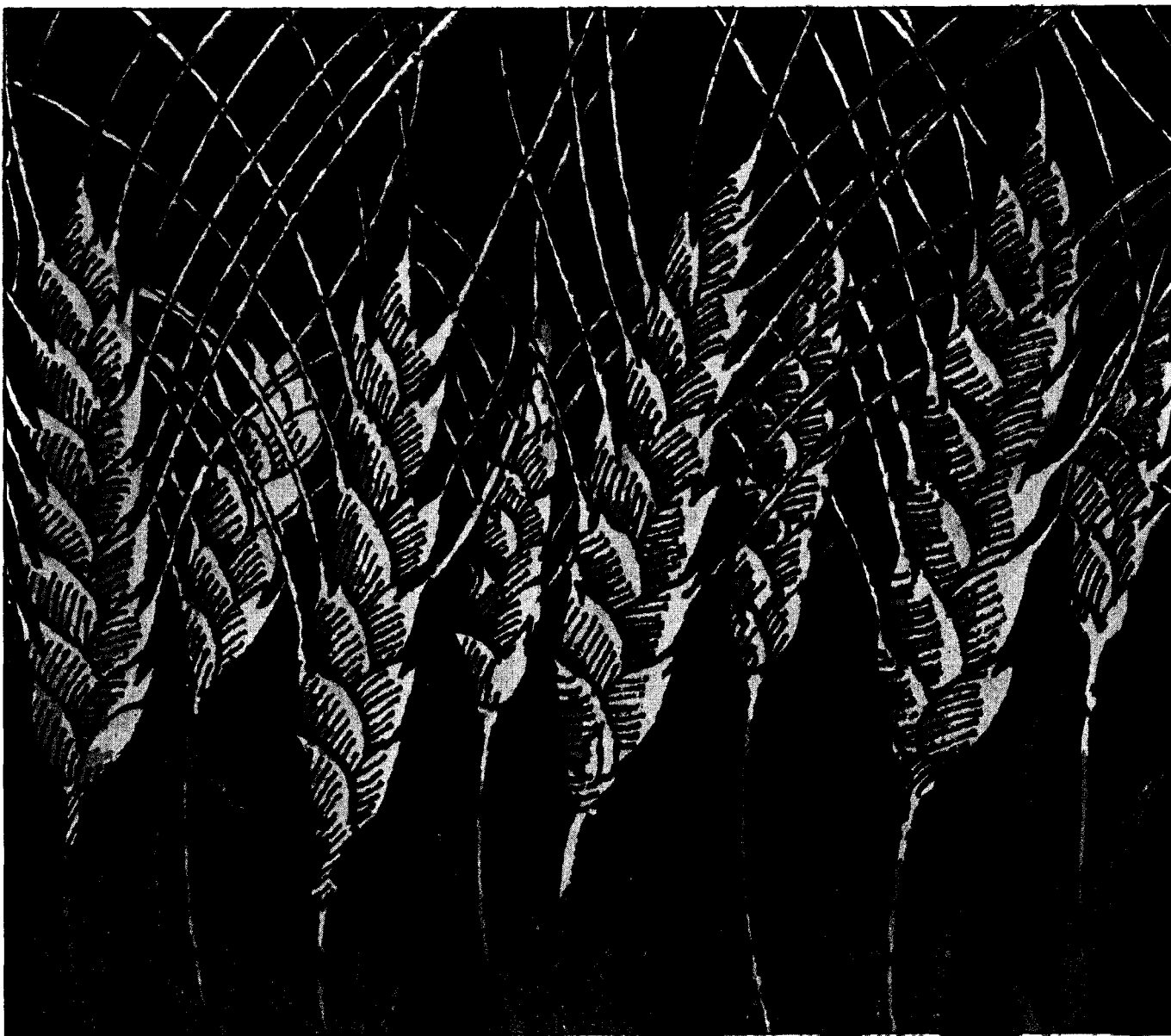
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On Grande-Terre, the low-lying pastoral half of Guadeloupe, future archaeologists will have their work cut out for them when they come upon La Caravelle, the island's other luxury hotel. It is a swooping white concrete structure that looks like a world's fair pavilion. The bidets suggest a French hotel, to be sure, but what are twin washbasins doing in French bathrooms? The molded fiber-glass beach chairs with a Paris nameplate are obviously designed to enthrone a race of goddesses. And they do: bikinied airline hostesses. The tribal rites here — eating and drinking, swimming and water sports — trace directly to the French Riviera.

La Caravelle is ten miles from Pointe-à-Pitre on a mile-long stretch of white sand shaded by coconut palms and sea grape. A small dock juts into a reef-rimmed bay, where a constant stream of skilled water skiers perform. About a third of the guests are American. As one New York doctor remarked, "The thing I like about this place is that it is frankly French. There isn't even a drugstore in the hotel."

Lunch at La Caravelle is served at a poolside bar, and we usually settled for *les sandwiches français*, ten-inch lengths of French bread filled with ham, chicken, or roast beef. But dinner takes off in full-blown metropolitan French style with, for example, *potage Saint-Germain*, *langouste armoricaine*, a cutlet Pojharsky, *petits pois* with tiny white onions and bits of pork; then runs through the inevitable salad, cheeses, pastry, and fruit. The wine list is long, and a bottle of



Pouilly-Fuissé 1959 costs the same as in France. La Caravelle's rates in season for a double room and bath with terrace facing the sea are \$23 to \$26 a person, Modified American

Plan; out of season, \$17 to \$19; service and taxes included.

On a Sunday morning we taxied from La Caravelle to the neighboring town of Sainte-Anne, not much more than a single street of unpainted houses, with fishing boats drawn up at one end of the beach and an open-air market at the other. But everybody was dressed up for Sunday Mass. The little girls came in sparkling white or pink dresses and straw bonnets, the boys in crisp white shirts and shorts. A few of the older women wore the traditional costume of Guadeloupe: a flowered, full-length dress hitched up to show the petticoats, and a madras-kerchief headdress tied up in points. The Mass was sung in French; the sermon was a plea for strict observance of Lent; and through it all, babies toddled up and down the aisles in happy confusion.

La Caravelle itself celebrated Sunday with two serious devotions: a stupendous buffet lunch attended by most of social Guadeloupe, followed by a three-hour fashion show run by the Maison Vogue, a smart Pointe-à-Pitre shop. The dozen young mannequins were amateurs, ranging from rosy blond to *café au lait*, all fresh and lovely. They performed creditably, if a bit nervously. It was a cozy family affair, and each girl had her claque, who applauded as the announcer brought her on. When the show was over, the stars came out to join their families and friends for kisses and congratulations, lemonades and Cokes.

When we explored Grande-Terre one day with our French photographer friend, he volunteered to show us the sugar mill of one M. Beuzelin, "a formidable character," he said. We drove through bottomlands of sugarcane, past Hindu settlements flying tattered temple pennants, and presently entered a gate marked Néron. "The proprietor has named his place after the Roman emperor," explained M. Sanglerat. "He considers himself a spiritual descendant of Nero and rules his establishment accordingly. He is also an admirer of Maréchal Pétain, as you will see."

In a clearing before a battered wooden mill, sweating workers unloaded sugarcane from oxcarts to trucks. The mill machinery appeared long unused, yet an odor of fermented cane hung over the place. Blazoned across the facade of the

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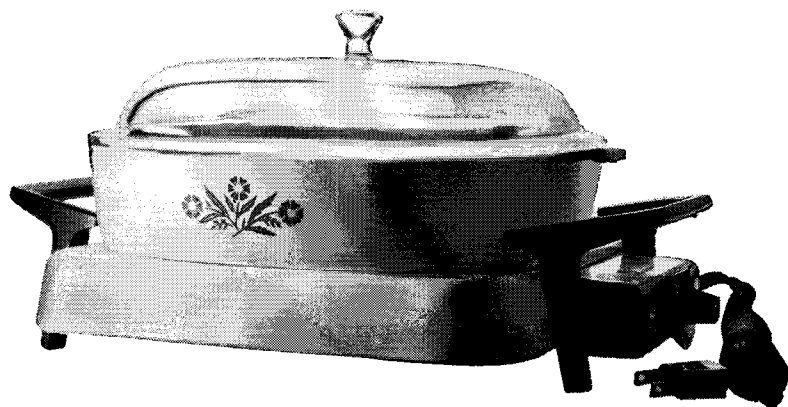
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mill in red letters a foot high was the Pétainist motto: "*Dieu — Travail — Famille — Patrie.*" A local artist had crudely daubed on the office wall a lifesize figure of a French soldier shouldering a rifle and standing at salute. Above the figure was a street sign: Place du Maréchal Pétain. But the proprietor himself was nowhere about.

"This gentleman has certain fixed ideas, you understand," said M. Sanglerat. "He used to detest De Gaulle, naturally, but lately he says he is not so bad. When I asked him why, he said, 'Because now De Gaulle follows the policies of Pétain.' So when De Gaulle visited here last year, the proprietor sent him a case of his own rum. Each bottle carried a special tricolor label — *De l'Empereur de Rhum au Président de la République.*"

We were sorry to miss M. Beuzelin, but perhaps he would have refused to receive enemy aliens, in any case.

Among Guadeloupe's colorful characters is Mario Petraluzzi, amateur historian, antiquarian, expert on Creole cuisine, and owner of the Grand Corsaire de la Pergola, a restaurant with guest cottages at Gosier, five miles from Pointe-à-Pitre. We lunched at La Pergola, high above a beach and the Bay of Guadeloupe, in an atmosphere of privateering days. The restaurant lounge is hung with cutlasses, old charts, oil portraits of corsair captains. Ancient cannons stand in embrasures about the building, and overhead flies a skull-and-crossbones flag. Yet there is no note of professionalism in the decor; it is disarmingly haphazard, and the effect is both honest and naïve.

"I have been here since twenty-eight years," said M. Petraluzzi, a salty, animated man of about sixty. "I do not want a grand hotel. I prefer a small place, and I am always full. Some guests I like better than others. You know who are the best guests in the world? Those from Boston and Philadelphia." He produced a bronze medal on a red ribbon. "I give this to my faithful who come here for three years." It was inscribed from the corsair captain of the frigate *La Pergola*, signed "Cap Mario"; and it named the recipient a resounding "Chevalier Compagnon de l'Ordre des Corsaires de La Guadeloupe."

Mario himself owns a similar

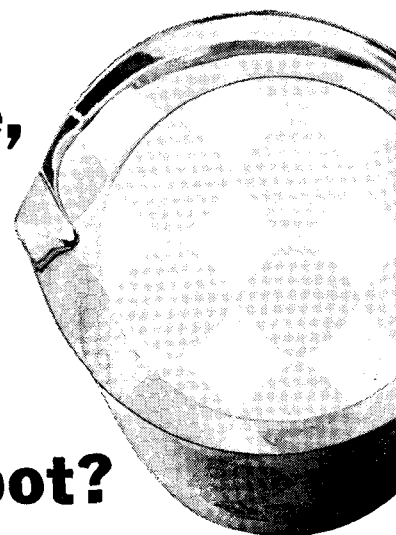
medal of solid gold. He hung it on his chest and strutted about, a corsair reincarnate. Mario confided that he is sometimes at odds with the administration, but his Creole cuisine has a firm following. He served us a fine *omelette aux crabes* (it takes at least ten land crabs to produce the spicy brown filling); a *court-bouillon de poisson à la Créole* (red snapper in a sauce of lemon flavored mysteriously with "herbs of the country"); and *coupe Mariette* (a dessert named after Mario — fresh tropical fruits covered with vanilla sherbet and syrup of guava). "Imagine," said Mario when we left, "La Pergola is not among the hotels in the illustrated tourist folder." He addressed nameless enemies: "*Crétins, idiots, imbéciles, tellement bêtes!*"

Although the city of Pointe-à-Pitre itself gives an unfair impression of Guadeloupe, for it is a scaly port, it is a goal for bargain-hungry tourists from the cruise ships. French perfumes and liquors are the best buys, at less-than-Paris prices. Shops carry French ready-to-wear; the Maison Vogue probably offers the largest stock — more than four thousand dresses, they say, at about half the price of imports in New York. In the Prisunic, a variety store, there are French table linens, French tinned delicacies, and postcards featuring Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Aznavour. With a little searching, one can also find a newspaper in English: the European edition of the *Herald Tribune*, flown in from Paris.

But it is outside the port and its shops — on the beaches, in the mountains, in the verdant cane fields — that one discovers the beauty of Guadeloupe, the beauty that moved Nobel laureate Saint-John Perse to write of his birthplace: "I dreamed the other night of islands greener than the imagining." One afternoon, we sat with M. Sanglerat and Claudie in a little bamboo-covered bar far out on the island, by a deserted beach. A gentle breeze stirred the tamarind trees. Hummingbirds danced about the trumpet vines. Claudie had just come back from wading in the blue-green sea. "You have a paradise here," my wife observed. Claudie shook her head. "I would like someday to go to Tahiti," she said dreamily. "I would wear a *pareu* and tuck a flower behind my ear and swim in the lagoons. I would like that."

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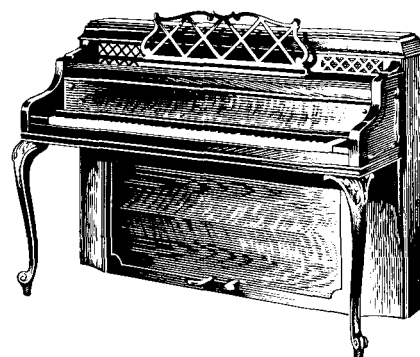
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MOZART: AN UNDIMINISHING APPEAL

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Despite the absence of any occasion to account for them, new recordings of Mozart's music continue to pour out at an astonishing rate. We are, at the moment, well between Mozart commemorations. The two-hundredth anniversary of his birth occurred in 1956 and was suitably and even piously celebrated; the two-hundredth anniversary of his death will not occur until 1991, when some of us, conceivably, will not be around to join in the festivities.

Yet a quick glance at any issue of the monthly Schwann catalogue will confirm the simple but eloquent fact that there are more recordings of works by Mozart in existence than by any other composer. Mozart, of course, wrote more than most other composers. Yet the surge of Mozart recordings represents something more than a desire to record every available work (believe it or not, there still are some gaps to be filled, such as a modern version of the opera *La Clemenza di Tito*). It also indicates that the challenge of Mozart's music to both performers and audiences continues undimmed. All twenty-three Mozart piano concertos have been recorded, some many times over, yet Rudolf Serkin has cheerfully embarked upon the project of recording them all again for

Columbia. A new, low-priced label, Nonesuch, which derives its product from musical ensembles in the smaller European cities, is enthusiastically mining the field of early Mozart serenades, divertimenti, and church music. Among the new releases of London Records is a thoroughly entrancing two-record collection of Mozart's complete dances and marches, some of them hitherto unrecorded, played with zest by an ensemble of Vienna Philharmonic members headed by Willi Boskovsky (CS-6412/13, stereo; CM-9412/13, monaural). And Deutsche Grammophon has just issued a majestic new recording of that consummate operatic masterpiece *The Magic Flute* (138981/83, stereo; 18981/83, monaural: three records).

The DGG *Magic Flute* is as symptomatic as any other thing of the prevalence of Mozart on records, for it follows by only a few months a new Angel version led by Otto Klemperer. Moreover, it represents a marked improvement, if only because, unlike the Angel set, it includes the spoken dialogue along with the musical portions. The conversation in *The Magic Flute* is no model of literary elegance, consisting largely of the late-eighteenth-century German equivalent of vaudeville gags;

but it helps further the action, and provides a point of repose between the extended musical ensembles, choruses, and arias.

The new *Magic Flute* has a strong cast of singers, with Roberta Peters providing an agile and brilliant Queen of the Night, Franz Crass a sonorous and expressive Sarastro, Fritz Wunderlich a sweet-voiced, supple Tamino, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau a cheerful, intelligent-sounding Papageno. Of the others, Evelyn Lear is a rather heavy Pamina, and Hans Hotter a wobbly Speaker; but the ensembles of the *Three Youths* and the *Three Ladies* are beautifully balanced, and the chorus of priests richly impressive. Perhaps the most notable quality of all is the marvelous playing of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, which seems to envelop the entire opera in an aura of ravishing sound.

Yet with all these positive attributes, the DGG *Magic Flute* falls short of perfection. This is an opera of religious grandeur and lofty emotions, with its tale of two young initiates traversing ordeals to become members of a select company of sages and priests. But it also is shot through with fun and fancy; Tamino's magic flute not only carries him safely through the trials of fire and water, it also sets off a pack of wild animals into a dance that is both ridiculous and charming. In Mozart's own day, the magical stage effects and Papageno's clowning helped turn *Die Zauberflöte* into a crowd-pleasing hit show, and they certainly have not harmed its popularity since.

It is ironical that while most stage performances nowadays emphasize the frolicsome side of *The Magic Flute*, modern recordings tend to overplay its solemnity. The Deutsche Grammophon album doesn't exactly turn *The Magic Flute* into a ritual, but there is a certain hushed and reverent quality about it that seems unnecessarily restrictive. For all its beauty, it needs a touch of sparkle and wit. Karl Böhm, the conductor, brings a keen sense of style to the work, but too little imaginativeness. A conductor of flair and originality might have made this a truly great recording. The late Sir Thomas Beecham provided just such a *Magic Flute* some twenty-five years ago, and we may at least hope that someone will yet arise to do it for our generation.



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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
(signature) Frank M. Herbert, Jr., Publisher

In some ways, the most striking recent contribution to the understanding of Mozart has been not a recording, but a book. *Mozart: A Documentary Biography* by Otto Erich Deutsch (Stanford University Press, \$17.50) is a remarkable collection of memorabilia, some of them trivial, many tangential, but nearly all of them casting fascinating light not only on Mozart's daily life but on the musical and social modes of eighteenth-century Europe.

Professor Deutsch's method has been simplicity itself, though simplicity of a particularly exhaustive kind. He has gathered together just about every document of the day containing a reference to Mozart, from Viennese official documents to personal laundry lists. The bureaucracy of the decaying Holy Roman Empire seems to have been just about as thorough and repetitive as our own. Everything went into the archives: births, baptisms, weddings, and deaths; petitions for favors; applications for positions; pleas for pensions. The paperwork expended on behalf of Mozart's widow in her appeals for an annual grant from the court is appalling.

In addition, newspapers and journals reviewed concerts and operas; music publishers advertised their new offerings; performers printed announcements of their appearances. The written word was supreme; nearly everyone, it would seem, kept a diary, or prepared memoirs, or at the very least wrote comments and poetry in autograph albums. And since Mozart was one of the best known, if not best financed, members of the European musical community, his name turns up with remarkable frequency. It also turns up in an astonishing variety of spellings—Mozzard, Motzard, Motzart, Moszart, Mozhart, Motzhard, Motzharth, Mozardt, Mozhardt, Mozar, Mazar, Muzard, and a dozen others.

The picture that emerges from these countless references is less that of a lonely creative genius than of a bustling and ambitious musician, scurrying about Vienna (and several other cities) trying to get jobs, pursuing commissions, arranging recitals, rehearsing operas, advertising for ticket purchasers, borrowing money, signing notes, joining a Masonic lodge, attending a costume party, consulting a doctor. Mozart was the first professional

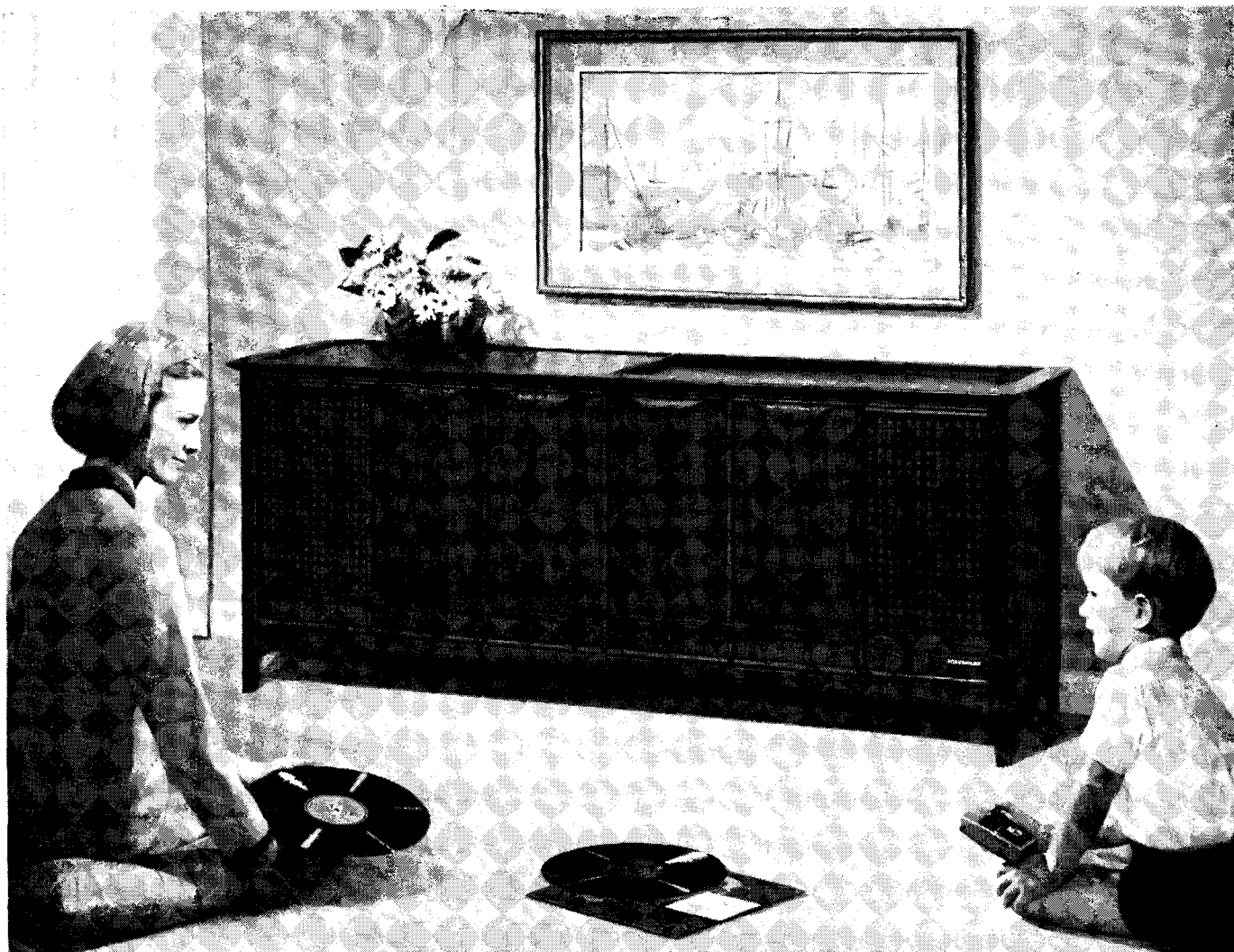
musician in history to attempt to earn his living in the modern way, as a free-lance performer and composer rather than as a member of an aristocratic retinue. His experiment ended in personal disaster, probably because it was ahead of its time and also because he had what one contemporary called an "open, honest character, which would not permit him to bow and scrape." But his daily life, with its ceaseless round of musical activities, its visits to publishers, its wheedlings of impresarios, its concern for commissions and ticket sales, its gathering of both favorable and adverse notices, seems strangely similar to the life of many musicians today, though without such modern shelters and safeguards as copyright laws, labor unions, and government benefactions.

Reading Professor Deutsch's massive and meticulous compilation, one is tempted to wonder how Mozart would make his way if he *were* alive today. He was, for all his genius, a practical musician, which meant that he was not only able but eager to compose to order, shaping his work to meet the requirements of whoever was paying the bills. He could, and did, write to suit himself, but that never prevented him from writing to suit others; and when, toward the end of his short life, he was asked (and paid) to compose pieces for a newfangled automated music machine in which he was totally uninterested, he produced works of such quality that they still are played today, necessarily transcribed for the organ.

So it is hard to resist an uneasy feeling that Mozart today might have gone off in rather unexpected directions. With his melodic fertility and swift working habits, he might have turned out a succession of Broadway musicals. Or, with his musical cleverness and pithiness, he could have been a master of the television singing commercial, which actually is as sharp, concise, and effective a musical form as any our society has evolved.

So perhaps it is just as well to leave Mozart in his own century. At least ours can assert that it has set aside the nineteenth-century view of him as a composer of musical filigrees and miniatures, and begun to appreciate his greatness in its proper perspective.

Bernard Shaw, in his early days as a music critic, once wrote that his



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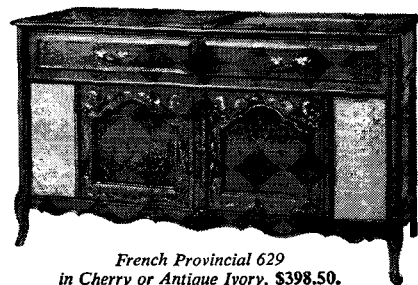
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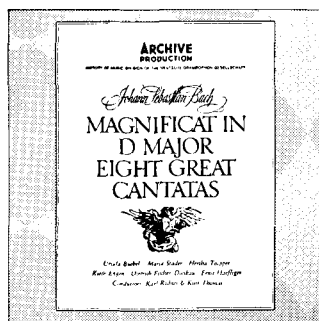
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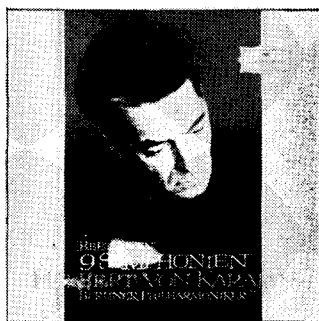
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musical self-respect was based on his keen appreciation of Mozart's works, and added: "It is still as true as it was before the Eroica Symphony existed, that there is nothing better in art than Mozart's best." With our own unending lists of Mozart recordings, and our constant quest for new pinnacles of performance, we would seem entitled to claim the same measure of musical self-respect. In an era not often praised for its taste and perception, that may be no small cause for pride.

Record Reviews

An Historic Return: Horowitz at Carnegie Hall (Bach-Busoni: Toccata in C; Schumann: Fantasy in C; Scriabin: Sonata No. 9, Poem in F-sharp; Chopin: Mazurka in C-sharp Minor, Étude in F, Ballade in G Minor; and other works)

Vladimir Horowitz, pianist; Columbia M2S-728 (stereo) and M2L-328: two records

This album is more than a documentation of Vladimir Horowitz's return, after twelve years, to the concert stage; it also is, in its modest way, a monument to artistic integrity. Everyone who was at that memorable recital the afternoon of May 9, 1965, knows that Horowitz began his opening work, the Bach-Busoni Organ Toccata in C Major, with a prodigious gaffe. Whether from nervousness or overeagerness, the opening chord was a shambles. Horowitz could easily have demanded that the mistake be corrected before the recording was released, or indeed that it not be released at all. But no. With a magnanimity that only a grand master could afford, he has acquiesced in the publication of the concert as played, wrong notes included. The result is one of the most continuously exciting piano albums ever released, with the excitement stemming not only from the thunder of the audience applause but from the lightning of Horowitz's playing. Horowitz has thought deeply and planned long for his return, and this record memorializes his triumph.

Berlioz: Romeo and Juliet, Opus 17
 Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony Orchestra, with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; John Garriss, tenor; Nicola Moscona, bass; and chorus under

the direction of Peter Wilhousky; RCA Victor LM-7034 (monaural only): two records

This is a legendary recording. Toscanini's complete performance of Berlioz's "dramatic symphony" on the Romeo and Juliet story was broadcast on February 9 and 16, 1947. And yet the recording was never released, presumably because it had some minor blemishes which displeased him. Flawed or not, Toscanini's *Romeo and Juliet* has at last been made available, and a magnificent recording it is. Berlioz's work is a mélange of symphony, tone poem, and opera; few other composers could make it seem so dramatically cohesive. Toscanini brings to it both an exquisite sense of detail, as in the *Queen Mab* scherzo, and a romantic fervor, as in the *Fête at the Capulets* and the love scene. His soloists and chorus perform beautifully, too. Gladys Swarthout seems to lunge for some of the notes in the aria "*Premiers transports que nul n'oublie*," and she fluffs a word in the second stanza (is this one of the blemishes that bothered Toscanini?), but for all that, she brings a rare quality of life and ardor to this lovely song. RCA Victor wisely decided to issue this eighteen-year-old recording in its original monaural sound, rather than tricking it out in electronic stereo.

English Harpsichord Music

Igor Kipnis, harpsichordist; Epic BC-1298 (stereo) and LC-3898

The art of playing the harpsichord was revived—for our time, at least—by Wanda Landowska, but fortunately, it did not perish with her. Igor Kipnis, son of the famous basso Alexander Kipnis, has put together a thoroughly unusual and ingratiating program of pieces by such worthies as William Byrd, Giles Farnaby, and John Bull, all of whom flourished in the Elizabethan era, and he plays them with vigor and grace as well as a high degree of skill. Even at first hearing most of these works exercise a compelling charm. But it is surprising how many old friends turn up here in unexpected guises. Among these are Jeremiah Clarke's "Prince of Denmark's March," which was long mistakenly known as Purcell's "Trumpet Voluntary," and the source melodies for Brahms's Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Handel, and Britten's Young Per-

son's Guide to the Orchestra, which is based on a tune by Purcell. Aside from bringing both finesse and feeling to his performances, Mr. Kipnis takes full advantage of the rich tone of his harpsichord, which was built in New York in 1961 by Rutkowski and Robinette. It is an extraordinary instrument, particularly in its resonant guitarlike low register.

Invitation to Spanish Poetry

Selected and translated by Eugenio Florit; read by Eugenio Florit and Amelia Agostini de del Rio; Dover IP-9894 (monaural)

A few years ago Dover Publications put out a combined book and record set of German poetry, beautifully read by Lotte Lenya. Now the same procedure has been extended to Spanish verse, with Eugenio Florit, a professor at Barnard College, responsible for the selection and most of the reading. The poems range from part of the twelfth-century "*Cantar de Mio Cid*" to "*El tren de los heridos*" ("The Train of the Wounded") by Miguel Hernández, who died in a Franco prison in 1942. Much of the record is given over to such moderns as Unamuno, Jiménez, and García Lorca, but there is a fine selection of the older lyrics. Among the more piquant is a paean to a nose by Francisco de Quevedo y Villegas which might have popped straight out of *Cyrano de Bergerac*:

It was the beak of a war galley,
it was a pyramid of Egypt:
it was the twelve tribes of noses
together. . . .

The poems are read, in pure Castilian accents and with just the right touch of expression, by Professor Florit. Miss del Rio, who reads several of the poems, is somewhat less flexible of voice, but speaks with perfect clarity. The record is accompanied by a handsome 143-page soft-bound book containing the texts of the poems, excellent literal translations (such as that above), pictures of the poets, and an introduction and notes by Professor Florit.

Kipling: Gunga Din, Barrack Room Ballads, Recessional, and Other Poems

Read by Boris Karloff, Edward Woodward, Nigel Davenport, Ronald Fraser, and Murray Melvin; Caedmon TC-1193 (monaural)

Although Kipling's *Just So Stories* and *Jungle Book* are well represented on records, his verse has been

neglected. This situation is now remedied by a rousing Caedmon release which brings together Kipling's most popular poems in readings that capture their swing, rhythm, and narrative power, not to mention their Cockney flavor. Boris Karloff is an old Kipling hand, having recorded much of his prose for Caedmon. On this record he even makes that old poetic chestnut "If—" seem fresh and forceful. But the prize of the record surely is Nigel Davenport's reading of "Mandalay," with its fine middle verses included, and with more music in the reader's voice than Oley Speaks ever put into his famous song. Considering that Kipling's collected verse runs to more than eight hundred pages, there would seem to be material here for a recorded encore.

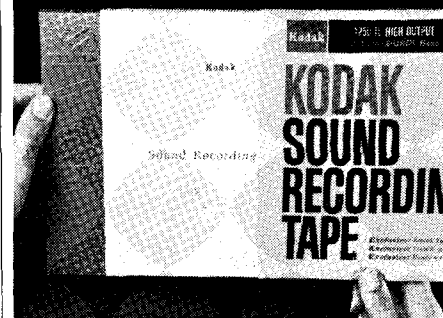
Rodgers and Hammerstein: Carousel
Franz Allers conducting orchestra and chorus, with John Raitt, Eileen Christy, Susan Watson, Katherine Hilgenberg, Reid Shelton, Jerry Orbach, and others; RCA Victor LSO-1114 (stereo) and LOC-1114

This isn't the first recording ever made of this irresistible score by Richard Rodgers, but it may very well be the best. The combination of an excellent cast (gathered for last summer's Lincoln Center Music Theater production) and excellent sound quality is largely responsible. But another important factor is the close attention to musical details provided by Mr. Rodgers, who was very much in charge of the stage production and the recording. An example is provided by the song "If I Loved You." Most singers shape the opening phrase into an unbroken rising curve. But Eileen Jordan puts in a slight hesitation after the "If"; thus, "If—I loved you." Suddenly both the musical line and the dramatic meaning become fresh and vivid. Moreover, the pause is there by Mr. Rodgers' wish (even though, through some strange oversight, it isn't indicated in the printed score). The entire recording is embellished with such little niceties, as well as fine performances from all concerned. John Raitt, who also sang the part of Billy Bigelow in the original 1945 production, is a holdover from the old days. The rest of the cast is youthful and bright-voiced, demonstrating at every turn that a new generation has taken *Carousel* to its heart.

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The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

NATURALISTS respond to a calling which is an exceptionally happy one for our time. To their study of nature they bring endless patience and the observation of what is ageless and of what is minute, and at heart they are optimists, for their faith is based on the evolutionary process and on the long view. What they fight against is extermination, whether of the redwoods or the bald-headed eagle or a natural habitat as indispensable to our undersea life as the salt marsh. Their enemies are those who have thought only for the present: the operators of bulldozers, the hit-and-run contractors, and the engineers, highway or hydroelectric.

Naturalists know how to handle themselves in a controversy: Darwin did, and so did Rachel Carson when toward the close of her life she was showered with abuse by the interests which chose not to credit her warnings. Because of their passionate belief in the continuity of life and because their senses are as well tuned as a Stradivarius, they write better than the scientists in other disciplines. Audubon, Thoreau, and John Muir set the early standard in America; Forbush, William Beebe, and Thomas Barbour carried on the great tradition; Sally Carrighar, Joseph Wood Krutch, Rachel Carson, and Edwin Way Teale have been our most eloquent contemporaries. Every one of those I have mentioned has opened the minds and the eyes of thousands to wonders they would otherwise have missed in this country; what is more, they have made millions of converts: disciples who side with them in their many-fronted struggle for conservation, amateurs whose hobby it is to acquire and then record a special knowledge, as Edgar Monsanto Queeny did in his great work on ducks, and as Crawford H. Greenewalt has done in his beautifully illustrated volume on hummingbirds. The size of this army of adherents is generally underestimated by Congress, but not by Secretary of the Interior Udall. One characteristic they have in common is tenacity, and it will

be needed as our wilderness continues to shrink and as the fight to defend our national parks grows sharper.

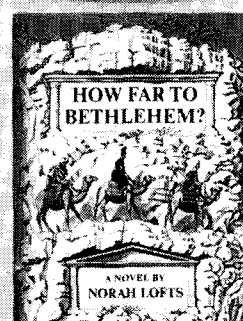
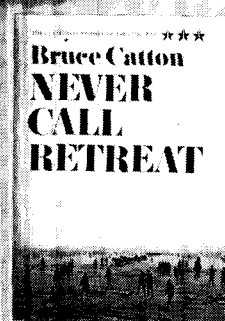
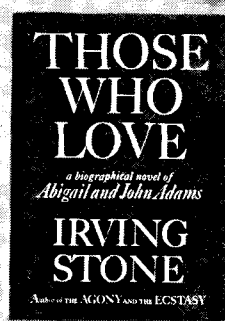
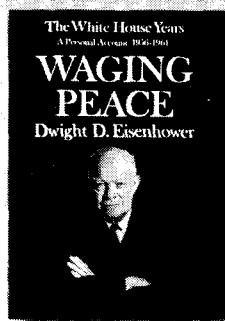
THE FOUR SEASONS

On a summer day in 1945 EDWIN WAY TEALE blocked out on a single sheet of paper the plan for a new kind of book: he would begin with the first burst of spring in the Florida Keys, and then keep pace as the season moved north, watching it transform the country and rousing the inhabitants all the way to upper Canada. So began his natural history of the four American seasons. Following the publication of *North With the Spring* in 1951, he reversed his field and set out in pursuit of autumn, moving across the continent from East to West. By now fellow naturalists knew what he was up to, and through the intercom he alerted them to be ready to show him what was rare or of special interest in their domain. The book on summer came next, and at last, twenty years after his beginning, he brings the series to a close with **WANDERING THROUGH WINTER** (Dodd, Mead, \$6.50). Each volume can be enjoyed in itself; taken together they compose as thorough, as sympathetic, and as delightful a survey of the United States as has ever been written.

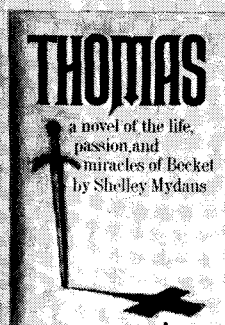
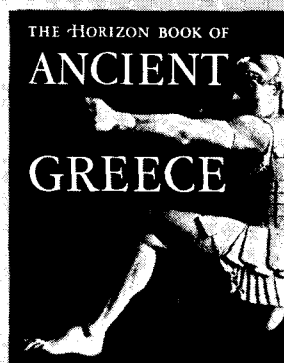
Mr. Teale grew with the undertaking. He began as an acknowledged authority on insects; now that he has traversed well over a hundred thousand miles of our land, he has a complete knowledge of our birds, and with so much camping out, he has developed a familiarity with the trees and the stars. He is as gregarious as he is hardy, and what he draws from personal encounters is as rich as what he finds in solitary observation. It would be unjust if I did not add that Nellie, his wife, has accompanied him on most of the trips and has added her share to his field notes.

Wandering Through Winter (God knows, it is hard enough to live through it in New England) is best

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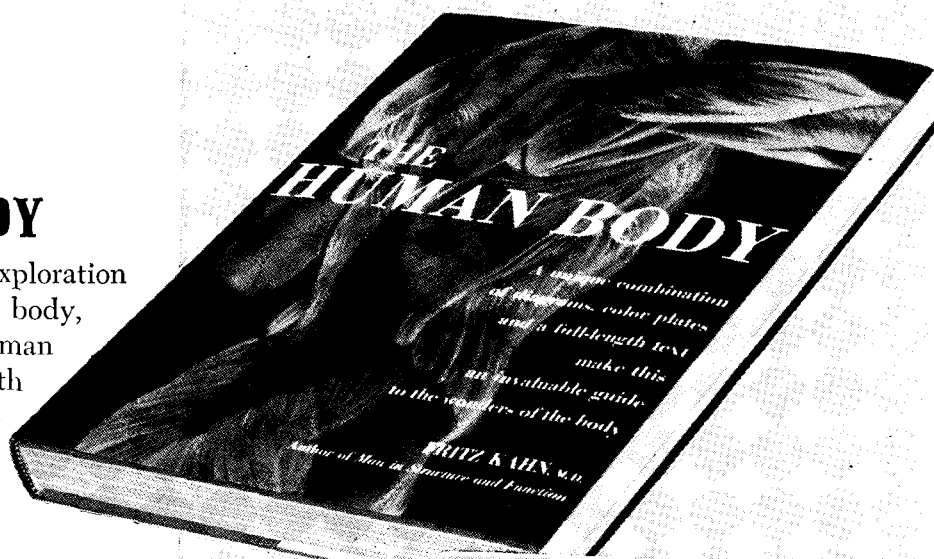
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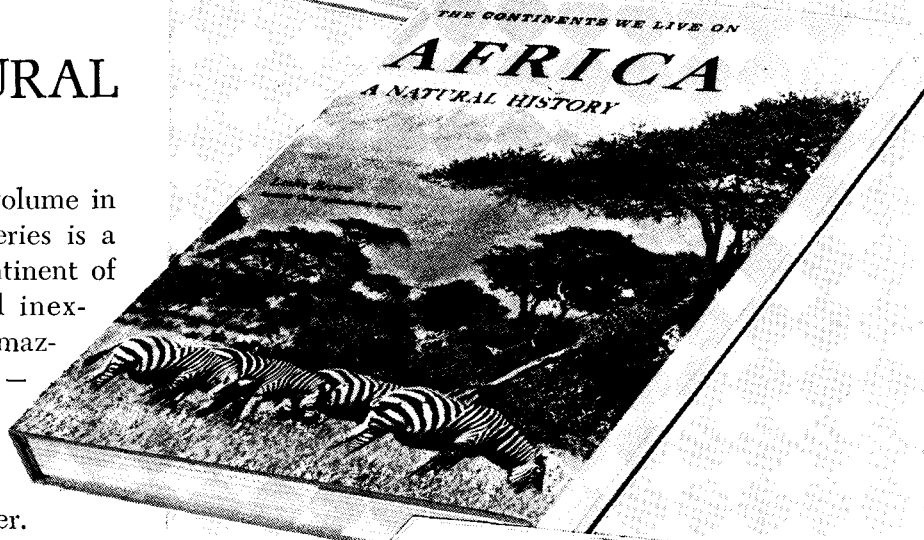
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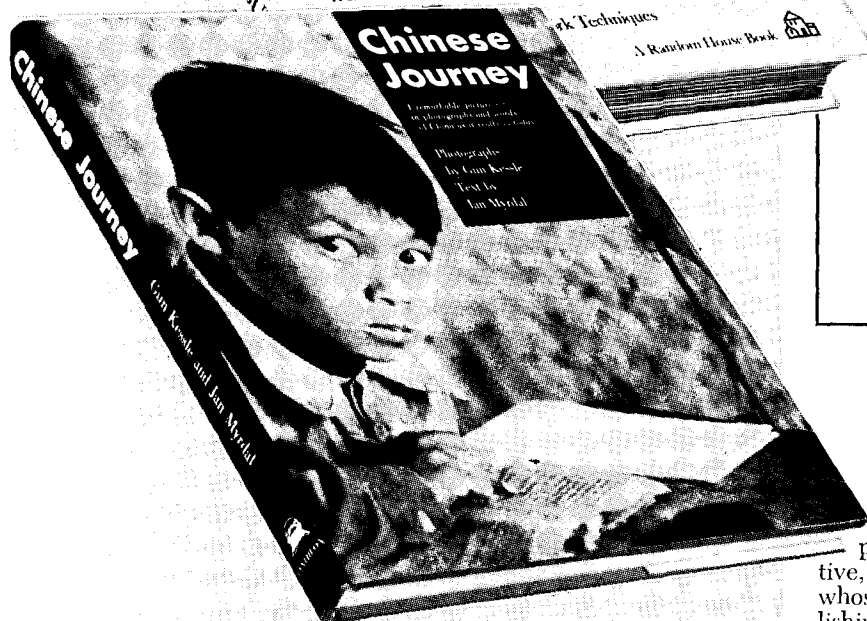
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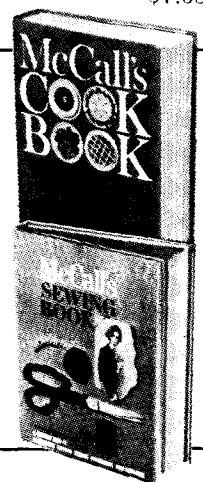
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appreciated at the rate of six or eight pages of an evening, for this way one squeezes the most out of each episode. Mr. Teale begins with the coming of winter to the very southwest corner of the mainland where California joins Mexico and the land meets the sea; here he watches the migration of the great gray whales, forty-five feet long and patched with barnacles as they come down from the Bering Sea to the warm coastal bays where they will bear their calves. Then he and Nellie point the car north and head inland, and now a sampling is in order. I like his description of the elephant trees in the Anza Desert; of hummingbirds, mourning doves, the sage sparrow, robins, linnets, and California thrashers which he finds feeding in the mistletoe on Christmas dawn at Yaqui Well. I like his account of how strong the wind is after midnight on the desert floor, strong enough almost to roll him in his sleeping bag. I like his picture of the kit fox that came within the circle of their electric torch and the pack rat tugging Doctor Jaeger's hair as he was sleeping, under the mistaken notion that it was building material for a nest. I like his story of the old Chinaman who divided the winter into "one-shirt, two-shirt and three-shirt days." I like Teale's amplitude and gusto for whatever nature has to offer.

EASTER 1916

THE RED AND THE GREEN by IRIS MURDOCH (Viking, \$5.00) is a story involving the rather jealous members of an Anglo-Irish family in the week leading up to the Easter Rising in Dublin in 1916. The cat's-paw in the story is Second Lieutenant Andrew Chase-White, recently commissioned in a famous English cavalry regiment and home on sick leave after a brief appearance in France. His antagonist is Pat Dumay, who is a year older, a passionate Irish patriot, and of savage independence. Supporting these two cousins in their half-concealed rivalry are a strange set of elders: Uncle Barnabas, an unfrocked priest who despises his wife and finds consolation in the bottle and in writing a venomous memoir; Millicent, Lady Kinnard, who is running out of money and out of lovers; and Christopher Bellman, who is willing to bail out Millie if she will marry him.

All the women in the story are jealous of Millie and with good rea-

son, for she has lived a fast life, kept her figure, and is still able to attract a roving eye. Hilda, Andrew's mother, freshly arrived from London, envies Millie because of her style, her title, and her way with men; Kathleen, Millie's sister-in-law, envies her because she is kind to Barney; and Pat, the dour rebel, puts up with her because Millie has allowed him to hide his Enfield rifles in her cellar.

In their Irish, errant way, these people, so often at cross-purposes, work themselves up into a family tizzy as the week advances inexorably toward the shooting which has been scheduled for Easter. The only calm, clear-headed individual among them is Frances, Andrew's fiancée. She sees through the pretense of the young officer, his bleak immaturity, and wants no more of him; she responds to Pat's darkhaired magnetism but knows that his only thought is for the revolution, and rightly she determines to get out of Dublin as soon as possible. The men, however, go their troubled way and wind up, most of them, in Millie's bedroom with a mixture of motives that rarely does them credit.

In the staging of her story, Miss Murdoch is curiously shy, not to say amateur. The confrontation in Millie's presence is carried out in a manner that is neither drama nor plausible comedy. And instead of letting us witness even a glimpse of Pat's heroism on Easter and after, the denouement is summed up in a letter written to Frances in 1938 when all the principals are dead. Her comments on them to her grown son prompt him to remark, "Heroic lot, weren't they." "They were inconceivably brave men," said Frances, words which are ironically at odds with the motives we have seen. But this is too easy a way out, an anticlimax that does small justice to the good writing that preceded it.

THE DUEL ON THE FARM

One little suspects from the quiet title of **JOHN UDDIKE's** new novel, **OF THE FARM** (Knopf, \$3.95), what a hot conflict of will and temperament is about to erupt in the placid-looking farmhouse in southeastern Pennsylvania to which Joey Robinson has just brought his second wife and his stepson, Richard. Joey is thirty-five, doing very well as an advertising consultant in New York, and well able to afford his divorce and

The following books by members of the *Atlantic* staff have appeared in recent months:

BOSTON: CRADLE OF LIBERTY by Edward Weeks. \$3.95.

A ROUGH MAP OF GREECE by Phoebe-Lou Adams, winner of the Hedman Memorial Award for International Travel. \$4.95.

THE BREAKING OF THE DAY and Other Poems by Peter Davison. \$3.00.

"The proper study of mankind is Man."

—Alexander Pope

ALAN PATON SOUTH AFRICAN TRAGEDY:

The Life and Times of Jan Hofmeyr

South Africa today is inextricably bound to the life and death of Cabinet Minister Hofmeyr who, as an effective opponent of *apartheid*, represented in all likelihood the last hope for a liberal government policy. Alan Paton brings all his perceptive intuition as a novelist to the story of the "strange, shut-in man" whom he knew and loved, and depicts with compassion the problems of this troubled land. Maps and photographs.

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REINHOLD NIEBUHR MAN'S NATURE AND HIS COMMUNITIES

Essays on the nature of man and his political and social life—the major theme of Reinhold Niebuhr's life-work. Modifying in part his own doctrine of man, "the greatest living political philosopher of America" re-evaluates idealistic and realistic social philosophies.

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A work of rare literary value: a distinguished anthropologist records two years spent among the natives of stone-age New Guinea—and candidly reports the impact on himself. "An extraordinarily vivid insight...an unusual book. I know nothing quite like it in anthropological literature."—H. L. SHAPIRO, *The New York Times*. Photographs.

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MARGARET MEAD and FRANCES B. KAPLAN, editors AMERICAN WOMEN

The recent Report of the President's Commission—established by the late John F. Kennedy—on the Status of Women is reprinted here in its entirety, together with other publications of the Commission and an Introduction and an Epilogue by Dr. Mead. "This is an important book."—EDWARD D. EDDY, *The New York Times*. Charts and photographs.

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JOHN MANN CHANGING HUMAN BEHAVIOR

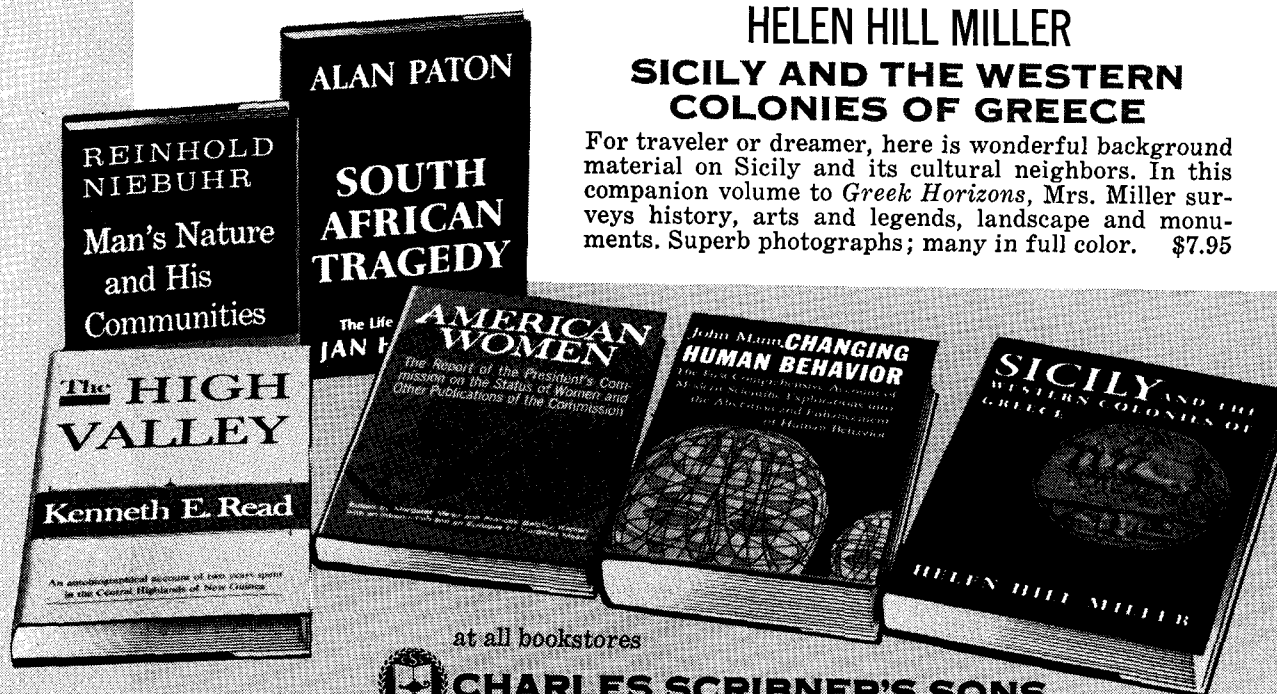
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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

remarriage to Peggy, who with her wide thighs and her red hair has him thoroughly enthralled. He has planned this visit to his mother, not as a peace offering but as a necessity, for the old lady is very ill with emphysema, and the disposition of the farm, where he grew up, is at stake.

Joey's mother has a will of iron: with it she compelled his father, a bumbler in most things, to buy the place, and with it as a widow she has held on to the eighty acres. Joey shares some of her love for the farm, as he shares some of her streak of cruelty. He resents her possessiveness, is astute enough to realize that she poisoned his first marriage with Joan, and is determined that the same needling shall not be given to Peggy. But it is.

Mr. Updike, who received the National Book Award for his novel *The Centaur*, is a stylist with a sure touch, and this short novel demands the very best of his craftsmanship. The story is told through several layers of experience, for as Joey and his mother enter into their duel of willpower, the son's mind reaches back through the innocence of his marriage to Joan to nostalgia of his boyhood. Peggy knows that she is being deliberately shut out, knows that she is being derided by her mother-in-law and that sex and candor are her own strongest weapons. "What shall I do to get through this terrible visit," she exclaims, and the reader feels for her. The anger and the difference of the two generations again and again break through the surface. The method obscures some characters, notably Joan and the father, but Peggy and the mother are powerfully drawn, and it is their antagonism and their fight over Joey which fire our interest.

NATIONAL PARKS IN COLOR

We are living in an epoch which has seen the breakup of many great estates, the destruction of privately held woods and streams, and the continual depredation of our national parks. It would seem on the evidence that the preservation of these parks is not nearly as simple a responsibility as was envisioned in 1910; it would seem that highways, dams, the mining and lumber interests, if their lobby be powerful enough, can make inroads which threaten too many of our national monuments. **DEVEREUX BUTCHER** is a fighter against all this. His book, **OUR NATIONAL PARKS IN COLOR** (Clarkson N. Potter, \$5.95), defines our twenty-eight national parks with color photographs taken by the author, and those of the high peaks and silent waters at dusk are what most touched me. His account flows out of his experience in this wilderness, and it is informed by his passionate belief that there is a better way to save this national heritage — and that the time is now.



Reader's Choice

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

The second volume of **ALBERT CAMUS'S NOTEBOOKS** (Knopf, \$5.00) covers the years between 1942 and 1951, the period in which he was at his most productive. *The Stranger*, *The Plague*, *The Rebel*, and *Caligula*, the works which won him the Nobel Prize in 1957, were in the forefront of his attention while he jotted down the intimate thoughts here presented in an excellent translation by Justin O'Brien. The book offers luminous glimpses of a sensitive mind grappling with the problems of a world at war.

"The Ancient Philosophers," Camus reflected enviously, "meditated more than they read." That was why they clung so closely to the concrete, while their successors produced merely commentaries. The notebooks were Camus's instruments of meditation. Here, in all candor, he examined himself, his ideas, and his perceptions of the universe about him.

The passages appear as he set them down — sometimes a stark sentence or a paragraph, occasionally an idea spelled out over several pages. Camus plays with words or reacts to literature; he argues points of philosophy or makes notes on the historical research preparatory to his writing. Yet there is a coherence to his observations which reflects an orderly, disciplined mind.

Camus is introspective about his own work. At first he smarts under hostile criticism. "Three years to make a book, five lines to ridicule it, and the quotation is wrong." Later he is dismayed by excessive praise. "I withdrew from the world not because I had enemies, but because I had friends. Not because they did me an ill turn as is customary, but because they thought me better than I am. It was a lie I could not endure." He is not a genius, he repeatedly tells himself, but "an average man with an exigency." Again and again he reviews the course of his work, attempts to sum up his achievement, to map out what remains to be done.

His anxieties are deeply personal. As he passes his thirtieth birthday he becomes conscious of his age and mortality. The tubercular disease from which he suffers "is a convent which has its rules, its austerity, its silences, and its inspirations."



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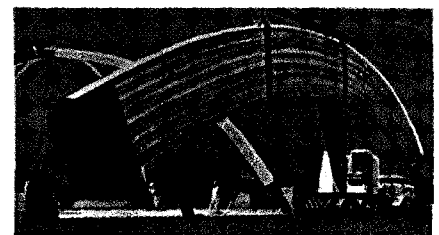
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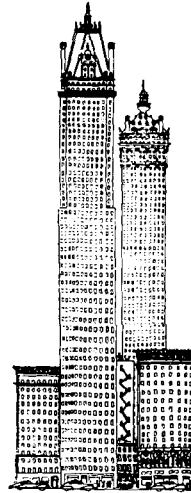
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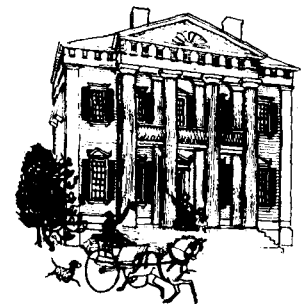
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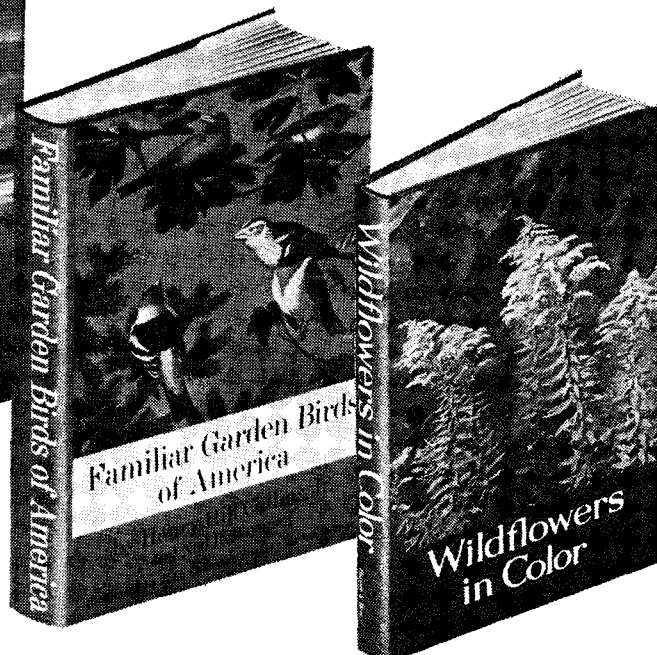
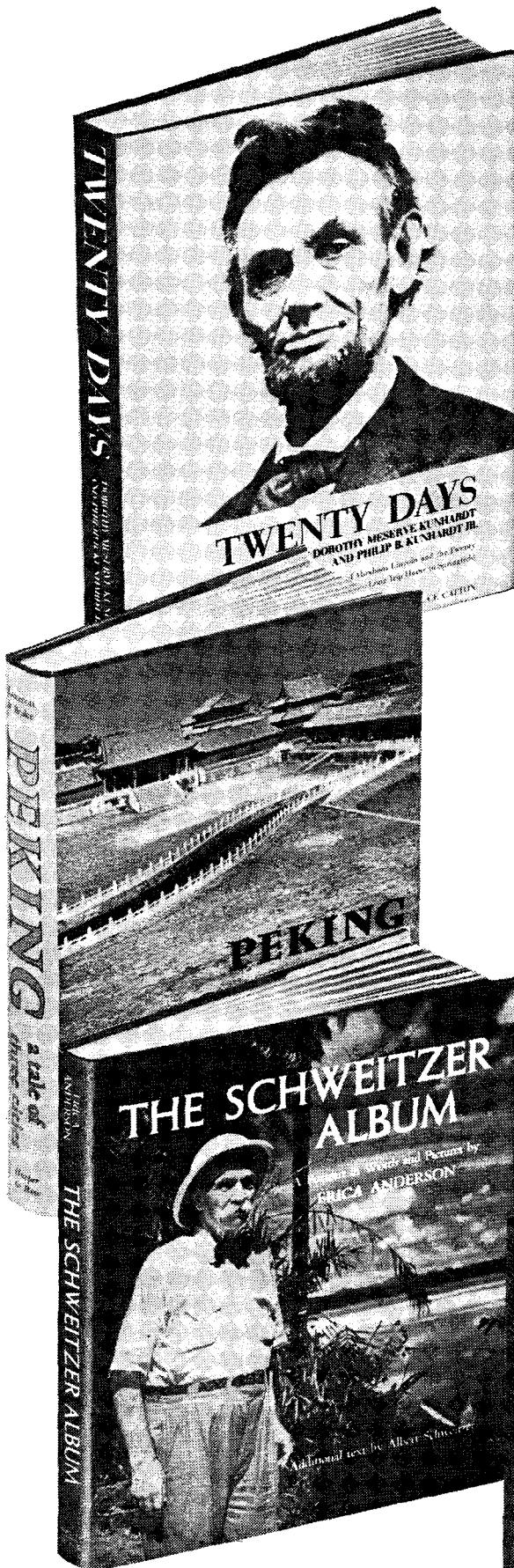
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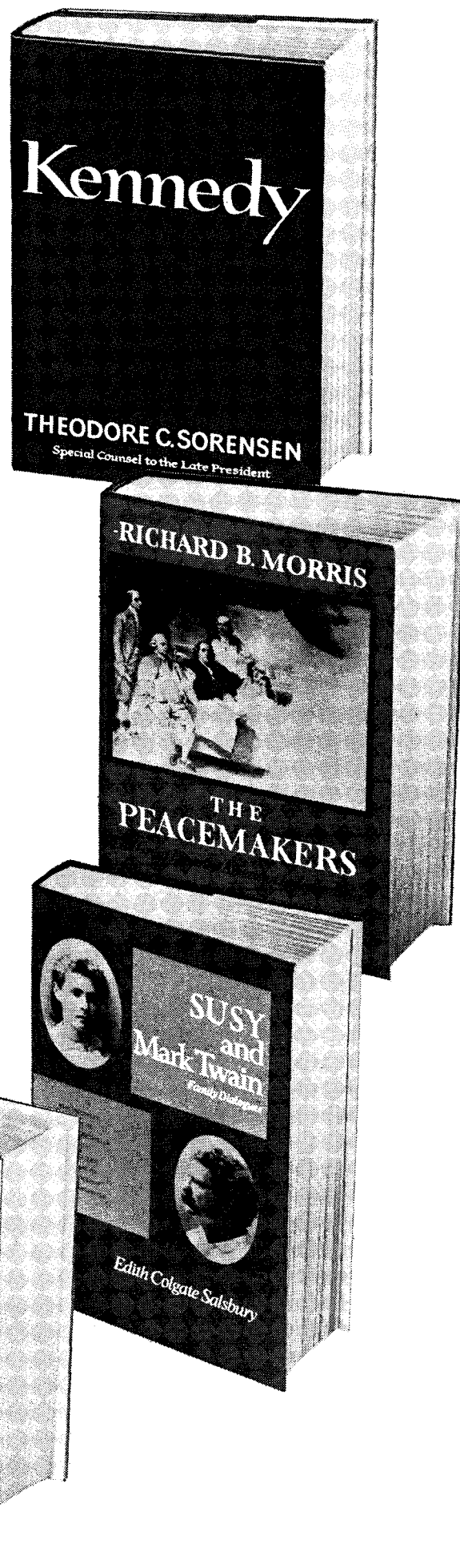
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"Dear," his wife inquired, "would you like me better if I were more interesting?" As old married hands know, any reply to such a question is fraught with peril.

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"Because I have made a resolution to be more interesting in 1966," she answered.

"You went to college," he ventured. "You're well read, a good conversationalist—I think you're pretty interesting right now."

"That's because you love me," she said. He paused to contemplate the irrefutability of her logic.

"Besides," she went on, "I've made up my mind. This year I'm going to concentrate on reading the interesting and provocative books our friends have missed."

"For a start, I've been going through the titles on that list of intellectual paperbacks Doubleday puts out." "Anchor Books?" he asked. "That's it—in fact, I bought one today."

"Brecht?" "No." "History?" "No." "Beethoven? Spinoza? Edmund Wilson?"

"Business," she said. She had never cared a jot for marginal revenue or capital gains. He was intrigued.

"It's called **THE CORPORATION TAKE-OVER**," she said. "It looks at American corporations—the wealth they have created and the political power they have attained since World War II. I've been reading the chapters by A. A. Berle, Jr., Gardiner Means, Solomon Barkin, and several others. It's fascinating and—unsettling. For instance," she continued, "who and how many control the wealth corporations create? To whom are the managers responsible? What kind of people hold corporation middle management jobs? The answers might surprise you."

"Keep going," he said, "you'll be a big hit at the next stockholders' meeting."

"At least I'll have some ammunition to deflate that noisy Harvey Spangler the next time he starts on 'creeping socialism' at a party."

"You are interesting," he said, taking no chances.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Corporation Take-Over (\$1.25), edited by Andrew Hacker, is an Anchor Book, published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 14 Wall Street, New York 10005.

He suspects that he has lived too long and sometimes contemplates suicide.

Often he feels isolated, not only in the sense that war has cut him off from his family but also in his detachment from the experience of other men, for he has neither borne arms in battle nor been deported in the occupation. He cannot even play an active political role because he is "incapable of wanting or accepting the death of the adversary." He must therefore be "merely a witness" — that is, "merely an artist" — who creates myths to fit his passion and his anguish.

From the detached perspective of the witness, Camus views a world, the lack of clarity of which makes art possible. His heated imagination rehearses scenes, some of which will be discarded, while others will pass, intact or transformed, into his novels. His concern revolves about the relationship of the individual to others. When he thinks about justice, for instance, Camus tries to put himself in the place of the criminal in order to visualize the process of arrest. He imagines a fugitive who regularly frequents smart public places, creating bonds of solidarity with the people there as a defense. Again and again Camus returns to the theme of separation and unity, of rebellion and social obligation, for this subject is also the core of his fiction. He is probing, in his notebooks as in his novels, for the meaning of liberty, seeking to understand man's desire to stand unshackled, yet embraced in some larger unity.

All the while, Camus observes not abstractions, but the concrete world about him. The workingmen of Sainte Étienne, the landscape of Algeria evoke the moving reflections of an artist who refuses to be a pessimist and confronts life with a wry sense of involvement in it.

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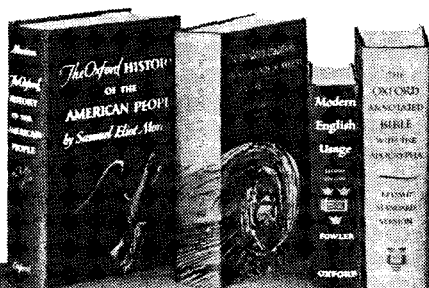
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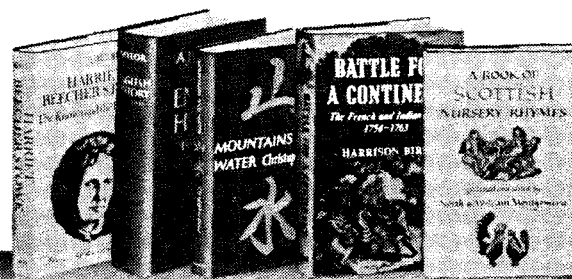
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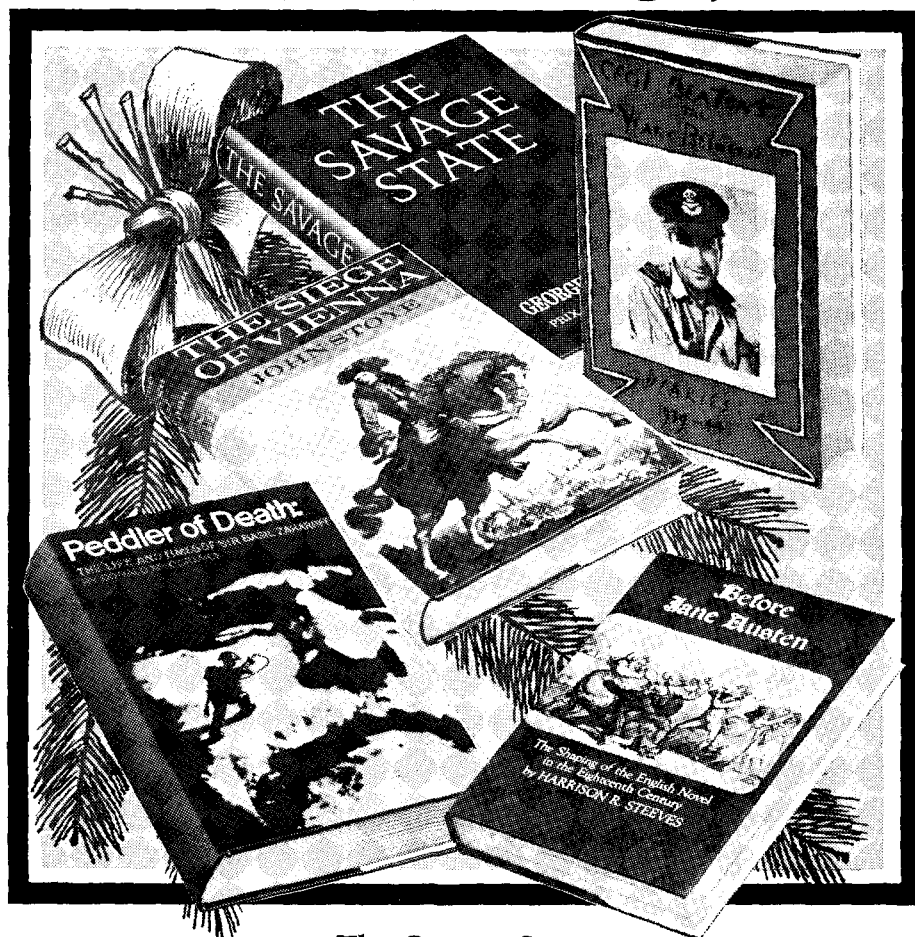
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ments range over political, literary, dramatic, and artistic affairs and touch upon all the well-known personalities of the country.

Read in sequence these pieces are less satisfying than when they stood alone. The same style is not altogether appropriate to the France still suffering in 1944 from the shock of occupation and to the nation of 1965 intoxicated by prosperity and Gaullist grandeur. And there are gaps in Janet Flanner's comprehension. She is aware of Camus's existence, of course; he is "fashionable." But she cannot understand why *Caligula* is popular or what Parisians see in his rather disagreeable novels. The world in which she moves is entirely different from his, less real in many respects.

THE BIT BETWEEN MY TEETH (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$7.50) brings together a collection of **EDMUND WILSON's** perceptive essays. Wilson's talents are impressive; to sensitive literary judgment he joins a sound knowledge of the historical and social context of the works with which he deals. He has enjoyed the personal acquaintanceship of the important figures of American culture in the past forty years. And somewhat unexpectedly he has a flair for scholarship that enables him to pick apart an index or check a reference with deadly accuracy. Unfettered by deadlines, Wilson has been able to treat whatever subjects he chooses and has enjoyed enough space to probe them as fully as necessary. Among the memorable essays in this collection are the series on de Sade, on Scott Fitzgerald, and on Theodore Roosevelt.

If Wilson's criticism is sometimes idiosyncratic, it is because he stands as a somewhat lonely and isolated figure in American cultural life. Only in the 1920s could he be considered the member of a group. He has long since freed himself of the assumptions of that earlier post-war generation. But he has developed no coherent alternative framework within which to fit his observations. He conceives it his function to bring into one system the literatures of several cultures, and there is no lack of breadth to his reading. The lack is of focus. As a result, we get from his pages flashes of brilliant commentary but not such a whole view of man and the world as illuminates the fragmentary passages of the *Camus Notebooks*.

MISSION WITH LEMAY (Doubleday, \$7.95), the autobiography of General **CURTIS E. LEMAY**, written in collaboration with MacKinlay Kantor, takes its subject from boyhood in a working-class family to his resignation as Air Force chief of staff. This collaboration of novelist and general has produced an exceptionally well written account of the career of a flying man. There are nostalgic reminiscences of the primitive beginnings of the 1920 and 1930s. There is the exciting story of the great strikes at Regensburg and Tokyo during the Second World War. And there is a clear analysis of the evolution of the Strategic Air Command.

The book also has a polemical quality, particularly in its very skillful opening chapter, which General LeMay uses to carry on his losing battle with Secretary of Defense McNamara over the future of the manned bomber. In the argument which came to a head over the RS-70, the Air Force had the support of powerful elements in Congress but met the head-on opposition of the Executive Department. General LeMay does not dispute the ultimate need for civilian over military control, but he believes that a wise Secretary should exercise his judgment in political and economic fields but should yield to professional judgment in technical matters.

General LeMay's views must have been somewhat different in 1937 when the professional experts in the Navy insisted that a battleship was invulnerable to air attack. He makes the most of the amusing and instructive story of the mock "bombing" on the battleship *Utah* that year; surely a strong, decisive Secretary of Defense, willing to go beyond the advice of his staff, might have put the United States in a better posture of defense than it found itself at Pearl Harbor.

The truth is that the responsible executive can make no such distinction between technical and political issues as LeMay desires. Every bureaucracy—the Air Force in 1963 no less than the Navy in 1937—protects its interests by framing all questions as if the issues were technical, and the civilian head of a department must go beyond their views to make his own decisions. Our history from the Civil War on-

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ward reveals that we have gained much more than we have lost by the assertion of strong leadership.

The other failings of bureaucracy are exposed in CLARK R. MOLLENHOFF's indignant *DESPOILERS OF DEMOCRACY* (Doubleday, \$5.95). The Pulitzer-Prize-winning Washington correspondent for the Cowles publications has diligently searched the records of congressional investigating committees and assembled a depressing roster of misdeeds in government during the past decade. Some, like the stockpiling scandals, go back to the Eisenhower era; others, like the affairs of Billie Sol Estes and Bobby Baker, fall within the subsequent Democratic Administrations.

Mollenhoff's indignation is justified except in the Otepeka Case, in which he underestimates the havoc the old security system caused in the Foreign Service. But he writes as if he were a prosecuting attorney and fails to give a rounded picture of the problem of effective and honest governmental administration. Certainly a good part of the difficulty is bureaucratic; the responsible officials at the top do not learn until too late of misdeeds in the vast reaches of the empires under their control. Yet an open invitation to subordinates to babble to congressmen or to move outside the chain of command not only would be disastrous to morale but also would produce endless organizational confusion. As the scale of government action expands and grows more intricate, the difficulties will undoubtedly increase rather than diminish.

URBAN PROBLEMS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X (Grove Press, \$7.50) is a moving and instructive account of a Negro whose involvement with the Black Muslim movement first gave meaning to, and then destroyed, his life. The text was prepared with the assistance of Alex Haley, who fashioned it into a coherent book.

The perspective is that of Malcolm X, who sees himself as the white man's victim until he earns self-respect as a follower of Elijah Muhammed. The causes of the break with the prophet and of Malcolm's subsequent spiritual hegira are less clearly set forth.

Malcolm was not a product of the segregated South. His experience was Northern; he attended inte-



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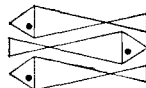
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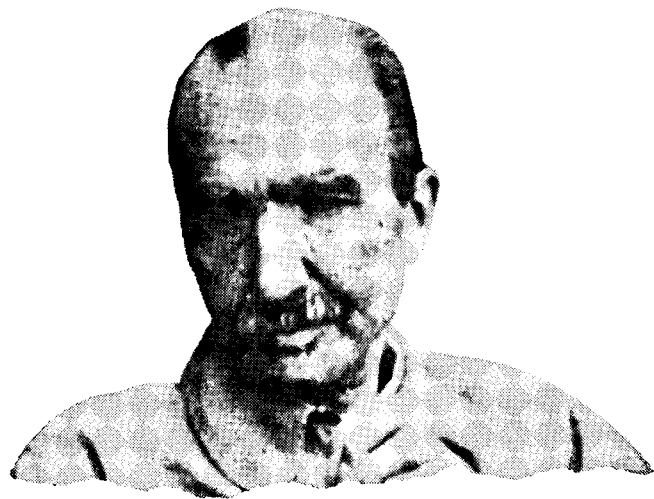
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grated schools and had frequent, indeed intimate, contact with whites. His bitterness, directed as much against middle-class Negroes as against whites, was a product not of separation but of the disorganization of his life. The death of his father contributed to his demoralization; but the chief factor in it was his inability to adjust to the conditions of existence of the modern city. Malcolm was a victim of the handicaps of race, but also of the burdens of the urban life of the past two decades.

THE CITY IS THE FRONTIER by CHARLES ABRAMS (Harper, \$6.50) is the best survey we have of contemporary urban problems. The chairman of the department of urban planning at Columbia University writes with the authority of decades of experience. He has a clear and sophisticated understanding of the difficulties the United States now faces. And he writes convincingly. The result is a thorough analysis of the decline of the central city and the spread of suburbia, of the situation in housing, and of the racial upheaval of the past two decades. Abrams' exposition of the effects of urban renewal is judicious and avoids exaggeration.

The conclusion is familiar but bears repetition. The city is in a state of crisis which subjects a large part of its population to intolerable strains. And few will object to the blueprint sketched for the future: better design, more open spaces, the salvage of the central business district, the preservation of the sense of neighborhood, and improvement of youth's environment.

The rub comes in the vagueness about the means of attaining these desirable goals. The affluence of our times tempts Professor Abrams, as it does all of us, to think of federal funds as a cure-all; and certainly increased expenditures will help. But there is a long way between the appropriation by Congress and the desirable execution of a program. The experience of the past fifteen years has shown that it takes more than agreement upon objectives and spending to cope with these problems. Political considerations, bureaucratic ineffectiveness, and deficiencies in planning may frustrate the best of aspirations. Much of the quality of American life in the future will depend upon our ability to bridge the gap between good intentions and their implementation.



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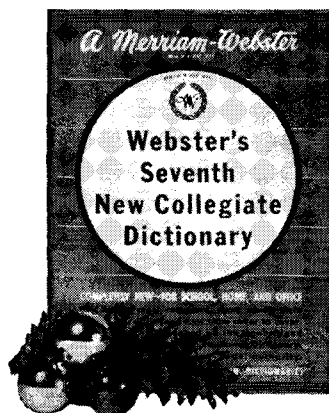
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BOOKS FOR CHILDREN *A Christmas List*

BY CHARLOTTE JACKSON

CHARLOTTE JACKSON, who is the author of seven juveniles, is children's book editor for the *San Francisco CHRONICLE*.

The profusion of children's books that greets the Christmas shopper in this holiday season is indeed confusing if one hasn't a particular book in mind. Eye-catching jackets and intriguing titles can, at times, conceal nothing of intrinsic value. From this vast abundance, the following books have been chosen for creative presentation of material, high quality of illustration and book-making, and above all, for pleasurable and instructive reading. Beginning with the nursery set, the list proceeds in chronological order.

LULLABIES AND NIGHT SONGS, music by Alec Wilder, pictures by Maurice Sendak, edited by William Engvick (Harper & Row). Words and music for forty-eight familiar childhood songs in a large, flat picture book. The artist interprets the lyrics in childlike illustrations executed in a lovely traditional manner with restrained color.

ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE by NIC LEODHAS, illustrated by Nonny Hogrogian (Holt, Rinehart and Winston). Suggested by an old Scottish nursery tale, this is a story in rhyme of a merry Scotsman who, though he had ten children, always stood at the door on rainy nights to invite the weary traveler inside. Glossary, a song set to music, and a gay parade of pictures.

NOAH'S ARK, written and illustrated by MICHE WYNANTS (Harcourt, Brace & World). This simplified version of the Bible story, illustrated in full-color collage and black and white, showing animals, people, and the ark, is a distinguished example of book design and the use of this medium.

THREE BY THREE by JAMES KRÜSS, pictures by Johanna Rubin (Macmillan), is told in simple verse in which familiar animals chase each other from sunrise to sunset, always traveling in groups of three. The color is bright, and repetitive action bouncy enough for the youngest.

ALAN PATON

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THE GIANT NURSERY BOOK OF TRAVEL FUN, written and illustrated by **GEORGE J. ZAFFO** (Doubleday). Outsize comic pictures with suitable captions show children and parents making ready to board trains, airplanes, and boats. There's leaving the dog at the vet's, packing bags, stopping milk and newspapers, followed by the most exciting time of all, the trip itself.

WHEN I AM BIG by **ROBERT PAUL SMITH**, illustrated by Lillian Hoban (Harper & Row). A small, wistful boy reflects on the many activities forbidden him, such as putting electric plugs into sockets, crawling on the roof, picking up broken glass. He then brightens considerably when he remembers that one day he will be grown up and able to admonish his own little boy in like matters. The charming picture sequence blends happily in a text that will amuse small children.

BRIAN WILDSMITH'S 1, 2, 3's (Watts). The author-artist has written and illustrated a counting book from one to ten, consisting of geometric shapes executed in sparkling color, from the circle, which is one, to rectangles and triangles. All the shapes ultimately emerge as houses, flags, animals, trains, and balloons. An ingenious concept that should make learning to count an enjoyable game.

I HAD TROUBLE IN GETTING TO SOLLA SOLLEW by **DR. SEUSS** (Random House). The author, in his inimitable rhyming and fantastic talent with paintbrush and color, dreams up all sorts of impossible situations that confront a young traveler on his way to the mythical city of Solla Sollew.

THE CALICO JUNGLE, written and illustrated by **DAHLOV IPCAR** (Knopf), is an attractive picture book in which a small boy conducts bedtime explorations among a variety of jungle animals, butterflies, and birds, all carefully stitched under flowers and trees in a patchwork quilt. At the very end of the quilt, the animals are asleep, and presumed, the young explorer.

BABAR COMES TO AMERICA, written and illustrated by **LAURENT DE BRUNHOFF** (Random House). In his first trip to the United States, Babar, King of the Elephants, and his family travel across the country, visiting all the tourist spots and sampling American hospitality from coast to coast. The whole tour is highly

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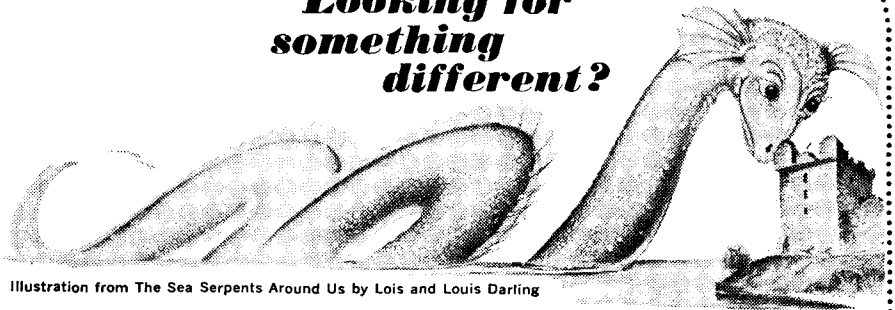


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GRANDPA'S FARM, written and illustrated by JAMES FLORA (Harcourt, Brace & World), is a series of very tall tales that an extremely tall grandfather tells to a small boy sitting on his lap. The tales have a Bunyanesque flavor, such as the one when Grandma and Grandpa, talking to each other during a cold snap, see their words freeze in midair and have to fry them to know just what is being said. Pictures in striking yellow and blue have the same exaggerated quality as the tales.

ALEXANDER THE MONKEY-SITTER by DAVID CORNEL DEJONG, illustrated by Harvey Weiss (Atlantic-Little, Brown). David, his cat Alexander, his magical umbrella, his grandmother, and all his friends come to the rescue of Mrs. Twill, the baby-sitter, in another hilarious tale involving a much too playful monkey.

THE BOAT THAT MOOED by CHRISTOPHER FRY, illustrated by Leonard Weisgard (Macmillan). Tom lived on a fogbound boat with his fisherman uncle who was not given to casual conversation. Tired of talking to himself and of being hemmed in by thick white fog, Tom untied the attached little boat and rowed away to find the sun. Before the sun appeared, the mooing foghorns guided him to a special playmate and other companionable friends. The story is beautifully illustrated in paintings of the changing scene.

KERMIT THE HERMIT, written and illustrated by BILL PEET (Houghton Mifflin). Kermit, a crotchety old crab who lived in a cave piled high with oddments he had picked up on the beach, couldn't be blamed for being greedy and ill-tempered: his life had been a struggle for every bit of food. His true nature was uncovered when after a near disaster

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he spent the rest of his days searching for a suitable reward for the boy who saved him. The story is told in rhythmic verse with amusing, colorful pictures that should make it a favorite for reading aloud.

THE GOOD TIGER by **ELIZABETH BOWEN**, illustrated by M. Nebel (Knopf). The eminent British writer in this, her first juvenile, has created a charming, imaginative story for children from five to eight. It concerns a well-spoken tiger confined in a zoo and a bit unhappy because of quarreling lions next door and the fact that he would rather be in his own green forest. Two children, sympathizing with his predicament, feed him cake, of which he is especially fond, and plan to honor him at a tea party. Unfortunately, adults who do not understand the tiger's friendly nature upset the tea party (not to mention the tiger), and he runs off. In the end, as with all good stories, the children find their friend and have a happy reunion.

THE ROYAL HICCUPS, story and pictures by **DENISE** and **ALAIN TREZ** (Viking). A young prince of India, although rich in worldly goods, was so greedy at mealtime that one day he got the hiccups. The court realized that the usual treatment in these cases was to scare the victim, but the prince, as it is with all princes, was presumably fearless. After much loud lamenting among his subjects, he took matters into his own hands and found a way that cured his hiccups and taught him a valuable lesson as well.

MRS. COVERLET'S DETECTIVES by **MARY NASH**, illustrated by Garrett Price (Little, Brown). This, the third book about the Persever children and Mrs. Coverlet, the magical housekeeper, is a series of hilariously impossible situations, as were its predecessors. In the present story, a disturbing telegram arrives announcing that Nervous, the family cat, has been kidnapped from a cat show, and everyone is off to the rescue at once.

HERR MINKEPATT AND HIS FRIENDS by **URSULA VALENTIN**, illustrated by Josef Wilkon (Braziller). A solitary old man cared for the birds in the wood, keeping their feeding stations filled in the winter and directing their nest-building in the spring. When he became too old to go out, he remembered the birdsongs that he had heard, translated them into

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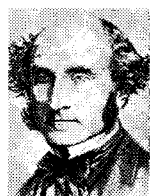
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music, and played them on his piano. His notes drew the birds to him, and resulted in beautiful joint musical concerts. This delightful story lends itself to the lovely illustrations in gay color.

HARLEQUIN AND MOTHER GOOSE OF THE MAGIC STICK by **RUTH ROBBINS**, illustrated by Nicolas Sidjakov (Parnassus). Mother Goose swoops down from the sky to find the usually happy Harlequin weeping and dejected because Columbine's miserly uncle, Pantaloon, will not hear of her marriage to the little clown. Mother Goose has a solution to Harlequin's troubles, but the wily Pantaloon tricks the young pair, and a wild chase ensues in which helpful friends of nursery rhymes pop in and out of the story at auspicious moments. Beguiling pictures in full color by the Caldecott medalist catch the rhythm of this fantasy.

FAIRY TALES by **E. E. CUMMINGS**, illustrated by John Eaton (Harcourt, Brace & World). These four fairy tales, written by the poet for his own small daughter, are here published in book form for the first time. The titles are "The Old Man Who Said 'Why?'" "The Elephant and the Butterfly," "The Little Girl Named I," and "The House That Ate Mosquito Pie." All the tales live up to their enchanting titles and are illustrated in line and full color.

THE MIDDLE YEARS

BROOM-ADELAIDE, written and illustrated by **BARBARA C. FREEMAN** (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Madame Crowberry, the scheming governess, lay snug and warm under her heavy patchwork quilt while her young charge, the Crown Duchess Adelaide, shivered in the cold, drafty room of the old castle and wondered how she could rid the castle of the old woman who she surmised was the cause of many strange happenings. At that very moment, a small, articulate fox astride a flying broom appeared at the window, and the tale he had to tell about the machinations of the governess in other areas confirmed all Adelaide's suspicions. The rest of the eerie tale, wherein the fox and Adelaide work in secret until Madame Crowberry is banished forever, is one that will keep young readers spellbound.

THE MOUSE AND THE MOTORCYCLE by **BEVERLY CLEARY**, illustrated by Louis Darling (Morrow). Keith was



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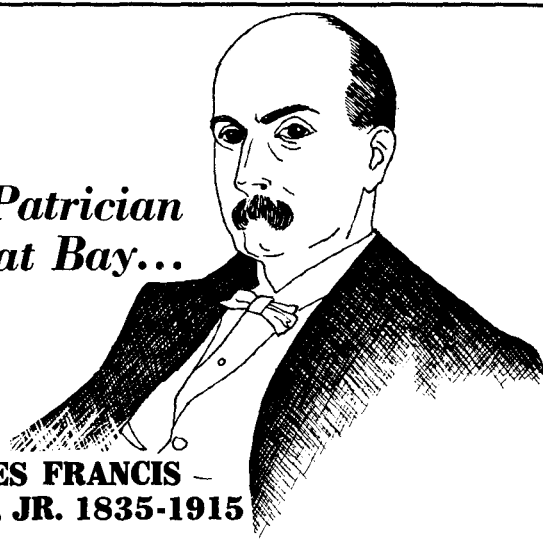
pleased that he rated a room of his own in the old-fashioned hotel where his parents decided to pause during a long transcontinental motor trip. Later he discovered that a hungry but athletic mouse shared his room and watched with sharp eyes as he played with his miniature cars and raced his special favorite, a mouse-sized motorcycle. How the mouse, Ralph, became an expert cyclist with able assistance from Keith, and how he and his family were at all times well nourished with the unwitting help of room service is the story. Every page of this modern fantasy is filled with the sort of humorous episode that boys and girls enjoy, making it one of those books that is swapped back and forth until it is worn out.

FIVE CHILDREN AND A DOG by RENÉE REGGIANI, illustrated by Margot Tones (Coward-McCann). Turi, a young Sicilian bandleader who had been a lonely child himself, was sympathetic to all orphans. As a consequence, when he was awarded a musical scholarship in Milan, he found himself with five children and a dog in search of a place to live in the cold northern city. The children managed to charm their way into the heart of an obdurate landlady, get into the most extraordinary pickles, and finally become part of Turi's act.

THE EMPTY SCHOOLHOUSE by NATALIE SAVAGE CARLSON, illustrated by John Kaufmann (Harper & Row). Ten-year-old Lullah, a Negro child, was overjoyed when a school nearby was desegregated and she would be able to be with her friend Oralee all day and not just after school. Then a school-yard incident occurred that frightened both Negro and white parents, and all children were kept at home. The sequence of events is seen through Lullah's eyes, a child-like point of view not at all concerned with the parents' fears but with the inconvenience imposed upon the play and friendship of a child's world. A warm and gratifying story that demonstrates an intimate knowledge of children and their relationships regardless of color.

A BLOW FOR LIBERTY by STEPHEN MEADER, illustrated by Victor Mays (Harcourt, Brace & World). During the Revolutionary War, Jed Starbuck, indentured to a New Jersey Quaker farmer, was treated well enough, but being a "bound" boy, was not allowed to join the

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armed forces. He was permitted to become a crew member of a privateer engaging in sea fights against the British, where he distinguished himself and earned enough prize money to buy his freedom. Accurate information of the times and realistic adventure.

THE GALES OF SPRING: THOMAS JEFFERSON, THE YEARS 1789-1801 by **LEONARD WIBBERLEY** (Ariel). In the third volume in the biography of Thomas Jefferson, the author brings to life the period and the participants in an extremely absorbing account. He points out the fact that Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, both concerned with the welfare of the young nation, were at times diametrically opposed on many important issues, and challenged each other constantly.

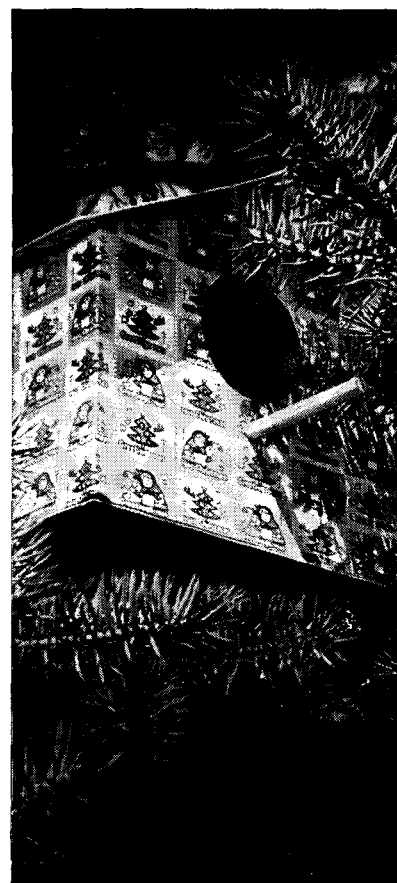
WE DICKINSONS: THE LIFE OF EMILY DICKINSON AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF HER BROTHER AUSTIN by **AILEEN FISHER** and **OLIVE RABE** (Atheneum). In this life of the poet as her slightly older brother interprets it for young people, the reader has a complete picture of the close family ties, neighbors, and friends, and will better understand the rigid conventions of New England life of the period. The bibliography and postscript will be helpful for further reading.

THE TWO LIVES OF JOSEPH CONRAD by **LEO GURKO** (Crowell). This is a straight, well-integrated biography of one of the most remarkable and gifted writers of modern times. Beginning with Conrad's birth in the Polish Ukraine, the author traces his early tempestuous years in exile, the next twenty years spent at sea, and then his thirty years as a novelist writing in a language not his own but one he mastered at the age of twenty. An instructive foreword and a complete bibliography.

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LITTLE BIRDS DON'T CRY, written and illustrated by ARNOLD SPILKA (Viking). Drawings of birds and animals on every page, with captions telling what they do and don't do.

THE ADVENTURES OF WALTER by ELEANOR CLYMER, illustrated by Ingrid Fetz (Atheneum). Walter, a young whale, every bit as curious as The Elephant Child, simply had to find out what life was like on land despite the admonitions of his mother. How he got stranded in the scratchy sand and was subsequently helped by new friends is good adventure reading for new readers. Many tiny paintings in blue and yellow of sea, shore, children, and unhappy Walter.

CHRISTMAS STORIES

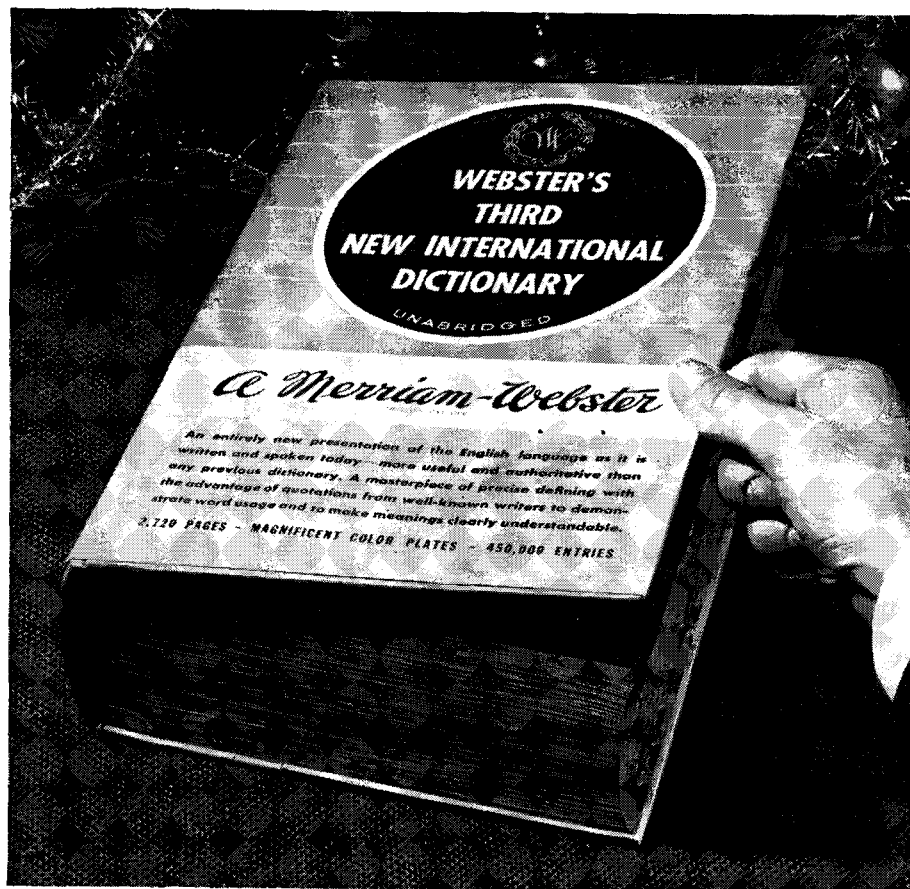
AWAY IN A MANGER by MARES NUSSBAUMER, illustrated by Paul Nussbaumer (Harcourt, Brace & World). A story of the Nativity placed in a Swiss setting gives the artist scope for painting some wonderfully snowy scenes and candle-light ceremonies with a medieval feeling. The story itself is told with great reverence. Two familiar songs with music are included.

A CHARM FOR PACO'S MOTHER by LOUISE A. STINETORF, illustrated by Joseph Escourido (John Day). A Mexican Indian boy, who with his blind mother earns a living selling potted cacti to American tourists, is advised by a lady tourist that an operation would enable his mother to see again. Believing that an operation is a kind of charm and knowing that one prays for charms at a certain stone cross on Christmas Eve, Paco sets off. The cross is a far distance from home, and the journey a hard one. Upon his return, he finds that modern miracles are not necessarily charms, but miracles nevertheless.

THE TWELFTH NIGHT SANTONS by MARION GARTHWAITE, illustrated by Winifred Lubell (Doubleday). Pierre, a lame shepherd boy living in Provence, longed to enter the contest for shaping clay into santons (figures in the nativity scene), but his uncle wouldn't hear of it and or-

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THE SHOE SHOP BEARS by **MARGARET J. BAKER**, illustrated by C. Walter Hodges (Ariel). After spending the best years of their lives entertaining boys and girls in a shoe shop, three teddy bears hear that the new shop manager is about to replace them with a tank full of tropical fish. Desperately trying to find a new home before being tossed into the rubbish bin, the bears get into all sorts of difficulties, but on Christmas, a wonderful surprise awaits them because of the kindness of a young shop assistant.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU, compiled by Wilhelmina Harper, illustrated by Fermin Rocker (Dutton). This collection of twenty-six stories with a Christmas theme has selections for all ages, written by such distinguished writers as Frank Stockton, Selma Lagerlöf, Oscar Wilde, among others.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFTS by **HERTHA PAULI**, illustrated by Joan Berg (Washburn). The medieval legend of the Three Kings who followed the new, bright star to Bethlehem to present gifts of myrrh, gold, and frankincense to the Christ Child. The gift they received in return was something far brighter than gold, and more precious than jewels.

JARED'S GIFT by **MARGUERITE VANCE**, illustrated by Reisie Lonette (Dutton). An orphan boy of Bethlehem, who modeled in clay, fashioned an urn of such beauty, painted a heavenly blue, that it was chosen as a gift for the Christ Child.

TURKEY FOR CHRISTMAS, written and illustrated by **MARGUERITE DE ANGELI** (Westminster). The children all chose turkey instead of gifts for Christmas when Papa announced that there wouldn't be enough money for both because of unexpected expense. Sad at first, then gradually becoming imbued with the spirit of the season, they worked like beavers making gifts from whatever came to hand, and as a consequence, they experienced the most joyous Christmas ever. An old-fashioned story with pictures that reflect the period.

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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

LA BÂTARDE (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$6.95), which has become a highly praised best seller in France, is the autobiography of VIOLETTE LEDUC, a writer whose previous work has been virtually ignored. Miss Leduc is a Lesbian, worried by what she considers her extreme ugliness, and writes, assuming the translation of Derek Coltman does her style justice, very well. The book reminds me of the time I worked in a mental hospital, where the worst of several available disasters was to be cornered by a patient — the kind put there merely because the family had become unendurably bored with his conversation — and compelled to listen to a life history told without humor, without discrimination, but with the absolute conviction that the speaker was the center of everybody's universe, and with total recall. Miss Leduc's melancholy, self-important, interminable reminiscences take me right back to the dusty plush parlors of Batsbelfry Hall.

COUNT ERIC OXENSTIERNA, Swedish archaeologist and historian, describes the civilization of pagan Scandinavia in *THE NORSEMEN* (New York Graphic Society, \$8.95). The book is thick with pictures of archaeological trophies and is of particular interest in its account of where the Northmen traded — Newfoundland to Baghdad — and what they brought home. On noncommercial history, the author tends to take the romantic view and frequently neglects to mention that other authorities do not invariably share it.

Books on early Scandinavian history come and go quietly, as a rule, read by scholars and Viking buffs and never even mentioned by anyone else. *THE VINLAND MAP AND THE TARTAR RELATION* (Yale University Press, \$15.00) has, however, attracted an inordinate amount of attention from people whose only interest in the matter is a sentimental attachment to the phrase Columbus discovered America. Actually the book has no direct bearing on the discovery of anything. It is full of information, bizarre or learned or both, on medieval bookbinding, papermaking, handwriting, map-

making, the habits of bookworms, and Tartary under the khans. The Tartar Relation is the report of an Eastern missionary; the Vinland Map is the world map which accompanied and illustrated this manuscript. The great interest of the map is its representation of the western Atlantic Ocean, in which Greenland (spelled with an "o," as it is in church documents of the early ninth century before the Norse reached Iceland) appears with the south coast drawn so accurately that an older map by someone who knew the place is an irresistible assumption. The fact that Greenland is represented as an island, at a time when circumnavigation seems utterly incredible, would lead one to suspect modern fraud if R. A. Skelton's chapter on medieval mapmaking did not reveal the cartographer's working principle: when in doubt, make an island. Beyond Groneland the map shows another island, of improbable shape, labeled Vinlandia; the accompanying legend states that Vinlandia was discovered by Bjarni and Leif and visited by Bishop Eirik Gnuþsson. Mr. Skelton and his colleagues, Thomas E. Marston and George D. Painter, have determined, after seven years of investigation, that the map was drawn somewhere in the upper Rhineland (Basle, possibly) around the year 1440. This decision makes it the oldest known map to show anything on the western side of the Atlantic and establishes that knowledge of the Norse voyages to America was not confined to Iceland. (Anyone who wishes to bone up, quickly and readably, on this whole complicated area, can find one old saga, *The Tale of the Greenlanders*, in the Everyman's Library edition of *Heimskringla*, decently translated by Samuel Laing; the William Morris translation, beloved of libraries, is awash with self-conscious archaisms that would have frightened Malory. *Eirik the Red and Other Icelandic Sagas*, by Gwyn Jones, covers the other antique account of westward explorations; the two schools of thought on the reliability of these Icelandic records are represented by G. M. Gathorne-Hardy's *The Norse Discoverers of America* and Halldór Hermannsson's *The Problem of Vineland*. Discussion of practical sailing routes occurs in Farley Mowat's *Westviking*, and an amusing, imaginative, persuasive reconstruction of the Northmen's think-

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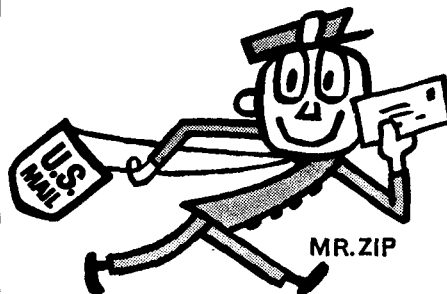
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Photo: the Infanta, age 22,
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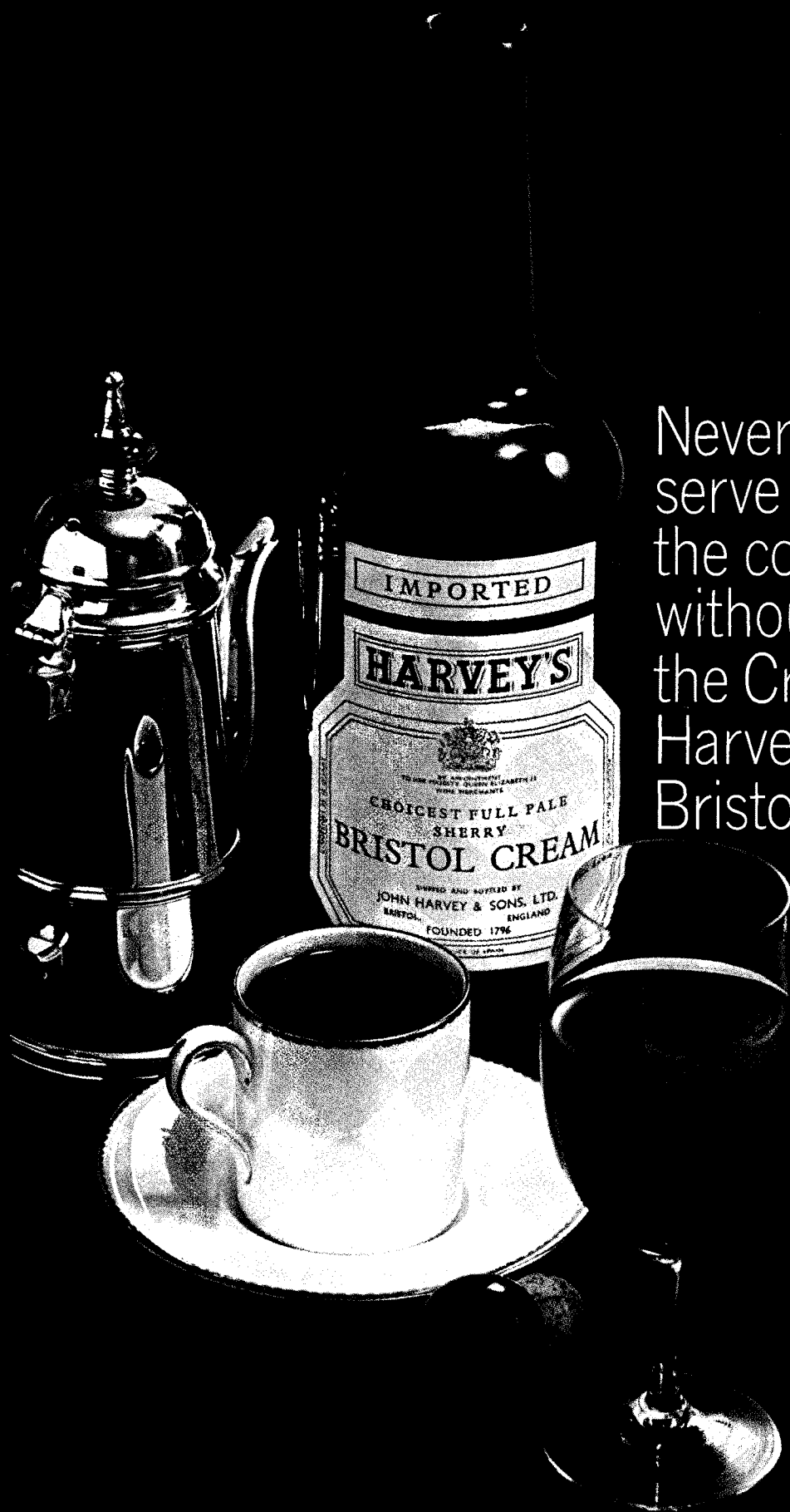
ing and temperament in Eric Linklater's *The Ultimate Viking*.)

DYLAN THOMAS once started work on the libretto for a musical film about bicycles and horses. He didn't get very far, but what he wrote has now appeared as *ME AND MY BIKE* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.00). It consists of both lyrics and directions for the action, and is so gay, silly, and deft in its satire that the noncompletion of the project almost draws tears.

My nomination for the most unnecessary book of the year goes to *THE STORY OF AMERICA AS REPORTED IN ITS NEWSPAPERS FROM 1690 TO 1965* (Simon and Schuster, \$19.95), edited by Edwin Emery. A paperback the size of a tabloid, this object is unwieldy, illegible, inadequate for any serious study, and quite useless as entertainment.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH's text for *HERBAL* (Putnam, \$17.50) pleasantly combines superstition, semi-fact, plain nonsense, and quotations from once-learned medical authorities with a minimum of serious information about plants — just enough to deter the gullible from trying mandrake stew. The real purpose of the book is not botanical instruction, but reproduction of the handsome woodcuts, which originally illustrated a sixteenth-century work called *Commentaries on the Six Books of Dioscorides*, by Pierandrea Mattioli.

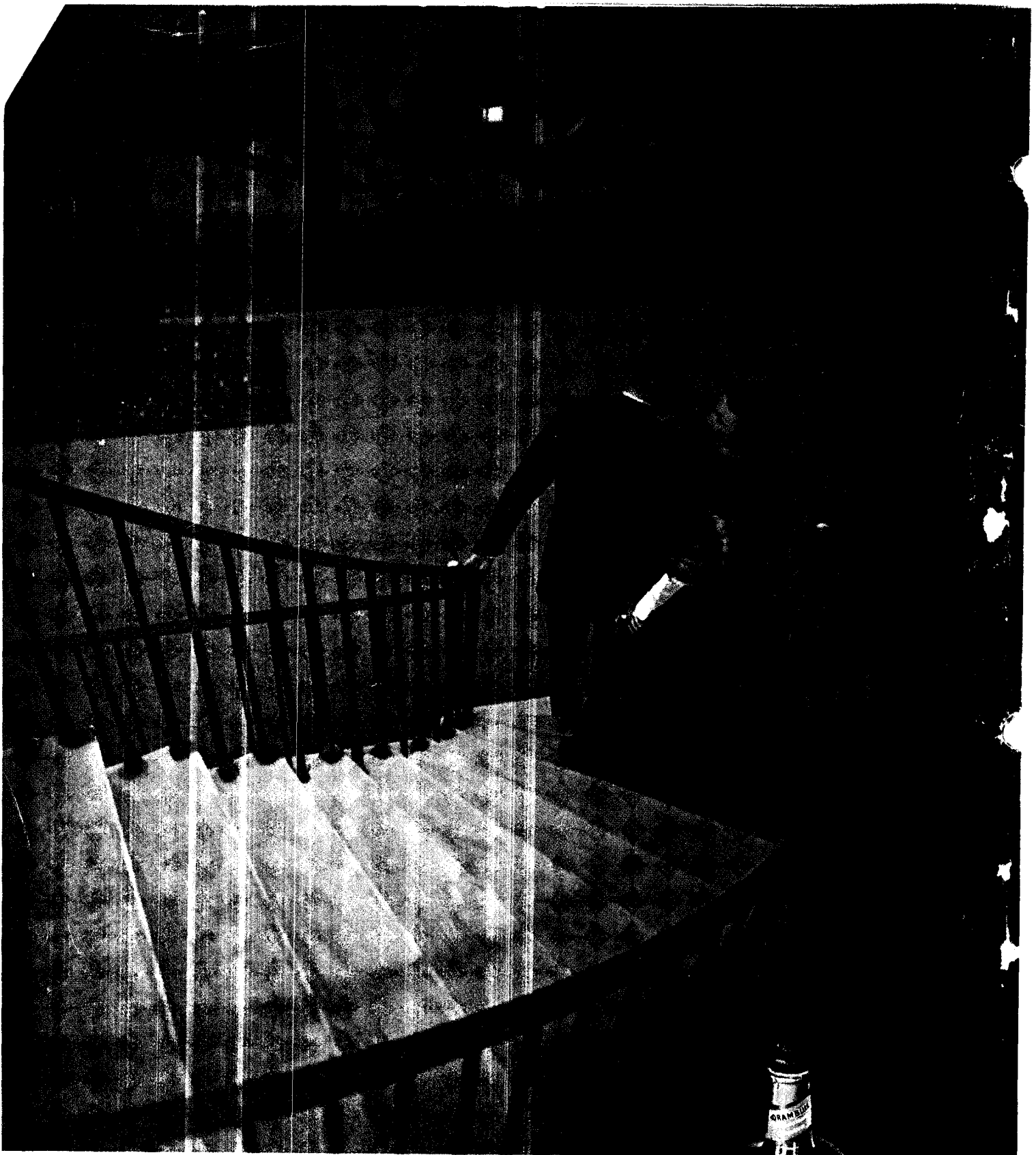
GEORGES ROUX's history of *ANCIENT IRAQ* (World, \$8.50) is a courageous book. Mr. Roux, who modestly denies that he is a scholar, has written a history of civilization in the Tigris-Euphrates Valley from its origin to the end of cultural and political independence in the Hellenistic period. He begins with the nature of the country — an area with an odd tendency to become either desert or swamp — proceeds to people via Stone Age implements, and then charges through to Alexander the Great. Cities come and go, kingdoms rise and fall, gods change their names, archaeologists and philologists disagree about dates and meanings. Mr. Roux, organizing all this information, creates a picture of a region which for three thousand years maintained its peculiar cultural coherence. Mesopotamia is commonly dealt with in blocks, by specialists on Sumerians or Assyrians or Babylonians. Mr. Roux has covered the whole show and done it well, but the book requires more than a languid interest in the subject.



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